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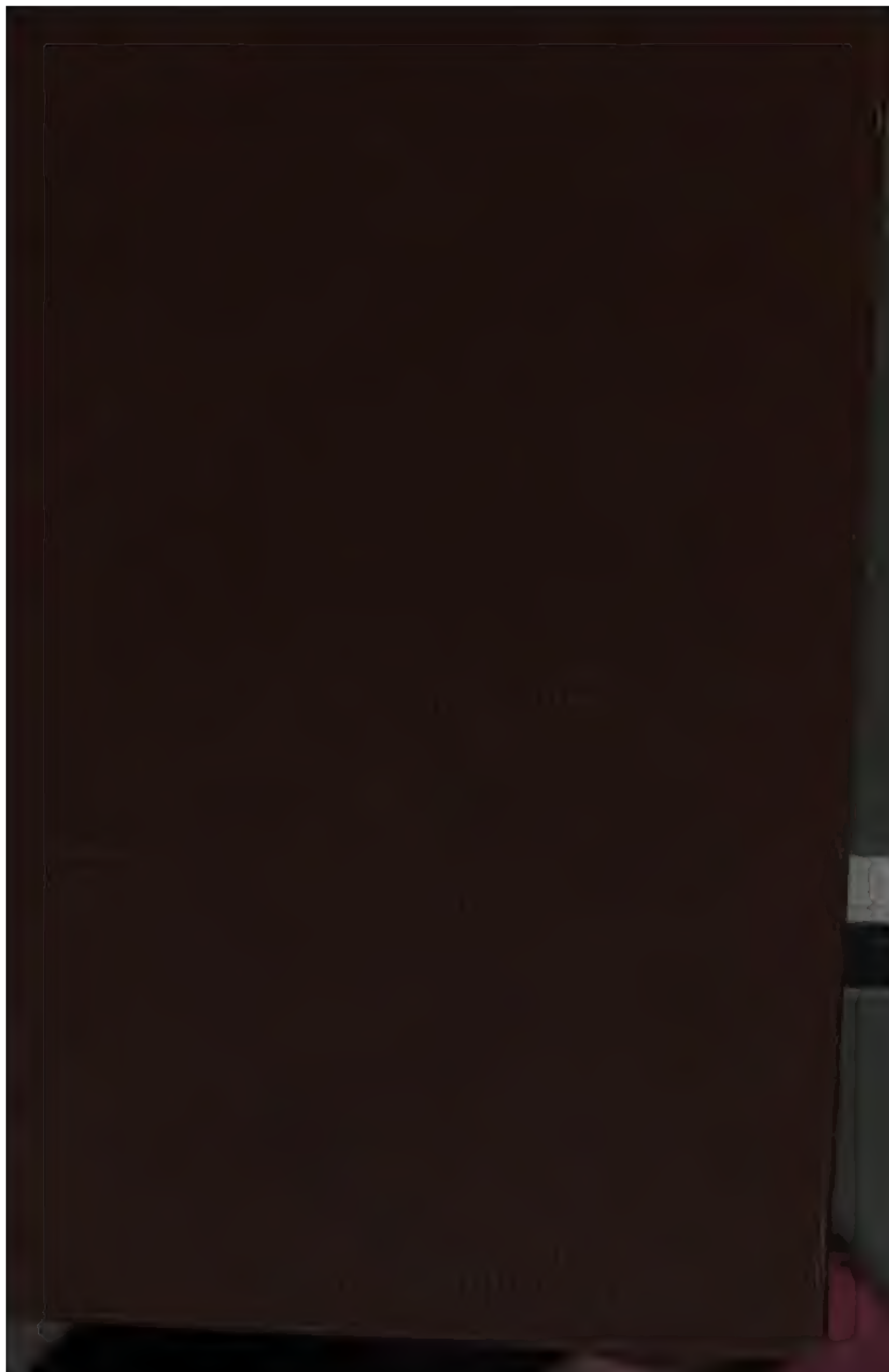
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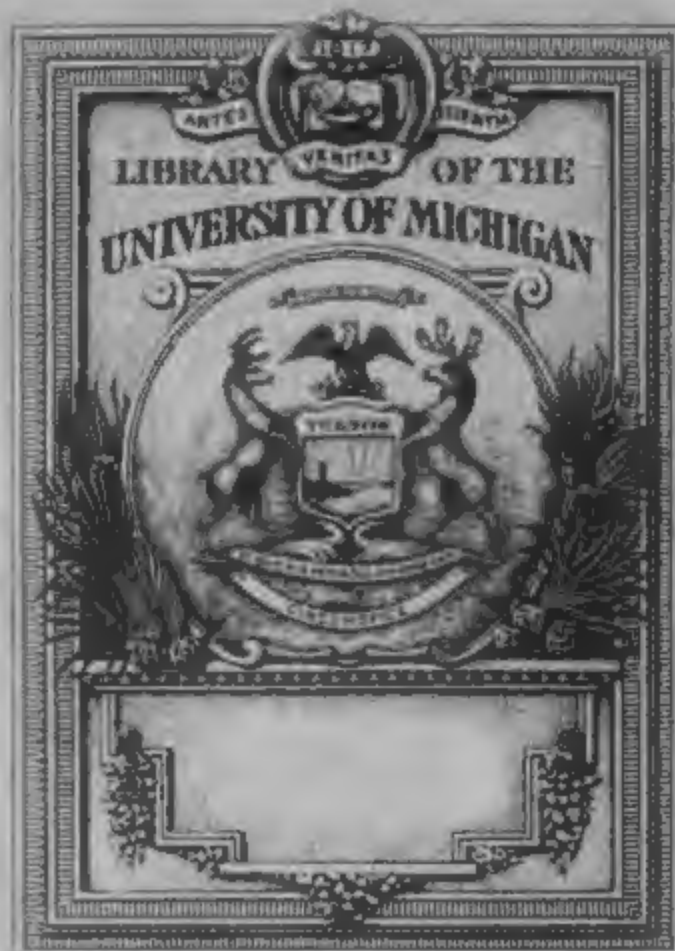
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# AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXI.

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SEPTEMBER, 1834.

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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. George Canning.* Two vols. 12mo. London.

*The Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning. With a Memoir of his Life.* By R. TERRY, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. Six vols. 8vo. London.

THE liberal and enlightened mind clings to the memorials of departed genius, with the same tenacity of affection and respect, which, according to the beautiful legend of the Greeks, led the nightingales to the tomb of Orpheus. The remains of a noble intellect, valuable before, become endeared to us by new associations and influences after the spirit that gave them shape and utterance has fled, and their number and form have become fixed and unalterable. We view them as relics to be venerated—as a portion of the great records of the past, to which we, in common with all human kind, may turn, for the sure testimonials of the power and glory of our nature. The yet living and breathing man participates too much in the frailties and imperfections of his species, and is the object of too close and personal a contact directly to enforce those claims upon our understanding which he afterwards obtains through the medium of our hearts. It is not until the grave has closed over a great name that the bitter streams of human emotion seek a subterranean channel, leaving its more gentle and genial fountains to well up through the earth in unalloyed and unclouded freshness. The voice of justice and truth, like the music of



Memnon is heard only from the statue or the mausoleum. Florence forgot the Ghibelline and remembered her poet when Dante "slept, like Scipio, by the upbraiding shore," and Machiavelli's marble speaks in sublime simplicity, not of the injuries of the past, but the reparation of the present.

A great political career, in an especial manner, cannot be adequately judged by contemporaries. Elevation and distance are essential to a correct survey of the proportions of a giant. They that "walk under his huge legs," are either awed into astonishment at his power, or struggling against the influence of his authority. The former magnify his stature, the latter exaggerate his deformities. Neither can measure his altitude amidst the clouds with which passion may have obscured, or policy concealed it. But when the Colossus is asleep in the earth, even dwarfs may come, like the pygmies of the satirist, with their cords of thread, and bind him to gratify the curiosity, or minister to the instruction of their species.

This is our excuse for so late a notice of the works before us. We wanted the proportions of the urn before we wrote the epitaph. We have another apology to offer, in consequence of the difficulty of compressing so extended a career within our comparatively narrow limits. The history of Canning is marked by events rather than circumstances—his life is no contemptible fraction of the annals of an empire. He was not the man merely, but the minister—the minister of England—the minister of England during the stormiest and most portentous period of her existence—her prime minister under circumstances of proud, though painful interest. Each stage of his progress is replete and redundant. Each phase of his revolution, presents an aspect captivating by its beauty, alluring by its brilliancy, or dazzling by its splendour. The ripe scholar, the ready wit, the accomplished orator, the profound statesman, and the pure and honourable man, force a quintuple claim upon our attention. His numerous speeches, considered merely as academic exercises, and solely in a literary view, are themselves a study of no mean extent and excellence; while his political course was a series of strides, by no tortuous or sinuous track, from comparative obscurity to the foot of a throne. His whole story, were it not imbued with a deeper and nobler interest, might be termed romantic. But the progress of mind in the paths of high ambition deserves a less trivial epithet, as it is traced by no fanciful footsteps. Those honours, which have frequently been the "prizes of accident as oft as merit," with him were seldom worn when they were not won, as they were not won without sharp and earnest endeavours. The "*fiat de rhetore, consul*," was in his case the volition, not of fortune, but of fate. He did not spring up from the earth, armed at

all points, like the giants of the eastern mythology, but rather, in the bold allusion of one of his biographers, "like the first lion, he pawed himself out of it," naked and alone. He is the finest instance on record, of early purpose bearing with a steady, continued and commensurate exertion, upon a high and seemingly unattainable object, while he is at the same time the most melancholy illustration of that universal text—the vanity of human wishes. The pursuit of his life was his death. The trophy was planted on the tomb.

From a topic, therefore, that offers so much to the imagination, the heart and the intellect, we must select some distinct and elementary portion, and extract some thread from the blended tissue to guide, and in some measure to restrain, our speculations. It is with regret that we feel compelled to pass rapidly over the honourable and distinguished youth of a man whose early acquirements and honours were of so rare and rich a lustre, that they added dignity and ornament to the ripe perfection of his manhood, and reflected a beautiful light on the best productions of his maturity. With equal sorrow must we abstain from a recital of a private life unsullied by a single meanness, characterized by the simplicity of a truly great mind, and exercising in all its natural relations those duties and characteristics which best adorn it. It is the political and parliamentary history of Mr. Canning to which our attention must principally be devoted, and it is only for the purpose of illustration or elucidation that we indicate a few circumstances of his origin and private biography.

Mr. Canning was born in London, on the 11th of April, 1770. Descended from honourable ancestry, an imprudent marriage had separated his father from the protection and countenance of his immediate ancestor, who left him to struggle as he might, with his disastrous and sinking fortunes. Disappointment and chagrin sent him to a premature grave on the first birth-day of his son, and necessity drove his mother to seek a precarious subsistence from the stage, where she soon contracted a second marriage. The tardy justice of his grandfather secured the proper education of the young orphan, by the settlement upon him of a small Irish estate, the application of which to that purpose was superintended, up to the period of his entering the University, by his guardian and uncle, an eminent merchant of London. At twelve years of age Mr. Canning was sent to Eton, where he at once became distinguished as a sedulous scholar, and where his ready apprehension and refined taste were early indicated in the extreme correctness and polish of his Latin and English exercises, both in prose and verse. His contributions to the *Microcosm*, a periodical then in existence at Eton, are characterized by much facility of expression, purity if not bril-

liancy of style, and frequently by a vein of well sustained irony ; literary qualities seldom united in the productions of a school-boy. At seventeen he was transferred to Oxford, where he more than sustained the reputation he had acquired at Eton. His course through the University was equally marked by severe study and honourable distinction, and few statesmen have gathered from books so much actual, practical and available knowledge of men. His connections at the University were formed with much prescience and sagacity, and were for the most part both durable and valuable. Many of his intimates were subsequently distinguished in the counsels of the nation, and a friendship, alike honourable and advantageous to both, was excited and cherished by kindred associations and pursuits between him and the late Lord Liverpool, which, through a long career, survived, on the one side, the disparity of rank, fortune and influence, and on the other, the jealousy of political rivalry—

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“ memor  
Actæ non alio rege puertiæ,  
Mutatæque simul togæ.”

On receiving a bachelor's degree, Mr. Canning left the University and entered himself a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. It is not believed that he applied himself to the study of the law with any view to make it his profession, since there is not a single passage in his numerous speeches which indicates a course of technical study. The flights of his mind were never trammelled by the fetters of the bar. Doubtless, the opportunity was improved to acquire a knowledge of the principles of the constitution, and of the history of English jurisprudence. But Lord Lansdowne's prediction to Bentham, that Canning would one day be prime minister, was founded upon other prognostics than his assiduous attention to the glosses of Coke or Hale. His academic reputation had preceded him to London, and was confirmed and extended by the impression he soon began to make in some of the private circles of the metropolis, and in the debating societies, to which he resorted for the purpose of acquiring fluency and readiness as a speaker, and which were then in high fashion and dignity. He had been previously introduced to the leading whigs of the period, at the house of his uncle, where he had attracted the particular notice of Sheridan, with whom he now became intimate. There can be little doubt, that if at this time he had not actually received overtures from the opposition, his origin, most of his associates, and the apparent bias of his previous opinions led very naturally to the belief, that he would readily consent to enter parliament under the auspices of that party. That such was the impression of some, at least, of the friends of Mr. Canning, is obvious from the allusion of Mr. Sheridan to him, on the first appearance

of Lord Liverpool, then Mr. Charles Jenkinson, in a debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Sheridan, on that occasion, referred to him, as likely, however great might be the promise of the gentleman whose adhesion to the minister had just been declared, to afford to the opposition an antagonist power of surpassing weight and gravity. That power, however, was destined for the opposite scale; and in 1793, at the age of three-and-twenty, Mr. Canning, having relinquished his legal studies, was brought into parliament by Mr. Pitt, and took his seat on the ministerial benches, for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

It is a rule of moral logic, as sound as it is amiable and liberal, never to pass by a good motive in pursuit of a bad one when the former is sufficient to explain a doubtful procedure. If men are to be judged upon probabilities, give them the benefit of presumptions. On this principle, we omit the consideration of the sordid and corrupt views which were imputed to Mr. Canning, and which may have actuated him in his choice of party, as well as of the scandalous anecdotes, so rife at a later period, concerning the laxity of his early political morality. When Mr. Fox first entered parliament, at the age of nineteen, he was among the staunchest supporters of a tory ministry, and the vehement opponent of Wilkes and his cause. Had the man been chained for life to the stake which the boy drove into the earth with all the strength and ardour of his impetuous youth, the world must have lost a portion of political history more illustrative than any other it retains of the strength, energy and elasticity of free opinions. But can it be doubted, that if the party to which Fox finally attached himself, had, soon after his conversion, acquired and retained possession of the government; and he had passed his life a sharer in office and power, instead of being, for the most part, the forlorn hope of a scanty minority, his sagacity would have been complimented, as was Canning's, at the expense of his principles. Yet the change in the views of the latter, if the sallies of a school-boy on the side of whiggism are to receive that appellation, took place while he was yet unconnected with parliament, and uncommitted to any party. The earliest legitimate and authoritative exposition of those views, so far as we have any evidence on the subject, was made in parliament, first by his votes, and, ere long, by his voice. To that exposition he always adhered, professing himself, on all occasions, the admirer and follower of the principles of Mr. Pitt. From the charge of *inconsistency*, therefore, at least in the outset of his career, he is not now to be vindicated. But as we may be called upon by those with whom the name of Pitt is a synonym with tyranny, to reconcile our respect for Mr. Canning, with that paramount respect which we profess

for freedom, we shall take leave to say a few words in justification of his *purity*.

It is very easy for those who view the conflict between England and France, which commenced about the period Mr. Canning entered public life, as a war of abstract principles merely, to pass an opinion upon the relative merits of the different parties which divided the British parliament at the commencement of the controversy. But the question before us rather demands the inquiry, how that war was regarded by the great mass of the English nation, and how it was justified by the ministry. The war was not against the free principles of a neighbouring country, but against her mode of asserting those principles—not (at least in its inception) for the restoration of the Bourbons, but for the salvation of the balance of power—not against the National Convention at Paris, but against Dumouriez on the Rhine, and the Scheldt. The continent was in a flame. The Carolingian dynasty had terminated its reign of a thousand years upon the scaffold. The iron band of fortresses, which the energy of Louis the Fourteenth could not retain, were tumbling in fearful succession before the vigour of the republican assault, and the torrent of French influences was pouring through Belgium into Holland. Saint-Just had preached the crusade from the Mountain, and the stability of every government in Europe seemed about to yield before the progress of the invaders. Was it strange, that, amidst the alarm and confusion of these events, even the sternest champions of free principles should see much to tremble at? Was it strange, that the lovers of the independence of their country, when they saw so fearfully illustrated the sentiment of Voltaire,\*—“l’esprit républicain est, au fond, aussi ambitieux que l’esprit monarchique,”—should invoke the great conservative principle of European polity, never once forgotten or doubted, as a justification of war, from the time of Charles the Fifth to the Treaty of Utrecht, and from that treaty to the French Revolution? Did the spirit of freedom demand from a young, unpledged, and uncommitted candidate in the service of the state, what she had not required at the veteran hands of Burke? That great statesman, at an epoch of much less palpable danger, broke from the moorings of twenty years, sacrificing, not only his political associations, but his private friendships, to the enforcement of those doctrines which Canning has been censured for espousing, when the blood and butchery of the reign of terror had begun to redden the channel, and the enormities of French anarchy made freedom a by-word and a mockery. It is most unphilosophical and unjust to apply our own habits of thought and

\* *Siècle de Louis XIV.* cap. 21.



maxims of government as a standard, by which to measure the steps of a foreign statesman—to dress up a theory from a republican wardrobe, in order to condemn the fashions of a monarchy. Men must be judged in reference to something else than mere abstract propositions. They have to deal with things and actions as they are. A private individual may sacrifice his own interest to any principle he pleases, either real or ideal; but there is a stubborn element with which a statesman has to deal, and which he must be cautious not to bend too far; and that is the interest of his country. There were, doubtless, objections to Mr. Pitt's policy in relation to France, on which the opposition were justified in resting their consciences. The war offered but an alternative of evils to England, in which it was the business of the government to make a choice for the country, and of each individual to sustain or oppose it. Mr. Canning chose to do the former, and, as we trust we have shown, he did so on sufficient grounds.

While we agree with the biographer of Sheridan, that Mr. Canning, in espousing toryism, made a fortunate selection for his country, it must be admitted that he decided happily for himself. The position of the minister, himself almost born in the purple of office, seemed, as it had for ten years been, impregnable. With the unlimited confidence of the crown and the aristocracy, he still appeared, in 1793, in the House of Commons, after two dissolutions, at the head of an undiminished and devoted majority. The politics of the time gained currency and value from bearing his image and superscription, as did the coin of the reign from the effigies of his master; but unlike the latter, his impress seemed indelible. To this potent influence Mr. Canning united himself, and adopted, under the sanction of its dispenser, those principles which, with the exception of a single twelvemonth,\* regulated the policy of the British government to the end of his life. These principles he not only upheld and supported, for more than thirty years, in a manner at once consistent, firm and uniform, but he had the art and the honour to make them coincide with the advancing progress of liberal opinions, and, defending them against those who perverted while they professed them, to extort from their opponents a tribute of no equivocal praise.

It may well be supposed that the state of excited feeling into which the events we have heretofore adverted to had stimulated the country, permitted no one who aspired to a share in

\* We allude, of course, to the Grenville administration in 1806–7. The secession of Mr. Pitt from 1801 to 1804 produced no necessary change of policy, the ex-minister uniformly supporting Mr. Addington's administration.

the public councils to enter them without a decided declaration of his adhesion to one or other of the great parties of the state. That hybridous thing, a parliamentary neutral, could find no standing ground in the British legislature. There was no *juste milieu* where converging opinions could meet and opposing currents mingle. The example of two great men, who had publicly severed the friendship of a quarter of a century, upon political grounds, gave a tone of remarkable virulence to debate. The trumpet always "sounded to an angry parle." No man, therefore, entertaining Mr. Canning's opinions, could have gained a place in parliament, to lay them up for change, or use them on contingencies. Mr. Pitt's warriors were for the working day, and he who had attempted to sustain himself in an independent position, between them and their adversaries, would have been but an unshielded man of silk, for contending lances to tilt at. Necessity, therefore, combined with opinion and interest to drive Mr. Canning into toryism; nor is it perhaps invoking an improper influence, in forming a judgment upon his conduct, to add, that events justified his choice. We are not advocates for Mr. Pitt's system of administration in the audacity of some of its subsequent features, but the mind cannot but dwell with some alarm upon the probable consequences of the adoption of that of his antagonists, and of the omission of England to interfere in the long and bloody struggle which ensued upon the continent, when it reflects, that at one time the channel was the only barrier between the spirit of dominion and universal empire, as in the Scottish tradition, the fiend, but for the narrow stream, would have secured his victim.

We have thought proper to say thus much concerning the political influences under which Mr. Canning entered parliament, not only because they gave a colour and tone to his subsequent career, but because his conduct in the adoption of those influences, seemed, in all candour, to demand some explanation. We have a word to add upon the moral causes which operated to foster his talents and stimulate his exertions.

The most ardent and aspiring mind could hardly have selected, in the whole history of society, themes of more dignity and interest, than offered themselves at this time to the consideration of the British Senate. Parliament was not called upon to discuss the pretensions of some rival power to a barren rock or a dismantled fortress;—to say whether Minorca, in the septennial game of nations, should be dealt to France or shuffled back to Spain, or whether some German Elector, with his army of half a battalion, had not violated the neutrality of Hanover;—but to settle the fundamental rights of society, to restore the shattered fragments of the continent, and to bind again the

loosened bands of nations and governments. In France, free discussion was hushed through terror; throughout the rest of the continent it was drowned in the noise of arms. In England was to be sought the commentary on those great events which for twenty years were to make Europe a camp, and to drive the angry masses of her inhabitants into fierce and frightful collision. To her, and to her orators, on the one side and on the other, history must look for the most fearless contemporary expositions of the causes and consequences of those events, and of the power which was moulded by them into dimensions of such portentous magnitude as to overshadow both hemispheres. One of these orators was Canning, and it is a delightful part of our duty to record, (because it is a proud testimony of the power of the human intellect), that the energies of his mind seemed to grow with the importance of the topics presented to it, and that the god was always present when the occasion required a divinity.

Mr. Canning's first speech in the House of Commons was delivered on the 31st of January, 1794, upon the Sardinian subsidy. From this speech we shall make a short extract, in order to enable our readers to judge of the first effort of a distinguished debater, rather than because the occasion demanded or furnished any unusual display of the pomp of oratory. The speech in question is rather characterized by a clear arrangement and a pellucid transparency of language, than by splendid diction or peculiar vehemence or cogency of argument. In reply to Mr. Gray, among other topics, Mr. Canning urged the following:—

“But when neither our reason nor our prudence can be set against the war, an attempt is made to alarm our apprehensions. The French are stated to be an invincible people: inflamed to a degree of madness with the holy enthusiasm of freedom, there is nothing that they will not undertake, there is nothing that they cannot accomplish. I am as ready as any man to allow that the French are enthusiastically animated, be it how it may, to a state of absolute insanity. I desire no better proof of their being mad, than to see them hugging themselves in a system of slavery so gross and grinding as their present, and calling at the same time upon all Europe to admire and envy their freedom. But before their plea of madness can be admitted as conclusive against our right to be at war with them, gentlemen would do well to recollect that of madness there are several kinds. If theirs had been a harmless idiot lunacy, which had contented itself with playing its tricks, and practising its fooleries at home; with dressing up strumpets in oak-leaves, and inventing nick-names for the calendar, I should have been far from desiring to interrupt their innocent amusement; we might have looked on with hearty contempt, indeed, but with contempt not wholly unmixed with commiseration.

“But if theirs be a madness of a different kind, a moody, mischievous insanity,—if not contented with tearing and wounding themselves, they proceed to exert their unnatural strength for the annoyance of their neighbours,—if not satisfied with weaving straws and wearing fetters at home, they attempt to carry their systems and their slavery abroad, and to impose

them upon the nations of Europe; it becomes necessary then that those nations should be roused to resistance. Such a disposition must, for the safety and peace of the world, be repelled, and, if possible, eradicated."

*Speeches*, Vol. I. pp. 17, 18.

It has been remarked that Mr. Pitt, unlike Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he has been compared, was not content merely to sustain himself in his elevated position, but that he constantly created occasions for widening the circle of his influence, and conjured up the spirits of war and debt and prerogative, that he might, as the only potent magician, be called upon to lay them. Hence it happened that the exigencies of his administration required, not only ardent and arduous personal exertion, but capable and resolute auxiliaries. We do not feel called upon to adopt the theory, but it is certain, that, from some cause, the minister enlisted in the service of the government much of the rising talent of the country. The ministerial boroughs returned eloquent voices as well as excellent votes, and the treasury benches furnished room for the expanding promise of the obscure and unconnected. Men, indeed, were sought by both parties in a manner which is rather characteristic of an ancient or an ideal society, than the artificial and complex principles of modern politics, and merit was frequently discovered in the clubs and universities, to be introduced to parliament and placed in the career of honourable ambition. Mr. Canning, himself a signal instance of the success of such a system, did not bely the reputation which had rendered him an object of attention to the sagacity of the minister, and which, in 1796, occasioned his appointment as one of the under Secretaries of State. As he began to feel his ground more firmly, and as the progress of events, though it added little brilliancy to the cause of the European coalition, created a stronger and deeper distrust in the motives, and disgust at the measures of France, his flights became more sustained and his eloquence more ardent and rapid. His speech in 1798 upon Mr. Tierney's motion respecting peace with France, was a splendid philippic, in which the whole history and policy of the war, and its antagonists, were developed with a vigour of argument and severity of satire, only equalled by its graceful wit and pure and harmonious language. If not so comprehensive in its historical details, nor so close in its logical deductions, as the celebrated effort of Mr. Pitt, upon the same subject, delivered fourteen months later, and said to be his master-piece, it certainly reached a point of more glowing and genial beauty. We very freely admit that the war was a topic not only peculiarly adapted to Mr. Canning's style of oratory, but that its principal outlines lay in bold relief, and were easily appreciable. The theme was a great one, and its elements, for the most part, were

grand. It was the art of uniting those elements and blending those outlines—of filling up the picture or concealing its deficiencies—of supplying the proper fuel to feed the flame of national pride—of working upon ambition by success, and stimulating despondency by victory—of keeping out of sight the original principles of the revolution, and only bringing into view its monstrous abuses—of grouping, so to speak, in one black and threatening mass, all the degradation and despotism of the present, and hiding, by its means, the tyranny and slavery of the past, which distinguished this fine oration. At the risk of some injustice to its author, by the quotation of detached portions of an extended argument, we must indulge our readers with the following selections:

“There is, however, another and a more general argument, comprehending alike these and the other powers of Europe; which, but that it has been stated by the honourable gentleman, I should really have thought scarcely worth confutation. We, it seems—a wise, prudent, reflecting people—are much struck with all the outrages that France has committed upon the continent; but on the powers of the continent itself, no lasting impression has been made. Is this probable? Is it possible? Is it in the nature of things, that the contemplation of the wrongs and miseries which others have endured, should have worked a deeper impression upon our minds, than the suffering of those miseries and wrongs has left on the minds of those upon whom they were actually inflicted?

‘*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*’

Yet the echo and report of the blows by which other countries have fallen, are supposed to have had more effect upon us, than the blows themselves produced upon the miserable victims who sunk beneath them.

“The pillage and bloody devastation of Italy strike us with horror;—but Italy, we are to believe, is contented with what has befallen her. The insults which are hurled by the French garrison from the walls of the citadel of Turin rouse resentment in *our* breasts; but have no effect on the feelings of the Piedmontese. *We* read with indignation of the flag of Bernadotte displayed in mockery and insult to the emperor and his subjects; but it flaunted in the eyes of the people of Vienna without exciting any emotions of hatred or resentment. The invasion of a province of a friendly power, with whom they had no cause nor pretext for hostility, has created in us a decided detestation for the unprincipled hypocrisy and ambition of the Directory; but the Ottoman Porte sits down contented with the loss of Egypt; feels no injury, and desires neither reparation nor revenge.

“And then, Sir, the wrongs of Switzerland! They, too, are calculated to excite an interest *here*; but the Swiss no doubt endure them with quiet resignation, and contented humility. If, after the taking of Soleure, the venerable magistrates of that place were first paraded round the town in barbarous triumph, and afterwards, contrary to all the laws of war, of nations, and of nature, were inhumanly put to death; if, when the unoffending town of Sion capitulated to the French, the troops were let loose to revel in every species of licentiousness and cruelty;—if the women, after having been brutally violated, were thrown alive into the flames; if, more recently, when Stantz was carried, after a short but vigorous and honourable resistance, such as would have conciliated the esteem of any but a



French conqueror, the whole town was burnt to the ground, and the ashes quenched with the blood of the inhabitants:—the bare recital of these horrors and atrocities awakens in British bosoms, I trust it *does* awaken, I trust it will long keep alive, an abhorrence of the nation and name of that people by whom such execrable cruelties have been practised, and such terrible calamities inflicted: but on the Swiss (we are to understand), these cruelties and calamities have left no lasting impression: the inhabitants of Soleure, who followed, with tears of anguish and indignation, their venerated magistrates to a death of terror and ignominy; the husbands and fathers and sons of those wretched victims who expired in torture and in shame, beneath the brutality of a savage soldiery at Sion; the wretched survivors of those who perished in the ruins of their country at Stantz; *they* all felt but a transient pang: *their* tears by this time are dried; *their* rage is hushed; *their* resentment silenced: there is nothing in *their* feelings which can be stimulated into honourable and effectual action: there is no motive for *their* exertions, upon which we can safely and permanently rely! Sir, I should be ashamed to waste your time by arguing such a question.”

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“There is yet another point of view, in which this argument may be considered. Let us compare the expectations which we may be allowed to form of our allies, with the character and situation of the several allies of France. If we, in renewing the great confederacy of the powers of the continent, are weaving a rope of sand;—let us examine whether the connections of France are bound to her by a chain which nothing can loosen. If the ground upon which we stand is false and hollow, let us see whether the alliances of France rest upon a more stable and solid foundation. If the only sure foundation of permanent alliance between nations must be laid in community of interest and of sentiment, in the sense of mutual benefits, or in the interchange of protection on the one side, and attachment on the other:—let us look round, Sir, among the states which are immediately connected with France: let us examine the benefits which they derive from her friendship, and it will not be difficult to estimate the affection which they must owe to her in return. Is it in the Cisalpine, the Roman, the Ligurian republics, those deformed and rickety children, upon whom the mother republic has lavished so much of her care,—is it in these, however they may bear the precious resemblance of their parent, that we are to look for the fondness of filial duty and attachment? Are we to look for it in the Cisalpine republic, whom, in preference to the others, she appears to have selected as a living subject for her experiments in political anatomy; whom she has delivered up tied and bound to a series of butchering, bungling, philosophical professors, to distort, and mangle, and lop, and stretch its limbs into all sorts of fantastical shapes, and to hunt through its palpitating frame the vital principle of republicanism? Is the infant Roman republic so gratified by the present which France has made to it of five consuls instead of two, as to forget all the miseries, the robbery, the confiscation, and the blood, by which this invaluable acquisition has been purchased? Does the protection which she has afforded to the Ligurian republic, entitle her to their affectionate acknowledgment and pious devotion? Observe, I beg of you, in what a situation those unfortunate Ligurians have been placed by her. They are forced into acts of outrage and hostility against England. We declare war against them;—and such is their confidence in the protection of France, that no sooner has that war been declared, than they come crawling upon their knees to implore our pity and forbearance! Unnatural Ligurians! if they are not thankful for such an instance of the parental solicitude of France for their welfare!”

“But, perhaps, with more powerful and more respected allies, with those whose names were brought forward with such display and ostentation in the negotiation at Lisle, as inseparably connected with the honour and interests of the French Republic; perhaps with Holland and with Spain a greater degree of forbearance has been observed; a more friendly and liberal intercourse has been established; a more honourable and independent system of communication has been maintained.

“The friendship of Holland! The independence of Spain! Is there a man so besotted as to suppose, that there is one hour of peace with France preserved by either of these unhappy countries; that there is one syllable of friendship uttered by them towards France, but what is extorted by the immediate pressure, or by the dread and terror of French arms?

—————‘mouth-honour, breath

Which the poor heart would fain refuse, but dare not!’

“Have the regenerated republic of Holland, or the degraded monarchy of Spain, such reason to rejoice in the protection of the French Republic, that they would voluntarily throw themselves between her and any blow which might menace her existence? Holland once had wealth, had industry, had commerce. Where are they now? Gone; swallowed up in the all-devouring gulph of French bankruptcy. Holland once had flourishing colonies; them, perhaps, France has preserved for her. The flag of the enemies of France is flying at Ceylon, and at the Cape of Good Hope. Holland had once a navy, a navy of strength and gallantry and reputation—a navy which has often contended even with our own, and contended with no mean exertion, for the mastery of the sea? Where is it now? Where is the skill which directed, the promptness, courage, and vigour, which manned it? All utterly destroyed and gone. The baneful touch of French fraternity has blasted the reputation, has unmanned the strength, has bowed the spirit of the people, in the same proportion as it has exhausted the resources of the country. The spirit of the people is bowed, it is true; but let us trust that it is not broken; let us hope that, if an opening should be presented, it may yet spring up with sudden and irresistible violence, to the astonishment and overthrow of its oppressors.”

*Speeches*, Vol. I. pp. 85. 90. 93.

We have alluded more particularly to this speech, because, while it embodies most of the particular characteristics of the orator, it furnishes in a satisfactory form the prominent reasons why, as a politician, he defended the leading measure of Mr. Pitt’s foreign policy. We could wish that his advocacy had been as successful when he attempted to vindicate the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the direction of the whole battery of the state against the expression of free opinions and the formation of liberal societies. The prosecutions of Horne and Hardy, and the judicial murders in Ireland, would have disgraced the worst days of the star-chamber. State necessity, that universal favourite of tyrants, seems to have been divorced from the Bourbons, only to be taken into keeping by the Brunswicks, and it is with regret that we must add, that the illicit union received the full approbation of the secretary.\*

\* In an argument upon the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, in which, alluding to Mr. Pitt’s change of opinion upon the question of reform, Mr. Canning went so far as to say that “should the minister again return to

To the promotion of that darling measure of Mr. Pitt, the Irish union, Mr. Canning lent the full force and weight of his abilities. He argued it, it is true, upon broad and general grounds, but, connected as he was with the government, it was his duty to know, as the minister certainly did know, that the union could only be effected by promising to Ireland what George the Third would never consent to grant her. Anticipating that faith must necessarily be broken with that country,\* ought he not also to have anticipated for her a repetition and reduplication of all the ills which she had suffered from England, since Richard Strongbow first landed his myrmidons in Wexford? Would it console her for violated faith and bartered independence, that the meanest of her titled sons should reap, in the British cabinet, the reward of her prostration, and, after batten- ing, like the young pelican, on the blood of his parent, should carry his George and his garter to the congress of the Holy Alliance! Take away that religious emancipation which she had so long craved—and for which she stood ready to yield the dearest secular right and honour of freemen—that of self-government—and what had Ireland to gain by the union? She had already obtained from the Henries, the Richards and the Ed-

his former principles, he might probably change with him;" Mr. Courtenay concluded some remarks of extraordinary severity, with the observation that, "the honourable gentleman seemed attached to his friend as necessary, probably, to promote his fortune ;

‘ Thus a light straw whirl’d round at every blast,  
Is carried off in some dog’s tail at last.’ ”

Such satire as this, thus coarsely blurted out, must have been peculiarly galling to the sensitive temperament of Canning. The speaker was accordingly made to smart for it, at a subsequent period, in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

\* The king pertinaciously insisted that to give his sanction to Catholic emancipation would be to violate his coronation oath. "It is a curious speculation," says one of the works before us, "and might be reasoned upon in the abstract, in a constitution like that of Great Britain, having three estates of the realm, how far that estate, which consists of an individual, can be justified in predetermining great questions of policy before they are discussed by the other two, and resolving, when they are discussed and proposed, to reject them from personal considerations, when it is constitutionally placed above all personal responsibility." Save with this last point of difference, which, alas! is virtually a worthless one, as we are at present situated, republican America has experimentally witnessed that exercise of prerogative, which in England is still a matter of distant and casuistical speculation. Our great arch-tribune has not only *retroed* law and constitution, in advance, but has actually revolutionized the government, in consequence, as the keepers of his conscience would have us believe, of his Utopian meditations in the Hermitage.

wards, shackles on her liberties, restrictions on her commerce, and fetters on her conscience, and from the Charleses, the Williams and the Annes, a licentious court, a debased currency, and a hostile priesthood. It needed but a continuance of the fostering solicitude of the Georges, alternately stimulating her to rebellion, and dragooning her into submission, to attract from her her gentry and her capital, and to chain down her starving peasantry to pauperism and crime at home, or to drive them into hopeless Helotry abroad, and the circle of benign influences would be complete. Emancipation has since been granted, or, we should more correctly say, extorted; but the long arrear of wrong is not to be effaced by such tardy and limping justice—right is not to be propitiated by a sacrifice to necessity, and Ireland still stands towards England in the same attitude of offended majesty and indignant and insulted justice.

It is quite true that Mr. Pitt, and of course Mr. Canning along with him, resigned his office in 1801, upon the express ground, as was alleged by his friends, of inability to keep the terms of his treaty with the Irish Catholics. But it is also true that both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning again took office in 1804, with all the prejudices of the king subsisting in undiminished force, and not only without stipulations in favour of the Catholics, but to the express exclusion of that part of the former administration and their adherents, known as the Grenville party, who manfully preserved their consistency upon this question. It is further true, that, in the same year, he voted with the new minister against the Catholic petition—that in 1806, during Mr. Fox's brief term of office, he joined the opposition to that minister's measures for their relief—that in 1807, when the Grenville ministry was superseded upon this very ground, he took office under the duke of Portland, and that, in 1808, he spoke against Mr. Grattan's motion for a committee. Up to the civil demise of the king, indeed, and the appointment of the regent in 1812, there is no evidence that Mr. Canning is to be considered otherwise than hostile to emancipation, and so far he must undergo his share of the censure for its postponement, and the consequent sufferings of Ireland, which history will divide among the ministers and statesmen of England. How far his subsequent efforts in her cause, which from the regency to the end of his life were uniform, consistent and strenuous, may serve to rescue his character, posterity alone can determine. The chagrin which he certainly experienced, on repeated occasions, at not being enabled to carry what had become a favourite measure, and the zeal with which he prosecuted his purpose, may serve to show the sincerity of his repentance, if it cannot redeem and renew the splendour of his fame.\*

\* It would be scarcely candid not to add, that Mr. Canning twice re-

We have overleaped the order of events for the purpose of placing before our readers, in a connected view, the means of forming a judgment upon this important portion of Mr. Canning's history. If they, like us, find it necessary to insinuate blame in regard to it, like us they will probably rejoice that the change from a narrow to a liberal policy, instead of being checked by the pride of early opinion, was cherished and consummated throughout the latter years of the statesman, and that his new faith grew and flourished most when he himself acquired the fullest possession of his matured and ripened faculties.

We confess that we look with no great pleasure upon Mr. Canning's contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin*, or his lampoons upon Mr. Addington. He was made for nobler things than a mask, a dagger and a dark lantern. His eminence was too lofty for the office to which he descended. His weapon, it is true, is keen and polished, and no doubt stabs with accuracy and effect, but still it stabs. Political satire has too long been left to hirelings, for any man of independence and high bearing, in a free country, to meddle with it. Swift could never wash the stain of his occupation off his hands, and the fact that with Canning it was not an occupation, takes away the justification of necessity. Under corrupt governments men must print what they dare not speak, or leave it uncommunicated, as, under partial and unjust laws, an injured party shoots a powerful antagonist in the back, whom he dare not summon before the tribunals. Personal satires are moral libels as caricatures are physical ones; their point is derived from making a falsehood resemble the truth, or enforcing the truth by means of a falsehood; both, perhaps, recognized means of carrying on a political war, as the world is constituted, but both unworthy a high order of genius. Canning prostituted his abilities as much by writing the first as Sir Thomas Lawrence would have degraded his by painting the second.\* Did we write for Englishmen, we would request those Tories who at a more recent period have been so much outraged by strictures upon the political history of George the Third, Lord Castle-reagh and the Duke of Wellington, in the stanzas of *Don Juan*, as we now request those Americans who shared their feelings,

fused office under Lord Liverpool, between 1812 and 1816, because the policy of the cabinet was still hostile to any change in regard to Ireland.

\* The old comedy of the Greeks and the satire of the Romans, stood on totally different reasons, as they were applicable to a totally different state of society, from the politico-personal effusions of modern party. The licence of the former would indeed have been tremendous, could it have taken shelter under the anonymous.

to look back to the year 1800, and find the justification of Lord Byron, in the pages of the "New Morality," where La Fayette flourishes, in the society of O'Quigley, Barras and Lepaux, in some such lines as these:

"I love the bold uncompromising mind,  
Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defined :

\* \* \* \* \*

Who owns, when traitors feel th' avenging rod,  
Just retribution, and the hand of God ;  
Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,  
Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his king—  
Hears unappall'd :—though faction's zealots preach—  
Unmoved, unsoften'd by Fitzpatrick's speech."

*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.* London, 1801.

Yet Mr. Canning is said to have declared, during his subsequent career, that he saw no reason to regret his contributions to the Anti-Jacobin. If such were the fact, it is a new proof how long and how keenly the fondness for our intellectual offspring will survive our acquaintance with their faults and deformities. It must, in fairness, be acknowledged, however, that the literary execution of this work was not unworthy of the future fame of Canning; and that in those instances, where the object of his satire was legitimate, it may be read with very great satisfaction. The wheel of the knife-grinder, in the following imitation of Dr. Southey's sapphics, will suggest a curious reflection upon that revolution of opinion and circumstances, which in the progress of a few years placed the radical poet within the shadow of the prerogative, and drove the tory satirist to a union with "the Sir Something Burdett, of the Crown and Anchor."

#### "THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

##### *Friend of Humanity.*

"Needy knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?  
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—  
Bleak blows the blast ;—your hat has got a hole in't,  
So have your breeches !

"Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and  
Scissars to grind O !'

"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives ?  
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ;  
Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?  
Or the attorney ?

"Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or  
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?  
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little  
All in a lawsuit ?



“ (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)  
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your  
 Pitiful story.”

*Knife-Grinder.*

“ Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,  
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,  
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
 Torn in a scuffle.

“ Constables came up for to take me into  
 Custody ; they took me before the justice ;  
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
 stocks for a vagrant.

“ I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in  
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;  
 But for my part, I never love to meddle  
 With politics, sir.”

*Friend of Humanity.*

“ I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—  
 Wretch ! whom no sense of wrong can rouse to vengeance—  
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
 Spiritless outcast !”

“ *Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*”  
*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.* London, 1801.

We must pass rapidly over the period which intervened between the resignation of the ministry in 1801, and the death of Mr. Pitt in 1806. With the motives which actuated that statesman, as with his course in reference to the administration of Mr. Addington, we have nothing to do. If he deserted his principles, we are happy to say that Mr. Canning retained his, and opposed, with all his strength, the hollow, transient, and, so far as Britain was concerned, most unsatisfactory peace of Amiens. The renewal of the war, of which he was the author and sponsor, soon brought Mr. Pitt back to power, and Mr. Canning into the cabinet, as Treasurer of the Navy. The duties and responsibilities of an important office, seem, at this period, to have engrossed most of his attention, as the collection before us furnishes but a single parliamentary effort during his whole connection with it, and that, in some measure, arose out of its peculiar character, being a speech upon the proposed impeachment of one of his predecessors, Lord Melville, for malversation in office.

The death of the minister, and the consequent dissolution of the cabinet, gives occasion to inquire how far the devotion of Mr. Canning to his political model and master may have influenced his fame with posterity.

Had Pitt never lived, Canning's career might have been more

consistently and uniformly admirable, but it would scarcely have been so brilliant and dazzling—he would have secured a more temperate level, but he might not have attained the summit. His birth and connections, and the whole course and aspect of his early fortunes, seemed to mark him for a whig, and it needed a great power and example to countervail their influence. Office, to which he was introduced, and in which he was continued by the aid of his early patron, assisted much to mould him into greatness by giving scope and object to the faculties of his mind. As a whig, he would have been a great Englishman—as a tory, he was a great man. On the other hand, had Pitt lived ten years longer, though Canning might sooner have approached the maturity of greatness, it would scarce have been by so straight a path of honour. The grander and nobler aspirations of his nature would have remained too long under the shadowy influences, and within the straightened boundaries of power and place ever to find their proper height and expansion. He would have “given up to party what was meant for mankind,” and instead of standing out, as he did in the latter and better half of his life, the champion of a liberal and advancing policy, he would have shrunk and withered into the toryism of Eldon and Londonderry—that narrow and bigoted system which would fain keep down the elastic spirit of the age, by the pressure of antiquated names and venerable rubbish. Had it not been for Pitt, England might have seen another consummate orator, like Fox, waging a desperate, and sometimes a Quixotic war against drilled and disciplined majorities—the “*junctas umbone phalanges*” of the minister—but the nations would not have beheld the statesman, whose foreign policy checked the march of despotism, and advanced, if it did not establish, the freedom of the continent.

Canning buried, as he himself expressed it, his political allegiance in the grave of Pitt. He certainly burned at his funeral pyre some of the chords which had hitherto bound and manacled his personal freedom. His great creditor was no more, and his debts and duties were cancelled. Yet there were duties which he owed to the fame of that extraordinary man, which no lapse of time, nor peculiarity of conjuncture, could bar or extinguish. His tributes to the memory of Pitt are accordingly among the best, as they are among the sincerest, effusions of eloquent eulogy which the language affords. We select the following from his speeches in the debate on the Regency Resolutions in 1811:

“Sir, I have heard these things from my right honourable friend (Mr. Sheridan) with peculiar pain: but he is not the first that has resorted to this singular species of reasoning. What advantage any man, or any set of men, can propose to themselves from substituting for argument upon the question now actually under discussion, attacks upon the characters of persons now no more, and particularly (what from my right honourable



friend I should have expected less than from any other) upon the memory of that great man, who bore a principal part in the proceedings of that period, I am utterly at a loss to imagine. Can it be necessary in our present difficult and distressing situation—a situation sufficiently full of divisions and distractions—to rake up the ashes of the dead, for the purpose of kindling new flames amongst the living? For my own part, I have the satisfaction to feel, that such is neither my opinion nor my practice. No man can accuse me of having ever gone out of my way, in any discussion in this House, to speak with disrespect of those who differed from Mr. Pitt when living, and who are now gathered together with him in the peace and shelter of the grave. For myself, and I hope for all those who have imbibed their political sentiments from the same master, I can confidently say, that we do not desire to erect an altar to the object of our veneration with materials picked from the sepulchral monuments of his rival. The character of him whom we reverence and regret, we are satisfied, may safely be suffered to rest upon its positive merits. It shines without contrast;—its lustre is all its own, and requires not the extinction of the reputations of others to make it blaze with a brighter flame.

“I cannot—I own I cannot—conceive the feelings and policy of those who pursue an opposite system. I cannot understand the wisdom of reviving, at this moment, those party heats and political and personal animosities which the hand of death, one should have thought, might well be allowed to have closed; and which the progress of time might of itself be supposed to have obliterated. Is this the foretaste which the honourable and the right honourable gentleman opposite think fit to give of the spirit in which their new Government is to be conducted? Entering upon a new scene of things, in which, even if they could forget and cause to be forgotten every subsisting hostility, every partiality and prejudice, by which the political men now living are divided, they would still have difficulties enough to encounter; do they think their administration requires any additional embarrassment? Or do they think that it will be a facility to it that they should array against themselves the wishes and the feelings of every man in this House and in the country who shares those sentiments, which it is my pride and satisfaction to cherish and to avow for my late illustrious and venerated friend? I doubt, sir, if an undeserved attack upon that great man can add any thing to the strength of their future government; I am sure it adds nothing to the force of their arguments on the question now before us.

“But my right honourable friend (Mr. Sheridan) was not the first to introduce this invidious topic into our present deliberations. He has but followed the example of an honourable and learned member (Sir Samuel Romilly), who had last night the merit, if merit it can be called, of relieving the dry discussion of the question now at issue by opening an attack, as unjust as uncalled for, and as singular as either, upon the memory of Mr. Pitt. Sir, I then repressed my feelings, strong as they were at the moment, and resolved to abstain from any animadversion upon the honourable and learned gentleman’s proceeding. My honourable friend opposite to me (Mr. Wilberforce) had executed that duty, in a way which left nothing to regret or to supply: and at the period of the debate at which it was my fortune to rise, I was more anxious to bring back the attention of the House to the real subject of the debate, than to lead it back to a topic which I hoped would not be reverted to again, and the introduction of which into these discussions, while I condemned it in others, I would not willingly countenance by my own example. But when I find that the honourable and learned gentleman’s example is contagious—that even my right honourable friend (Mr. Sheridan) is infected by it—that it appears to be a measure of party to run down the fame of Mr. Pitt, I could

not answer it to my conscience or to my feelings if I had suffered repeated provocations to pass without notice. Mr. Pitt, it seems, was not a great man. Is it then that we live in such heroic times—that the present is a race of such gigantic talents and qualities as to render those of Mr. Pitt, in the comparison, ordinary and contemptible? Who, then, is the man now living—is there any man now sitting in this House, who, by taking the measure of his own mind, or of that of any of his contemporaries, can feel himself justified in pronouncing that Mr. Pitt was not a great man? I admire as much as any man the abilities and ingenuity of the honourable and learned gentleman who promulgated this opinion. I do not deny to him many of the qualities which go to constitute the character which he has described. But I think I may defy all his ingenuity to frame any definition of that character, which shall not apply to Mr. Pitt—to trace any circle of greatness from which Mr. Pitt shall be excluded.

“I have no manner of objection to see placed on the same pedestal with Mr. Pitt, for the admiration of the present age and of posterity, other distinguished men, and amongst them his great rival, whose memory is, I have no doubt, as dear to the honourable gentlemen opposite, as that of Mr. Pitt is to those who loved him living, and who revere him dead. But why should the admiration of one be incompatible with justice to the other? Why cannot we cherish the remembrance of the respective objects of our veneration, leaving to each other a similar freedom? For my own part, I disclaim such a spirit of intolerance. Be it the boast and characteristic of the school of Pitt, that, however provoked by illiberal and unjust attacks upon his memory, whether in speeches in this House, or in calumnies out of it, they will never so far forget the respect due to him or to themselves, as to be betrayed into reciprocal illiberality and injustice—that they disdain to retaliate upon the memory of Mr. Pitt’s great rival.”

*Speeches*, Vol. III. pp. 130–4.

Though he acknowledged no leader, Mr. Canning opposed the measures of the new coalition, and joined most cordially in the hunt which drove the Grenville administration from office. The necessity of repelling his rapid and ardent attacks is said to have brought Mr. Fox nightly to the house, even after his frame was enfeebled by disease. “He was dying,” says one of the works before us, “but no tenderness was shown to him.” If Mr. Canning administered the deadly potion, “the ingredients of his poisoned chalice,” at a subsequent period came fearfully back “to his own lips.” We wish we could say that the warfare was confined to its legitimate theatre, the House of Commons; but Mr Canning once more took up the pen, and stooped (we rejoice to add for the last time), to political lampoons. In parliament, the military measures of the ministry, and particularly the “limited service bill” of Mr. Wyndham, called forth his best efforts. His attacks upon the injudicious system of that respectable minister and amiable man are in his highest vein of ironical argumentation, and are read with the more pleasure that they are directed against the measure, instead of its accomplished author.

With the Grenville administration departed for twenty years the political ascendancy of the whigs. With the exception of the abolition of the slave trade, which was hardly a party ques-

tion, they had carried none of their great measures, and the spirits of peace, reform and emancipation seemed to have left the earth with their great advocate, Mr. Fox. The Duke of Portland brought with him into office, in 1807, all the pledged *ultras* of toryism; and the names of Mr. Percival, Lord Eldon, the Earl of Liverpool, and Lord Castlereagh were a sufficient guaranty for the prerogative. Mr. Canning became foreign secretary, and found himself at length in a situation adequate to his talents, agreeable to his tastes, and promising an opportunity to establish his fame on a permanent foundation. It is here that his true official history may be said to have commenced. Hitherto he had been a subordinate, a brilliant satellite, it is true, but still acknowledging the influence of its planet. He was now called to office as a component and co-equal part of the administration; placed in one of the most important situations in the government; by far the first statesman in the cabinet; and viewed by the opposition as incomparably the most potent antagonist with whom they had to contend in parliament.

It was certainly unfortunate for the outset of such a career, that the first important measure of foreign policy, adopted by the new cabinet, should have been the bombardment of Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet. We say unfortunate, because it called upon the foreign secretary to avow and defend an act where honour was in an inverse proportion to interest. The avowal was frankly made, and the defence gallantly undertaken and brilliantly executed; but still the attack upon Denmark must appear to every unprejudiced mind as sheer an abuse of power as had been witnessed during the whole course of the war. If the unjust designs of one belligerent upon a neutral, (granting, what in this instance is denied, that such designs are shown to exist,) can enable the other to defeat them by unjustifiable acts, there is an end of all safety in neutrality, and Portugal, Holland and Denmark must arm their fishing smacks every time a gun is fired in Europe. Nothing but that supremacy of the sea, which England so satisfactorily for herself had acquired, as some of her writers phrase it, by "a combination of law and victory," (making the law to sanction the victory, and using the victory to enforce the law,) could have tempted her to this Danish exploit—an exploit, in the defence of which even Canning forsakes the pride of his usual position to mingle with his justification apologies and excuses.

We turn with great pleasure from this history of unwarrantable assault and spoliation to a brighter and worthier scene—we allude to the part the British government took in the Peninsular war. The contest which continued to agitate the world was no where more gallantly and justifiably prosecuted by

England, than in Spain and Portugal, because no where was it begun and carried on by France under circumstances of more damning infamy. The atrocious kidnapping of a whole dynasty, degraded and imbecile as that dynasty was, and the cold-blooded cruelties of the French generals in their progress of desolation and ruin, inspired some of the happiest flights of Mr. Canning's eloquence, as they roused the strong indignation of every party in the British senate, and every free heart in the world. He was the earliest, as he became the most untiring and successful champion, both in and out of the cabinet, of the prosecution of that war by British means, through its whole course of disaster and success, and in its various phases of defeat and victory. And it is to his lasting honour that, as he undertook the war in favour of an unsettled and disordered government and a jealous ally, so he did not desert the cause, when, through the misconduct and distrust of that ally, France held the whole territory of Spain from Coruña to Cadiz. Had he remained in the cabinet, seconded by an efficient administration of the war department, it is probable that the contest in the Peninsula might have been earlier crowned with success, and that the expedition, which, under the auspices of that "*dedecorum pretiosus emptor*," Lord Castlereagh, so miserably failed in the Scheldt, would have added efficacy to the exertions of Spain.\*

The hostile meeting between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh in 1809, grew out of a cabinet misunderstanding, and terminated in the resignation of both ministers. The former was slightly wounded. A duel between ministers of state, despite the example of Mr. Pitt, followed as it has been by the Duke of Wellington, and a distinguished secretary in our own country, is wholly unjustifiable, and in the instance before us it was totally unnecessary, as the offence was eminently susceptible of explanation, and the reparation required might have been obtained by a milder appeal. At a subsequent period, in consequence of some taunts thrown out on the discussion of the Portuguese embassy, Mr. Canning, who had derived that and his succeeding appointment from Lord Castlereagh, made the following allusions to the subject:

"It is made matter of accusation and reproach against me that I have accepted office with my noble friend (Lord Castlereagh) who sits beside me,—between whom and myself it is assumed that our former differences had placed an impassable barrier. First, from what quarter comes this reproach and accusation? From a bench, on which I do not see any two neighbours who have not differed from each other, and that within short

\* Mr. Canning, doubtless, assented to the Walcheren expedition, and afterwards justified it as a cabinet measure, of which he was willing to share the responsibility—but its *glory* unquestionably belongs to Lord Castlereagh.

memory too, much more essentially than myself and my noble friend. But it is insinuated that the differences between my noble friend and myself were of a sort which precluded reconciliation! Since when have such matters become topics of parliamentary discussion? Since when has it been the practice of this House to take cognizance of the disagreements of individuals, and to indulge in such animadversions on the most delicate topics of personal conduct as in private society no gentleman would venture to hazard? Since when, I say, has this practice commenced? and how far is it to be carried? I know of no precedent for it. I know of no authority. It is not for my own sake, but for the sake of this House, that I protest against it; for, if this practice be permitted, our discussions must inevitably sink into grosser personalities than have disgraced the meetings of Palace Yard and of Spa Fields.

“The honourable baronet is entirely mistaken as to what he supposes me to have addressed to my constituents at Liverpool in 1812. Nothing that I then said was intended to convey, or did convey, the notion that I was precluded by any feeling, or (in my own judgment) by any principle, from acting in office with my noble friend. I had declared the directly contrary opinion some months before, in a correspondence respecting the formation of an administration, which the discussions of those times brought before the public, and which is now upon record. What is *not* publicly recorded is, that some time after those discussions had closed, but six or eight weeks before my election at Liverpool, other negotiations, which had for their object my return to office, had taken place; amongst the proposed arrangements of which, my noble friend, with a manliness and generosity which I hope I felt as they deserved, had voluntarily tendered to my acceptance the seals of the office which he now holds. Other reasons induced me to decline that tender; I might be right or wrong in my view of those reasons. One among them was, that I was at that time embarrassed with respect to a most important question (the discussion of which is now fixed for no distant day) by pledges which I could best hope to redeem with unquestioned fidelity and honour, by remaining out of office till I had redeemed them. But what would be thought of me, what should I deserve to be thought of by any liberal mind, if, after such a transaction as I have described, I could ever pause for a moment, to consider in what order with respect to each other my noble friend and I should march towards our common objects in the service of the country? In that transaction, any feelings which had previously separated my noble friend and myself were buried for ever. The very memory of them was effaced from our minds: nor can I compliment the good taste of those who would call them up from oblivion; surely not with the vain hope of exasperating differences anew, but with the purpose of making a reconciliation now of five years’ standing, a subject of suspicion, taunt and obloquy.

“What I have said, sir, is, I hope, a sufficient comment upon the notable discovery that I accepted public employment not *with*, but *under*, my noble friend. This paltry distinction, I can assure those who are so vain of it, occasions me not the slightest uneasiness. When Lord Pembroke went out to Vienna, and the Marquis Wellesley to Spain, during (or *under* if you will) *my* administration of the Foreign Department, had *I* the ridiculous vanity to fancy that ~~these~~ distinguished noblemen acted *under* me, in any sense of degrading subordination? Or is it imagined that when the Duke of Wellington undertook his mission to Paris, my noble friend, conceived that *he* was therefore entitled to claim a pre-eminence over the deliverer of Europe? They know little, sir, of the spirit of our Constitution, they are very ill acquainted with the duties that it imposes, and the privileges that it confers, who are not aware that, in whatever station a man may be called upon to serve his sovereign and his country, there is

among statesmen, co-operating honestly for the public good, a real substantive equality which no mere official arrangement can either create or destroy; they, who are yet to learn, that in a free country like ours, it is for the man to dignify the office, not for the office to dignify the man."

*Speeches*, Vol. III. pp. 538—542.

Mr. Canning did not resume office until 1816, when he came into the cabinet of his early friend, Lord Liverpool, as President of the Board of Controul. Except upon certain financial measures, the regency question and Catholic emancipation, he had supported the ministry constantly and effectively, and he entered the cabinet with the express understanding, that in regard to the Catholics, he was free to advocate the most liberal propositions. In 1812 he had the satisfaction, in the most gratifying manner, to be chosen to represent the wealthy and populous city of Liverpool, after a severe contest with the present Lord Chancellor—a compliment which was three times repeated in the space of the ensuing ten years. He continued to represent that city until his resignation in 1822, upon being appointed Governor General of India.

At the close of the war in 1814—a war coeval with his political existence, and to the prosecution of which he had lent his best exertions—he had accepted the appointment of Ambassador to Lisbon. Although this embassy was stigmatized by the opposition as "an outrageous job," and the ambassador denounced in no very measured terms for accepting it, he demonstrated, on his return, in a speech distinguished not less by convincing argument than by a strain of high and honourable sensibility, that the ministry as little deserved censure for offering, as he for receiving the appointment; and the eloquence which he manifested in combating the most unpleasant charge to which a high-minded man could be subjected, well deserved the compliment of Sir T. Ackland, who remarked in his place, that "he would have been proud to be so accused, in order so to have defended himself."

We deem it but justice to Mr. Canning, and to a large portion of the intelligence and worth of Great Britain, to introduce, from a speech delivered to his constituents at Liverpool, about this period, his own exposition of his sentiments and theirs on the great question of reform, and of the reasons upon which they rested those sentiments, because we are convinced that in the ardour of republican sympathy, many of our readers have formed very crude and hasty opinions upon this exciting topic; and because we believe that on no subject, if we admit his view of the English Constitution, has he more successfully vindicated his principles. Three several speeches, in which this question is treated at some length, were delivered by him in the years 1818 and 1819; nor can we perceive that the one we



are about to quote, claims any superiority over the rest; but we insert it in preference to them, because its arguments are given in a more condensed form, and are of course so far better adapted to our purpose:

“Gentlemen, it does seem somewhat singular, and I conceive that the historian of future times will be at a loss to imagine how it should happen, that, at this particular period, at the close of a war of such unexampled brilliancy, in which this country had acted a part so much beyond its physical strength and its apparent resources, there should arise a sect of philosophers in this country, who begin to suspect something rotten in the British Constitution. The history of Europe for the last twenty-five years, is something like this. A power went forth, animated with the spirit of evil, to overturn every community of the civilized world. Before this dreadful assailant, empires, and monarchies, and republics bowed: some were crushed to the earth, and some bought their safety by compromise. In the midst of this wide-spread ruin, among tottering columns and falling edifices, one fabric alone stood erect and braved the storm; and not only provided for its own internal security, but sent forth, at every portal, assistance to its weaker neighbours. On this edifice floated that ensign, [pointing to the English ensign], a signal of rallying to the combatant, and of shelter to the fallen.

“To an impartial observer—I will not say to an inhabitant of this little fortress—to an impartial observer, in whatever part of the world, one should think something of this sort would have occurred. Here is a fabric constructed upon some principles not common to others in its neighbourhood; principles which enable it to stand erect while every thing is prostrate around it. In the construction of this fabric there must be some curious felicity, which the eye of the philosopher would be well employed in investigating, and which its neighbours may profit by adopting. This, I say, gentlemen, would have been an obvious inference. But what shall we think of their understandings who draw an inference directly the reverse? and who say to us—‘You have stood when others have fallen; when others have crouched, you have borne yourselves aloft; you alone have resisted the power which has shaken and swallowed up half the civilized world. We like not this suspicious peculiarity. There must be something wrong in your internal conformation.’ With this unhappy curiosity, and in the spirit of this perverse analysis, they proceed to dissect our Constitution. They find that, like other states, we have a monarch; that a nobility, though not organized like ours, is common to all the great empires of Europe; but that our distinction lies in a popular assembly, which gives life, and vigour, and strength to the whole frame of the Government. Here, therefore, they find the seat of our disease. Our peccant part is, undoubtedly, the House of Commons. Hence our presumptuous exemption from what was the common lot of all our neighbours: the anomaly ought forthwith to be corrected; and, therefore, the House of Commons must be reformed.

“Gentlemen, it cannot but have struck you as somewhat extraordinary, that whereas, in speaking of foreign sovereigns, our reformers are never very sparing of uncourtly epithets; that whereas, in discussing the general principles of government, they seldom omit an opportunity of discrediting and deriding the privileged orders of society; yet, when they come to discuss the British Constitution, nothing can be more respectful than their language towards the Crown; nothing more forbearing than their treatment of the aristocracy. With the House of Commons alone they take the freedom of familiarity; upon it they pour out all the vials of their wrath, and exhaust their denunciations of amendment.

“Gentlemen, this, though extraordinary, is not unintelligible. The re-

formers are wise in their generation. They know well enough—and have read plainly enough in our own history, that the prerogatives of the Crown and the privileges of the peerage would be but as dust in the balance against a preponderating democracy. They mean democracy, and nothing else. And, give them but a House of Commons constructed on their own principles—the peerage and the throne may exist for a day, but may be swept from the face of the earth by the first angry vote of such a House of Commons.

“It is, therefore, utterly unnecessary for the reformers to declare hostility to the Crown; it is, therefore, utterly superfluous for them to make war against the peerage. They know that, let but their principles have full play, the Crown and the peerage would be to the Constitution which they assail, but as the baggage to the army—and the destruction of them but as the gleanings of the battle. They know that the battle is with the House of Commons, as at present constituted; and that, *that* once overthrown, and another popular assembly constructed on their principle, as the creature and depository of the people’s power, and the unreasoning instrument of the people’s will, there would not only be no chance, but (I will go further for them in avowal, though not in intention, than they go for themselves) there would not be a pretence for the existence of any other branch of the Constitution.

“Gentlemen, the whole fallacy lies in this: the reformers reason from false premises, and, therefore, are driving on their unhappy adherents to false and dangerous conclusions. The Constitution of this country is a monarchy, controlled by two assemblies; the one hereditary, and independent alike of the Crown and the people; the other elected by and for the people, but elected for the purpose of controlling and not of administering the Government. The error of the reformers, if error it can be called, is, that they argue as if the Constitution of this country was a broad and level democracy, inlaid (for ornament sake) with a peerage, and topped (by sufferance) with a Crown.

“If they say, that, for such a Constitution, that is, in effect, for an uncontrolled democracy, the present House of Commons is not sufficiently popular, they are right; but such a constitution is not what we have or what we desire. We are born under a monarchy, which it is our duty, as much as it is for our happiness, to preserve; and which there cannot be a shadow of doubt that the reforms which are recommended to us would destroy.

“I love the monarchy, gentlemen, because, limited and controlled as it is in our happy Constitution, I believe it to be not only the safest depository of power, but the surest guardian of liberty. I love the system of popular representation, gentlemen;—who can have more cause to value it highly than I feel at this moment—reflecting on the triumphs which it has earned for me, and addressing those who have been the means of achieving them? But of popular representation, I think, we have enough for every purpose of jealous, steady, corrective, efficient controul over the acts of that monarchical power, which, for the safety and for the peace of the community, is lodged in one sacred family, and descendible from sire to son.

“If any man tell me, that the popular principle in the House of Commons is not strong enough for effective controul, nor diffused enough to ensure sympathy with the people, I appeal to the whole course of the transactions of the last war; I desire to have cited to me the instances in which the House of Commons has failed, either to express the matured and settled opinion of the nation, or to convey it to the Crown. But I warn those who may undertake to make the citation, that they do not (as in fact, they almost always do) substitute their own for the national opin-



ion, and then complain of its having been imperfectly echoed in the House of Commons.

"If, on the other hand, it be only meant to say, that the House of Commons is not the *whole government* of the country—which, if all power be not only *for* but *in* the people, the House of Commons ought to be, if the people were adequately represented—I answer, thank God it is not so!—God forbid it should ever aim at becoming so!

"But they look far short of the ultimate effect of the doctrines of the present day, who do not see that their tendency is not to make a House of Commons such as, in theory, it has always been defined—a third branch of the legislature; but to absorb the legislative and executive powers into one; to create an immediate delegation of the whole authority of the people—to which, practically, nothing could, and, in reasoning, nothing ought to stand in opposition.

"Gentlemen, it would be well if these doctrines were the ebullitions of the moment, and ended with the occasions which naturally give them their freest play; I mean, with the season of popular elections. But, unfortunately, disseminated as they are among all ranks of the community, they are doing permanent and incalculable mischief. How lamentably is experience lost on mankind! for when—in what age, in what country of the world—have doctrines of this sort been reduced to practice, without leading, through anarchy, to military despotism? The revolution of the seasons is not more certain than is this connection of events in the course of moral nature.

"Gentlemen, to theories like these you will do me the justice to remember that I have always opposed myself; not more since I have had the honour to represent this community, than when I was uncertain how far my opinions on such subjects might coincide with yours.

"For opposing these theories, gentlemen, I have become an object of peculiar obloquy; but I have borne that obloquy with the consciousness of having discharged my duty; and with the consolation, that the time was not far distant when I should come here among you, (to whom alone I owe an account of my public conduct),—when I should have an opportunity of hearing from you, whether I had (as I flattered myself) spoken the sense of the second commercial community in England; and when, if—unfortunately and contrary to my belief—I had separated myself in opinion from you, I should learn the grounds of that separation.

"Gentlemen, my object, in political life, has always been, rather to reconcile the nation to the lot which has fallen to them (surely a most glorious and blessed lot among nations!) than to aggravate incurable imperfections, and to point out imaginary and unattainable excellencies for their admiration. I have done so, because though I am aware that more splendidly popular systems of government might be devised than that which it is our happiness to enjoy, it is, I believe in my conscience, impossible to devise one in which all the good qualities of human nature should be brought more beneficially into action—in which there should be as much order and as much liberty—in which property (the conservative principle of society) should operate so fairly, with a just but not an overwhelming weight—in which industry should be so sure of its reward, talents of their due ascendancy, and virtue of the general esteem.

"The theories of preternatural purity are founded on a notion of doing away with all these accustomed relations—of breaking all the ties by which society is held together. Property is to have no influence—talents no respect—virtue no honour, among their neighbourhood. Naked, abstract political rights are to be set up against the authorities of nature and of reason: and the result of suffrages, thus freed from all the ordinary influences which have operated upon mankind from the beginning of the world,

is to be—the erection of some untried system of politics, of which it may be sufficient to say, that it could not last a day—that, if it rose with the mists of the morning, it would dissolve in the noontide sun.

“Gentlemen, one ill consequence of these brilliant schemes, even where they are the visions of unsound imagination, rather than the suggestions of crafty mischief, is, that they tend to dissatisfy the minds of the uninformed with the actual Constitution of their country.

“To maintain that Constitution has been the unvarying object of my political life: and the maintenance of it, in these latter days, has, I have said, exposed me to obloquy and to hatred;—to the hatred of those who believe either their own reputation for sagacity, or their own means of success, to be connected with a change in the present institutions of the country.”—*Speeches*, Vol. VI. pp. 359—366.

From Mr. Canning's resumption of office after the peace, to the end of the reign of George the Third, in 1820, the course of domestic affairs in England, was by no means prosperous. The body politic had relapsed from a state of extreme excitement, in which every nerve and muscle was strained to its severest tension, into the lassitude of exhaustion. England for twenty years, had not only supplied the materials for a great military and naval establishment of her own, but she had been the workshop of Europe, and almost of the world. Her sister nations now began not only to supply themselves, but to rival her abroad. Hence the “cankers of a calm world” began to grow upon her. Her starving artisans, with many real misfortunes, and some real wrongs, became the prey of demagogues, who exasperated them into madness. Government, in its turn, became irritated—they prosecuted the leaders into saints, and bayoneted the followers into martyrs. The result of the blunder is, that Cobbett now disgraces the British parliament. The day for dragooning had gone by, but Castlereagh did not know it, and Canning, who learned his lesson in ninety-three, had forgotten it. The struggle went on, and the ministers believed that the storm, which at last was allayed by the extension of commerce and the hopes of a new reign, had been hushed by their conjurations. It was a bad lesson for their successors, for the hundred thousand voices of Birmingham obtained, in 1830, twice the amount of concession which would have satisfied the seventy thousand of Manchester in 1819; but it was a good one for Europe, for it taught the people their power. We deem it no reflection upon Mr. Canning's purity to say, that he was a strenuous opposer of reform, for we verily believe that he was so with conscientious views, and upon reasons, which, as he had studied the Constitution, were unanswerable. But he certainly ought to have remembered events enough on the opposite coast, to teach him that a starving people, with their tribunes at their head, if not nice casuists, are very potent antagonists, and that it is better to grant to their entreaty, than to surrender at their discretion.

In 1820, in consequence of the proceedings then meditated against the queen, to whom Mr. Canning had formerly acted in the capacity of a confidential adviser, he saw fit again to retire from the cabinet, and even during the pendency of those proceedings to leave England. On his return he received very complimentary evidence of the esteem in which his services as President of the Board of Controul were held by the East India Directors, and in 1822, as we have before stated, he was appointed by the East India Company, Governor General of India, for which situation he was on the eve of embarking, when the suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry once more opened for him the doors of the foreign office.

The influences of the new secretary were exerted to free the government of his country from that Mezentian policy, by which his predecessor had endeavoured to attach her still vigorous and active Constitution to the corrupt and torpid principles of the Holy Alliance. That junto of despots, if not openly contemned, were made to comprehend that England would be no party to the invasion of free governments, as a propagandist of the divine right of kings. Could he have carried out his principle, when, in 1823, the Duc d'Angoulême thrust a Bourbon diadem across the Pyrenees on the point of his bayonets—could he have interfered, vigorously and manfully, against that first hostile endeavour to roll back the wave of legitimacy upon the liberties of the governed, with the arms as well as the voice of Great Britain, he might have restored that Spain which, in 1808, he had done so much to redeem, and at least given liberty to the peninsula, if not freedom to Europe. He felt this keenly, and when stimulated to the effort by some eloquent appeals, he expressed his envy of those, who, burdened by no responsibility, could give utterance to feelings, which the interests of England compelled him to restrain. We have ever believed that the popular voice would have sanctioned a war, and that Canning nobly sacrificed a great opportunity to enhance his own fame to the peace which he deemed necessary for the regeneration of his country.

The recognition of the Spanish American republics in 1824, a measure which had been vehemently opposed by the Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Eldon, likewise indicated the progress of liberal opinions. The merit of this step, however much it has been exaggerated, was admitted on all hands to belong to Mr. Canning—of its policy after the message of Mr. Monroe to the American Congress in 1823, there could not exist a doubt. It would have been monstrous in an English minister to leave the immense trade of a continent to the United States for the sake of gratifying the impotent pride of Spain—to split hairs and weigh straws about *de facto* and *de jure*

rights and the violation of paper blockades, when British interests were absolutely wailing for a market. Great Britain hazarded nothing to gain every thing. Spain was absolutely effete and paralyzed—Portugal, had she possessed the power to enforce her remonstrances, was bound hand and foot to England. The mouth of France was stopped by the recollections of 1779, and the northern powers were too little interested in the question, or too well satisfied with the sway of absolutism at home to oppose the establishment of free institutions at the distance of a thousand leagues. Policy and safety therefore combined to promote Mr. Canning's view of this subject, but the adoption of that view, opposed, as it was, by the *ultras* of his party, forms an interesting point in the history of his life, as it was a long step upon that diverging line, which finally led him from his old associates into the arms of the whigs.

In 1826 the engagements of England with Portugal, enabled the cabinet to despatch an armament to the peninsula in defence of the Constitution of that country against the designs of Spain. Mr. Canning here availed himself of that opportunity, which, three years before, he was compelled to forego, and as it was the crowning test and earnest of his free policy, so his exposition of the measure proved the noblest effort of his eloquence. Standing upon high ground, and invoking the faith of ancient treaties, the promises and pledges of a long alliance, the best policy of the State, and the best principles of nature, he delivered a speech whose justness of historical argument is enforced in a style of uncommon purity and beauty, and illustrated by sentiments, which frequently rise into grandeur, and sometimes approach sublimity.

In February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was rendered, by a sudden paralysis, incapable of longer discharging the duties of a station, which, for sixteen years, he had most worthily and honourably, if not greatly, occupied; and, after some negotiation, Mr. Canning was, in the following April, appointed to succeed him. In forming an administration, his attention was naturally directed to that party he had so much adorned, and to those colleagues with whom he had so long co-operated. His correspondence with the Duke of Wellington will serve to show how his overtures were received:

*Mr. Canning to the Duke of Wellington.*

"My dear Duke:—I am commanded by his majesty to form a new administration. It will be a great satisfaction to me if your grace will consent to become a member of it.

"I am, &c.

"G. CANNING."

*The Duke of Wellington to Mr. Canning.*

"My dear Mr. Canning:—Before I reply to your letter, I wish to be

informed who is to be the head of the new ministry, and which of my former colleagues are to form a part of it.

“I am, &c.

“WELLINGTON.”

*Mr. Canning to the Duke of Wellington.*

“My Lord Duke,—After I had informed your grace that I had received his majesty’s commands to form an administration, I am surprised that it should be inquired from me who is to be the head of it. I am to be that person.

“I remain, &c.

“G. CANNING.”

*The Duke of Wellington to Mr. Canning.*

“Sir,—I have only to say, in reply to your letter, that I cannot consent to become a member of the new administration.

“I remain, &c.

“WELLINGTON.”

*Memoirs, Vol. II. p. 418.*

The duke immediately resigned, as did six other ministers, comprising Mr. Peel, and Lords Eldon, Bathurst, Melville, Westmoreland, and Bexley. Their places, with the exception of that of Lord Bexley, who returned to office, were filled at once with distinguished whigs.\*

The motives which led to this contemptuous and unprecedented step were of a mixed nature—partly personal, and partly political. It was intended to throw the new minister (where, had he lived, it doubtless would have thrown him,) into a false position. A tory premier, pledged and pitted against reform, could not have retained the support of his whig colleagues six months after Sir Francis Burdett had chosen to blow his trumpet on that question. The whole course and current of English ministerial history is against coalitions. The parts are imperfectly welded, and fly asunder at a single stroke of the hammer. Lord Goderich accordingly was obliged to resign in 1828. Besides, it was deemed desirable by the narrower minds of Lord Liverpool’s cabinet to abridge the advancement of Mr.

\* “I can never consent,” said Canning in his speech upon the Lisbon Embassy in 1817, “that the administration of the government of this free country shall be considered as rightfully belonging to any peculiar circle of public men, however powerful, or of families, however preponderant; and though I cannot stand lower in the estimation of the honourable baronet (Sir F. Burdett), than I do in my own, as to my own pretensions, I will (to use the language of a statesman, so eminent that I cannot presume to quote his words without an apology), I will, as long as I have the faculty to think and act for myself, ‘look those proud combinations in the face.’” The minister could scarce have anticipated the occasion on which, ten years later, these principles were to be applied, or that his shield, like that of the patriarch, was to be opposed to the shafts of “his own house.”

Canning's opinions upon the subject of emancipation, and to withdraw his influence from the sovereign. The Duke of Wellington had discovered, as he afterwards said in his place, that "the right honourable gentleman was the most zealous, active and able partizan of those changes with which the country was threatened," and which he made it his business (happily unsuccessfully) to oppose. But this was not all. A mean and pitiful jealousy of the man lurked under the opposition to the minister. There was an omen and a warning in the precedent which elevated "the adventurer"\* to be the first subject in the country, and concentrated honours, and influence, and office about a head which had not dreamed of a coronet:

—————"Latnit plebeio tectus amictu  
Omnis honos: nulla comitata est purpura fasces."

The commoner who had spent four-and-thirty years in the service of his country—who had studied her interests and defended her cause in the society of such names as Burke, and Fox, and Pitt, and Mackintosh, was deemed unfit to direct her councils, upon the authority of a peer, who, when that career began, was learning tactics in India, as an ensign of foot. There was this peculiar hardship, too, in Lord Wellington's conduct to Canning, that it was characterized by gross ingratitude. No minister had more ardently and eloquently sustained his lordship's conduct in Spain, during the whole course of his military command there, and especially in that early part of it when the nation stood ready to doubt, and half disposed to condemn. On discussing the vote of thanks after the battle of Vittoria, the soldier's sword was wreathed in its greenest laurels by the eloquence of Canning:

"It is not to Spain alone," said he, "that the effects of the late victory will be confined. Spain has been the theatre of Lord Wellington's glory, but it will not be the boundary of the beneficial result of his triumph. The same blow which has broken the talisman of the French power in Spain, has disenchanted the North. How is the prospect changed! In those countries, where at most a short struggle has been terminated by a result disastrous to our wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, we have now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouches no longer, trembling, at the feet of the tyrant, but maintains a balanced contest. *The mighty deluge by which the continent has been overwhelmed begins to subside. The limits of nations are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments begin to re-appear above the subsiding wave.*† It is this victory which has defined those objects so lately involved in inextricable confusion. To whom, under God, are we indebted for this? To the man to whom we are this day voting our thanks."

*Speeches, Vol. III. pp. 422, 423.*

\* Mr. Canning had been stigmatized by this appellation during one of the Liverpool elections.

† Sir Walter Scott has borrowed this beautiful figure in his "Life of Napoleon."



The keen susceptibility of Mr. Canning's temperament was, doubtless, deeply wounded by the defection of his former friends, whose conduct he could not but view in its true light.\* His frame, already enfeebled by disease, and fevered by excitement, gave way after a short time before the pressure of affairs, and the harassing attacks of a most unworthy and vexatious opposition. He defended with his customary brilliancy and ability, his whole course in reference to the change which had placed him at the head of the government, but he had no opportunity to do more. He spoke last in parliament on the 29th June, 1827, and transacted business at intervals up to the 25th July. Soon after that period he became dangerously ill, and on the 8th August died, at the age of fifty-seven, having retained the prize of a long public life but four months.

It is difficult, in contemplating such a close to such a career, to avoid a trite and obvious reflection upon the issue of the loftiest pursuits. "*Exundans letho dedit ingenii fons.*" is as true of Canning as it was of Cicero, yet the moral of the classic is not altogether ours. The envy of the little is the epitaph of the great. Contemporary persecution, like the shades of a picture, throws the main object into more full and beautiful relief. Aristides is better known for his ostracism than by his justice, and the great Henry owes as much to Ravallac as to Voltaire. It is not easy to advert to a more beneficent provision in the moral government of the universe than this perpetual derivation of good results from corrupt intentions. It is the grand incentive to effort, and the true and certain consolation in defeat. Time sooner or later "brings in his revenges." The Gracchi, for almost twenty centuries the proverb of sedition, which an overweening oligarchy first made them, have in our own time found sympathy and justification in the new commentaries which popular rights are beginning to write upon history. Truth cuts too deeply into the immutable and immovable pillar of events to have her annals obliterated. Obscured they are—hidden they may be for a time by passion and prejudice, those moral mosses which infest the column, but justice invariably leads memory a progress round the world to renew the inscription.

In private life Canning was most exemplary. No hurry of business, no incident of official station, ever prevented him from addressing a weekly epistle to his mother, and the beautiful epitaph on his son, which his biographers have so properly preserved, displays the ardour of his parental affection. "No

\* It is but justice to Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon to say, that Mr. Canning fully exonerated them from any imputation of unkindness or unfairness in this transaction.

man," says an elegant writer,\* "was ever farther removed from presumption or vanity. He was unostentatious, accessible to the humblest individual. He loved simplicity, and was gentle and affable to those about him, and of a generous but sober disposition. At times, it is true, upon occasions of officious interruption, or on a sudden wounding of his feelings, he exhibited that irritability so constantly the attendant upon genius, for he was exquisitely sensitive; but on no occasion was the smallest unkindness ever wantonly inflicted by him upon others." \*

\* \* \* \* "In his person there were no extremes. His dress was plain, but in thorough good taste. In most things, he seemed to partake of the character of his eloquence; open and manly, conscious of power, and consequently simple and un-presuming. He was, in the prime of his life, what might be called 'a very handsome man;' tall, well made, his form moulded between strength and activity. His countenance beamed with intellect and bore a cast of firmness; yet a mild and good-natured expression lay over all. His head was even then bald as the 'first Cæsar's;' his forehead lofty and capacious; his eye reflective, but at times lively; and his whole countenance expressive of the kindlier affections, of genius, and of intellectual vigour. The elaborateness of his eloquence was not visible in his carriage in the drawing-room, nor his somewhat theatrical manner of delivering his parliamentary speeches. His gait, as he paced the carpet, was natural, and wholly free of constraint. He seemed reserved, rather than communicative; he spoke quick; his voice, full in tone, harmonious and clear."

The mind of Canning was, in the highest degree, cultivated and refined. It apprehended rather by a touch than a grasp, and illustrated a subject more by its lucidity than its intenseness. A mirror, not a lens, it radiated and reflected, instead of concentrating light. Had he devoted himself to literature, he might not, like Rousseau (in the metaphor of Sir William Jones), have "written with phosphorus on the sides of a cavern," but he would have found means to illuminate the cavern itself. If eloquence is the child of knowledge, Canning was legitimately an orator, for his intellect was rich in varied and comprehensive learning. His distinct and accurate conceptions were expressed in clear and luminous language, illustrated rather by allusion than imagery, and betraying less the profundity than the appropriateness of his acquirements. The range of his academic studies, wider by far than that of any of his great contemporaries, gave a beauty and simplicity to his style, and a point to his classical illustrations, altogether fasci-



nating. As his ideas were never concealed under a gorgeous colouring of words, so they were never chiselled down into naked severity of outline, or cramped by unnatural inversion or affected pauses. He neither belonged to the German school nor to the *intense* school. He spoke the words of Queen Anne in the phrases of King George. If he never rose to the gigantic, and seldom to the impassioned, yet he never sunk into declamation or frivolity. If he could not thunder with Jupiter, he disdained to rattle with Salmoneus. Wit he had without doubt, and in his use of it some have deemed him too unsparing—if so, it was in the repulsion of some hot attack, or at that stage of a debate in which men fight with shortened swords. Even then he seldom aimed at the heart, but struck at a less vital point.

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“circum præcordia lusit,  
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.”

A specimen of his powers of sarcastic retort may be found in the debate upon the king's speech in 1825, where he took occasion to allude to Mr. Brougham's assertion, that the measures of expanded commercial policy recently adopted by the administration, had emanated from the ranks of the opposition. Canning, with his accustomed dexterity, shifts the claim from the party to the individual, and thus ridicules the pretension:

“In Queen Anne's reign there lived a very sage and able critic, named Dennis, who, in his old age, was the prey of a strange fancy, that he had himself written all the good things in all the good plays that were acted. Every good passage he met with in any author, he insisted was his own. ‘It's none of his,’ Dennis would always say; ‘no, it's mine!’ He went one day to see a new tragedy. Nothing particularly good to his taste occurred, till a scene in which a great storm was represented. As soon as he heard the thunder rolling over head, he exclaimed, ‘That's my thunder!’ So it is with the honourable and learned gentleman; it's all his thunder. It will henceforth be impossible to confer any boon, or make any innovation, but he will claim it as his thunder. But it is due to him to acknowledge, that he does not claim every thing; he will be content with the exclusive merit of the liberal measure relating to trade and commerce. Not desirous of violating his own principles, by claiming a monopoly of foresight and wisdom, he kindly throws overboard to my honourable and learned friend (Sir J. Mackintosh) near him, the praise of South America. I should like to know whether, in some degree, this also is not his thunder.”—*Speeches*, Vol. V. pp. 319, 320.

Yet Canning could do justice to his great, and in some passages, more fortunate rival:

“I do not mean,” says he in one of the innumerable Catholic debates, “to speak lightly of the honourable and learned gentleman's support of this question, or of the consequences attending it. I do not undervalue the services of such an advocate in any cause which he thinks fit to espouse; I acknowledge freely his great talents and acquirements, his accumulated knowledge, and the prodigious power with which he brings all those quali-

ties into action. I acknowledge them the more freely, because it has often been our fortune to be opposed to each other:—

———‘*Stetimus tela aspera contra  
Contulimusque manus: experto credite, quantus  
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.*’”

*Speeches*, Vol. V. pp. 382, 383.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Canning’s oratory without referring to the extreme beauty and appositeness of his occasional allusions, nor shall we deny our readers the pleasure of reading that celebrated one which occurs in a speech delivered at Plymouth, in 1823, on receiving the freedom of that town. Speaking of the preparation of England to embark in the war against France, he says:

“Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.”

*Speeches*, Vol. VI. pp. 423, 424.

This is not merely eloquence—it is poetry in the beauty of its conception, it is painting in the complete delineation of its images, it is music in the harmony of its language.

But the beautiful and useful point to us in the history of Mr. Canning’s oratory is, that it was the natural and graceful product of a cultivated mind—a product, which, in its more valuable characteristics, might be secured any where, since it was the necessary end and result of the application of adequate means. Would we refute by a gesture all the miserable outcry against a high order of education in the United States, we need but point to the speeches of George Canning—a great memorial, secured to his fame, and to the honour of his country, not by high birth and wealth, or even the sedulous anxiety of paternal affection, watching over and fostering the development of intellect, but by self-acquirements, literally and practically within the reach, we had almost said, of every boy in America. It is easy to talk of genius and inspiration, but the “*sacræ semina mentis*,” so often vouched in behalf of poets and orators, are warmed into life, as Hume has well observed, by no fire from heaven; the elements of their increase are found on the earth, in the study and experience of human events

and the history of the human heart. Demosthenes went from the forge of his father to the Agora through the school of Plato and the streets of Athens. The genius of Sheridan was probably superior to that of Canning; that is, his apprehension was quicker, his wit more brilliant, and his conceptions more rapid. Yet his oratorical fame rests on the tradition of a single speech. Mirabeau, the dissolute and unschooled orator of the French revolution, with all the wonderful reach and fulness of his intellectual powers, was compelled to carry a daily plagiarism to the tribune. In free assemblies men speak about *things*, to be conversant with whose relations they must learn the past, and to enforce whose bearings they must study the present, and glance at the future. This is education. Without it a man may have great capacities, but he will never produce great results.

While we believe, as we have already said, that this education may be secured by proper personal exertion any where, we are far from the expectation that America will soon produce a Canning. Such an orator we fear could not live in the atmosphere of our political assemblies, except by altering his nature. Apollo was not recognized among the shepherds of Admetus. The refinements and graces of style and elocution, the ornaments which poetry gave to eloquence to gain it the patronage of the muses, echo but faintly amidst the din of party strife and the hard and harsh concomitants of an endless political ferment. What could Cicero do with Colonel Benton, or Canning with the chairman of the ways and means? What instrument of eloquence would Atticus use to detach from the car of the Vice-President the freeholders of Kinderhook? A few years since, when some gentleman of education ventured, in the House of Representatives, to quote an apposite and beautiful passage from a classical poet, a member of infamous memory, the notorious Kremer, sneeringly replied with some garbled jargon in Dutch, greatly to the amusement of the House. If the rigour and monotony of debate cannot be softened and diversified by means so pure and legitimate as this—if not a flower is to be thrown by the imagination across the sober pathway of the judgment, or in the fiery track of the passions, to relieve or to conciliate, without stimulating ignorance into indecency, our legislative halls will soon resemble rather the arena of gladiators than the lists of courteous chivalry, and it is vain to hope that men of taste or breeding will long continue to enter them. When we see the polished tactics of modern debate more strictly observed, and some intellectual discipline added to the intellectual vigour of our assemblies, we shall think less humbly of the mass of our native oratory. Till then we must,

save in the few memorable and honourable exceptions which the recollection of our readers will supply to them, look elsewhere for our models and our hopes.

Canning holds higher ground as an orator than as a statesman, because, in the former capacity, he can be viewed in a light more purely abstracted and intellectual than in the latter. Let casuists say what they may, the measures of a minister ought, as we have hinted before, to be judged in reference to his physical relations, and the prevailing doctrines of his age. "Although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually." When Mithridates, in his retreat before Pompey in Pontus, destroyed his sick and wounded to rid himself of an incumbrance, he violated moral duty as much as Napoleon did on a similar occasion in Egypt; yet who would insist that he inflicted as deep a wound on his fame? Canning's avowed and governing principle was the interest of his country; and, it must be confessed, that he adhered to it, through a period of unexampled difficulty, with as little deviation from the strict rule of right as any statesman that ever existed. He saw clearly, and acted, or refrained from acting, with promptness and judgment. The one great sacrifice which he made of justice to expediency, was in the attack upon Copenhagen—a measure which history must unequivocally condemn. He has been considered hostile to America, and it is certain that his determination was not to forego English interests in our favour,—but his policy was open, and he was no party to the piracies upon our neutral commerce previous to the war of 1812. His opinions upon matters of domestic interest were, in his later life, for the most part clear and judicious. Less wedded to the prerogative than Pitt or Lord Liverpool, though not so sanguine for the people as Fox or Grey, he endeavoured to qualify the desirable by the practicable, and not to forget experience in working for futurity. He belonged not to that category whose members have "mistaken their recollections for their hopes."\* Had he lived to do for Ireland what Ireland finally did for herself, (for her emancipation was in spite of the Wellington administration rather than by it,) he might have cemented the union she is now endeavouring to destroy, and secured her co-operation instead of her hostility in a future war. Attached to monarchy from habit and principle, he struggled against every attempt to diminish the constitutional power or splendour of the crown. The person and concerns of his sovereign were always treated by him with profound respect, and his

\* "Qui ont pris les souvenirs pour les espérances."

*Mad. De Staël.*

eulogies upon the intellectual and moral character of George the Third, are among the most beautiful effusions of his genius, though some of them were delivered after the oracles of that prejudiced and narrow-minded monarch had been uttered like those of the Pythia, in the frenzy of delirium or the imbecility of dotage.\*

In the retrospect of Canning's career, we are disposed to conclude that, as few men have enjoyed a youth of brighter promise, so few have matured a life of more adequate performance. If he was not all that the admirers of the luminous and consistent history of Fox could wish, or that the hopes of his own earliest friends anticipated, he has still added a brilliant name to the political and rhetorical annals of his country. Fed at its source from pure fountains, his course was like a fair and fertilizing river, turbid sometimes, and troubled for a brief while by the junction of some noisy torrent or ruffled by a passing storm, but anon resuming its placid surface and widening down to join the ocean of great remembrances. From his country he received neither titles nor wealth, but he claimed and obtained the legitimate reward of exertion, for he stood on her highest pinnacle of honour. Had he died earlier, he had been spared the ingratitude and contumely of his ancient colleagues, but he would have missed a union with that party

\* In reference to this topic, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers one passage of peculiar beauty from the speech on the "Windsor Establishment." After advocating, in a masterly manner, Lord Castlereagh's motion to grant £10,000 annually to the Duke of York, as *custos* of his majesty's person, Mr. Canning concluded by saying that,

"He could not forget how materially the unstained character, the faultless example of his majesty, during a storm of near thirty years' duration, which threatened the stability of his throne and the independence of his kingdom, had contributed to save the country both from external and internal danger. In his present secluded and melancholy condition,

—————'all nature left a blank,  
And knowledge at one entrance quite shut out,'

a ruin, it was true, but a venerable ruin, the infirmities of the king were any thing but an argument against his rights. 'Scathed by heaven's lightning,' but consecrated as much as blasted by the blow, he yet exhibited to the awe and veneration of mankind, a mighty monument of strength and majesty in decay. He stood, like the oak of the poet, stripped of that luxuriant foliage, and spreading those denuded arms, which had afforded shelter to successive generations,—

'Et trunco non frondibus efficit umbram.' "

[*Speeches*, Vol. IV. pp. 75. 76.]

whose alliance with him from the first, was indicated by the circumstances of his birth, the freedom of his intellect, and the spirit of his policy. He would never have taught England the lesson she learned from the persecution of his enemies, nor bridged the gulf of party separation to found on the central arch a monument to his fame,

“Quod vivet, et nullo tenebris damnabitur ævo.”\*

\* Such of our readers as may have met with an article in the Westminster Review, for October, 1831, entitled “Political Adventurers,” will, perhaps, be surprised at the station which, upon a survey of Canning’s history, we have thought proper to assign to him. It would be matter of astonishment, indeed, that Canning, of all men, should receive praise from the Westminster, since that magnanimity of spirit which can do justice to an enemy and which wars not with the dead, forms no part of its creed or its catechism. We know too well the virulence of political animosity to wonder that the work in question should deny to the object of its dislike, that sagacity and judgment which his admirers have claimed for him, however subsequent events may have realized their existence. To admit them would be to satirize themselves. But we did dream that there might be candour enough remaining to save the man and the orator, though self-defence required the sacrifice of the statesman. Our error was soon corrected, and we have since learned from the same source that Burke and Pitt (we believe the category includes Fox too) were drivellers in politics and tyros in oratory. The third Cato may have fallen from heaven to illuminate the readers of the Westminster Review, but he surely might be better employed than in hacking to pieces ancient reputations or in emulating the fame of that animal

“Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.”

For the rest, we can only say of the attack upon Canning, what has been said before, and may be said of every *ex parte* examination of a prolonged career, especially by an avowed enemy, that “when a wide system of conduct and the whole of a public character is laid open to inquiry, the accuser, having the choice of facts, must be very unskilful indeed if he does not prevail.”

## ART. II.—ITALIAN LYRIC POETS.

1.—*Poesie Varie di Ugo Foscolo.* Londra, 1831.

2.—*Poesie Campestri di Ippolito Pindemonte.*

3.—*Poesi Varie del Cavaliere Vincenzo Monti.* Milano, 1826.

It has been well observed by an eminent writer, that the style of poetry first adopted by any nation upon the commencement or the revival of its literature, is the lyric. It is the language in which impassioned feeling is always expressed; the stately march of the epic, or the subdued grace of the pastoral, affording no opportunity for the poet to pour out the spontaneous thoughts and feelings constantly excited in his mind by the contemplation of nature or of his own heart, and which seek and require a channel for their effusion. If the first language of passion in all ages has been poetry, or poetical imagery, it is no less true, that in the expression of highly wrought feeling, nature directs us to a recurrence of sounds, more or less regular or varied, as the utterance of the sentiment may seem to require. The division into intervals, and the return of harmonious sounds, belong to the speech which expresses the uncontrolled emotions of the heart; and he who gives utterance to such emotions, will form, with the aid of his ear alone, rules which may render the melody more perfect, and convey to the hearts of those who listen to him, feelings akin to his own.

To express high and noble thoughts, to awaken recollections which agitate and thrill the soul, and dispose it for the reception of exalted sentiments, we hold to be the true and legitimate object of lyric poetry. The poet himself must have drunk deeply of such inspiration, before he can impart to his readers a spark of the celestial fire; for vain, and worse than vain, will be the attempt to kindle generous passion in the bosom of another, if his own be cold and unmoved. He must not only have felt the sentiment he desires to awaken, but have felt it to the very depths of his soul, in all its deep and burning, nay, painful intensity. It is true that the lofty epithet of lyric has been often applied to productions which, however meritorious in their kind, are in character essentially different; thus the tender strains of happy or despairing lovers, as well as the cold conceits of sophisticated sentiment, and the merry effusions of bacchanalian minstrels, have been classed indiscriminately under the same general head with the spirit-stirring lays which alone



should possess the title; and the same name is given to the soarings of Pindar, and the gentler inspirations of the muse of Sappho or Anacreon. We are aware that poems of the latter class may possess a charm to many which could not be found in the loftier flights of the former; the harmonious complainings of Petrarch are far sweeter to the ear of most listeners, than the full and sonorous sweepings of the lyre of Guidi or Filicaja. Yet, although we do not deny the exquisite magic of effusions of this kind, their power over the sympathies of the heart, we nevertheless maintain that they cannot with propriety be considered as lyric poems. The distinctive line between amatory verse and that which is consecrated to other and more exalted subjects, should be as strongly marked, as that between the pastoral and the epic; for in both cases each department is equally peculiar in character, and equally free from resemblance to the other. Custom has, however, bestowed the same dignified appellation upon both, and it is not for us, however we may disapprove, to dispute her mandate.

Italy justly prides herself upon the rank and multitude of her poets who are classed under the denomination of lyric. While in epic poetry she has furnished names that may compete with the brightest of old or modern times, and in tragedy, though faltering hitherto in her career of emulation, her future advance promises amply to redeem the errors of the past; in the remaining and more numerous class of bards belonging to her different eras, she yields to none. The political revolutions which from time to time have agitated this beautiful country, have been by no means without effect upon its literature; and in changes of this nature, the department of poetry of which we are speaking, being more dependant than any other upon a variable state of opinion or feeling, must experience greater corresponding changes. In dramatic or epic poetry, the models are nearly always the same; but the ode composed in honour of a great victory, or the capture of a province, will scarcely serve as a model for future strains, when present victors shall have become the vanquished, and the province have changed its rulers, and perhaps its inhabitants. Hence the influence of any one lyric writer, however extensive may have been his sway over those of his own age, has seldom survived a certain epoch, when it has been partially or wholly dispelled, to make room for that of another, more agreeable to the taste or events of the times. A very few years has generally limited the exclusive dominion of one great name. Applause and imitation have shed around it a bright but a fleeting lustre, and a new era ushers in new aspirants, to bask in the sunshine of an equally short-lived elevation. These changes may be more readily discerned among the modern poets of Italy, and have been produced,



in all probability, in a less degree by the great events which during the last century have agitated that country, than by a decided alteration and improvement in taste, consequent upon an increased acquaintance with a polished foreign literature.

Among the Italian poets of the thirteenth century, many names are enumerated, which seem, however, to have exerted but little permanent influence on the character of the language, or the structure of a poetical style. To Guittone D'Arezzo, who died about the year 1294, is awarded, however, the praise of having first established for the sonnet the rules which characterise that peculiar form of verse. This may seem an honour of an equivocal kind, since the influence of the sound over the poetry of Italy has been undoubtedly prejudicial. In poetry of an amatory nature, the early Italians adopted many of the sentiments and images which had been long in vogue in Provençal literature; and which, in consequence of the artificial character of the age, expressed much less the language of nature and of passion, than of ingenious art. Quaint conceits usurped the place of true feeling; and the lover who could celebrate the charms of his mistress in the greatest number of far-fetched similies, seemed alone entitled to the praise of a true poet. It is not to be supposed, that a form of verse which contributed to fetter the imagination still more closely, which prescribed the most absolute limits as well to the full developments of thought as of expression, would tend to diminish such difficulties. The measure of the *canzone* was objectionable enough on the score of restraint, but it must be confessed that the sonnet in this respect far surpasses it. The melody of the sonnet, rising as it does from that frequent recurrence of the same sounds, which to the musical ear constitutes its highest charms, is in reality an additional objection, since the task of several similar rhymes but increases the embarrassments of the unfortunate bard. The brilliant or striking conceit required to terminate and enrich this short species of composition, might indeed cause more care to be bestowed upon it, but would certainly be fatal to the expression of natural feeling, and frequently of natural grace and vivacity. Petrarch himself experienced the irksomeness of the task arising from these causes, but appears to have made no effort to escape it; and it is due to his perseverance, aided by the unrivalled magic of his harmony, that the sonnet has become forever consecrated in Italian literature.

Of the poets who preceded Dante and Petrarch, little is known with certainty: we say with *certainly*, for many of the poems attributed to them bear too many evidences of the refinement of a later age, to be received as genuine. Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, has been praised by Dante, who acknowledges his own and others' obligations to him in the de-

partment of amatory verse, although in consciousness of superiority over him and his successor, Cavalcanti, he anticipates the judgment of posterity.

“ Thus hath one Guido from the other snatched  
The lettered prize—and he perhaps is born,  
Who shall drive either from his nest.”

*Dante Purg.*

Cino da Pistoja has retained celebrity from being the avowed model of Petrarch. He was a contemporary with Dante, and survived his illustrious compeer and friend several years. Guido Cavalcanti, a Florentine, who is alluded to in the lines above, obtained a reputation which still continues. His lyrics are by many considered equal in spirit to those of Dante himself. His efforts to improve his native language by the establishment of regular laws, although they could scarcely be expected to produce much effect before their authority had been recognized and stamped by their adoption in the writings of distinguished authors, were certainly not altogether ineffectual. One of his canzones has enjoyed the praise and the comments of Lorenzo de' Medici, and other distinguished scholars; and there is exquisite pathos and nature in his poem composed shortly before his death, during his banishment from Florence.

But all these are forgotten, or remembered only as the precursors of greater minds; the pioneers of a yet untrodden path, soon to be smoothed into elegance and grace by those who should follow them. The illustrious “Padre Alighieri” created and defined the future domain of his country's poetry, which has ever since looked to him as its parent and founder, while to his gentler and no less immortal successor, it owes a grace and harmony and beauty which it had never before possessed.

It is not our intention to enter upon a minutely detailed history of the progress of lyric poetry in Italy. Such an undertaking would require far more extensive limits than our pages can afford; which will indeed scarcely admit of the bare enumeration of the multitudes of those justly entitled to notice, with a statement of their several peculiarities. We can only notice the character and productions of some of those who, occupying the foremost rank, have exerted a controlling influence upon their age and country, without adverting to those lesser names which throng upon the recollection of the admirer of the Italian muse, in multitudes literally countless

—“ As autumnal leaves, that strow the brooks  
In Vallambrosa—”

The master spirit of the fourteenth century was one whose name is now familiar not only to his own countrymen, but to every civilized nation. The genius of Petrarch, the history of

his celebrated attachment, with its influence upon himself and upon the world, are too well known to require either comment or applause. His love verses, in which he breathed those "immortal sighs" which find an echo in every breast, and which were distinguished for their truth to nature, and simple purity of sentiment, in an age of affected refinement, still remain as models for imitation; while his canzoni will forever stand superior in majesty and melodious sweetness, as true examples of lyrical composition. It is singular that Petrarch himself should have experienced a sense of dissatisfaction, if not of shame, at the very success which has endeared his name to his countrymen. He undoubtedly preferred his Latin compositions to those that had enriched his native tongue. The consequences of this abandonment were for a long time detrimental to the beautiful language of Italy. The treasures of ancient learning were eagerly sought after, at the sacrifice of resources which were at hand and ready to be yielded to generous cultivation; and while men of eminence were emulating each other in the attainment of literary fame, through the medium of an ancient tongue, the delicious *lingua volgare* fell into comparative and unmerited disrepute. From the time of Petrarch to the restoration of poetry under the auspices of the illustrious Lorenzo de' Medici, who was himself eminently distinguished in this department of literature, nearly a century of barren erudition intervened. This exalted statesman aimed at reviving the spirit of the age of Petrarch, and succeeded less by the influence of authority and patronage than by his personal efforts as a poet in reviving and rendering popular a taste which had become almost extinct. His effusions, although they do not possess in an equal degree the harmony and elegance of those of his model, abound in beauties bestowed by an ardent and richly cultivated imagination. Contemporary with him, and fostered by his patronage, flourished Angelo Poliziano, a poet nurtured in the very bosom of scholastic learning, who has left us monuments enough of his graceful skill to induce a regret that he should have returned so soon to graver pursuits. His principal productions were a fragment of an epic written in honour of Julian de' Medici, and a number of smaller poems, chiefly of the pastoral character. The former of these is much celebrated, and the latter are distinguished for luxuriant richness of description. The Medicean age was adorned also by the names of Pietro Bembo and Michael Angelo. The acquirements and the talents of the former of these, gained him a high reputation. He formerly denounced the exclusive pursuit of Latin verse, declaring that he would acknowledge no other Parnassus than the lofty Appenine. The profession of his poetical principles is contained in an elaborate sonnet, addressed to the city of Ur-

bino. But Bembo, notwithstanding his learning and eloquence, his purity of thought and splendour of language, appears too frequently the cold and restrained copyist of Petrarch. Some few of his canzoni are however natural and noble, and his sonnets are occasionally marked by extreme felicity of expression. Though a native of Venice, he resided at Rome, and enjoyed the favour of Pope Leo X., to whose protection and encouragement, literary attainment was ever an unfailing passport. He afterwards embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and was created a cardinal, in which new station he preserved his fondness for the muses, and the indulgence in epicurean pleasure which had marked his early life. In Michael Angelo, the fame of the poet is almost eclipsed by the glory of the painter and the sculptor. The fostering care and bright example of Lorenzo were extended to him from early youth; and it is no matter of surprise that genius, thus cherished in birth, should afterwards expand in high undertakings, and be signalized by varied excellence. He died at Rome; but Florence was ambitious of possessing the dust of one whom she claimed as her own, and he sleeps in the church of Santa Croce.

Bernardo Tasso, scarcely less eminent for his own attainment than as the parent of the illustrious bard of "*Gerusalemme*," was born at Bergamo in the year 1493. Left at an early age his own master, with an ample inheritance of noble blood, but a narrow patrimony, he devoted himself diligently to the study of the ancient languages. After receiving employment from various successive patrons, he was invited to the court of the Prince of Salerno, whose favour, as well as that of his consort, the Princess Isabella, he succeeded in obtaining. The prince assigned him an honourable provision, and from time to time exempted him from the service of the court, that he might have leisure to devote to poetical pursuits. Nor were his energies confined to the gentle labours of the muse. He accompanied his master upon a military expedition, from which, among other spoils, he brought into Italy an arabesque vase of exquisite workmanship, which he converted into an inkstand. This vase descended to his son Torquato, who has immortalized it in a sonnet addressed to Gualengo. Bernardo remained at Sorrento, where he had been placed by his patron, several years, loaded with favours and marks of esteem. He there married Portia de Rossi, a noble Neapolitan lady; and there was born his son Torquato Tasso, the splendour of whose genius and the depth of whose misfortunes have commanded the admiration and sympathy of all succeeding times. When the Prince of Salerno, by provoking the hostility of Charles V., was compelled to seek refuge at the court of France, and was deprived of his possessions, Bernardo, still faithful to his patron, followed him into

exile. After the death of his wife, however, he returned to Italy, and sought employment successively at the courts of Urbino and Mantua. He was finally created Governor of Ostiglia, and died there in the year 1569. The distinctive character of his lyric poems is smoothness and a copiousness of language and imagery, which give them an air of voluptuous softness, not to be discovered in the productions of his contemporaries and rivals; one of his sonnets which was much praised by the critics of the day, was composed on the occasion of the bridal of Ginevra Malatesta, an accomplished lady whom Tasso had loved with a pure and poetic passion. His longest work is an heroic poem, entitled "*Amadigi*," but he also produced many other poems of various characters and degrees of merit. His almost unequalled facility of expression not unfrequently led him into the fault of a style too diffuse and ornamental; yet he well deserves the prominent place he occupies among the bards of his land.

The names of Vittoria Colonna, Giovanni Della Casa, and Annibal Caro, belong likewise to this era; and it would be improper to pass them without a partial notice. Caro and Della Casa sought, by their poetry, to reform a taste which had become universal for perpetual and servile imitation of Petrarch. The style of the latter is neat and elegant; Torquato Tasso, in some remarks upon one of Della Casa's sonnets, has spoken of the influence exerted by its author, and defined the characteristics of his school of poetry to be novelty of imagery, and nervousness and majesty of expression. As is the case with all noted poets of the time, the productions of Della Casa called forth a multitude of commentators, who expended stores of learning upon poems which require no elaborate illustration. Raised by his own exertions from an obscure station to the rank of one of the first and most correct writers of Italian prose, Annibal Caro was regarded as licentious in his innovations upon poetry. He departed in his lyric verses from the elegant simplicity which distinguished the school of Petrarch, and introduced more studied refinement of thought, a richer colouring of poetic objects, and a more agreeable flow of polished versification; sowing, as it were, the seeds of that fanciful style, which grew and flourished so abundantly in the subsequent writings of Redi, Maggi, Zappi, and others.

At a period when the love of letters was so widely diffused among the male portion of society, it may easily be conceived that liberal studies should not be destitute of devotees among the gentler sex. We accordingly find the age distinguished by the number and success of female candidates for literary distinction. Many ladies of noble birth deemed it not inconsistent with the fulfilment of their duties as wives or mothers, to cul-

tivate the pursuits of elegant literature, and walk in paths consecrated by the muse. The names of Colonna, Gambara, Gaspara, Stampa, and others, adorn the age in which they won enduring honours. To Vittoria Colonna in particular, of whom it is said, that she was the "model of matrons and the mirror of feminine virtue," we turn when we would speak of distinguished females. This illustrious lady, born of noble parents, was early betrothed to Francesco di Pescara, and never was the excellence of a parental choice, guided by motives of pride and policy, more fully confirmed by the inclination of maturer years, or more productive of happiness in a union. This happiness was indeed frequently interrupted by the necessary absence and dangers of Pescara, who was called to fight the battles of his sovereign; and it was at last crushed by his untimely death, after the celebrated victory of Pavia, to which his bravery had contributed, at the cost of his life. His desolate consort consecrated her widowed lyre to celebrate the virtues of her departed spouse, and to the outpouring of her own grief. She found at length a balm for her wounds, and a loftier channel for her affections, in dedicating them to the cause of religion, and to the service of the sanctuary. She maintained, from the convent in which she secluded herself, for the remainder of her days, a constant correspondence with her illustrious competitor for poetic fame, Veronica Gambara, untainted by the slightest jealousy of the distinction enjoyed by her rival.

Not the least distinguished of the poets of this era, was Angelo da Costanzo; he enjoyed the good fortune to have his early studies directed by the counsel and example of Sannazzaro. The publication of a collection of poems secured him applause and distinction; but shortly afterwards, the indiscreet indulgence of juvenile vanity excited a spirit of personal detraction and hostility, which eventuated in his banishment from his native city. Wounded still more severely in his exile by domestic calamity, he sought consolation in literary labour, and produced a history of the kingdom of Naples, which is regarded as a work of standard merit. His fame, however, rests rather upon his poetry than his historical writing. His verse is generally distinguished by nobleness of thought and expression, and his sonnets are singularly interesting for their unity and regularity of design. "The beginning," says a respectable critic of his day, "is always well adapted to the end; and the end corresponds with the beginning;" no superfluity or deficiency is ever discernible. He conceived his subjects with consummate judgment, and in the progress of his work infuses into his language such spirit and vigour, that the reader concludes his perusal, fully satisfied that nothing more is to be desired. Relying entirely upon his own powers of original conception and vigorous execution, he



disdained adherence to rules founded upon the example of Petrarch, and became himself a model for imitation in after years. The numerous testimonies of his excellence given by his contemporaries and others, have been collected and published in many editions of his poems. From them we learn that he enjoyed the praises of Bernardo and Torquato Tasso, and of Francesco Sansovino, the last of whom ranks him as the fourth in the list of the poets of love who have adorned Italy, the first place being assigned to Petrarch, the second to Bembo, and the third to Sanazzaro. He abounds in *concetti*, which, though bold, are generally expressive and pleasing. Thus, in one of his sonnets, he compares his temerity, in snatching from the divine countenance of his mistress that fire which bestowed life and reputation upon his rhymes, to the rashness of Prometheus, who stole the immortal flame from heaven to animate his terrestrial workmanship; and happily describes the similarity of punishment. He has not unfrequently drawn his images and illustrations from scripture; some of these are excessively daring, others approach to the verge of the burlesque; as an instance of the latter, he makes use of Noah and his ark, to illustrate the floating of his spirit on the ark of faith, over the vast sea of his mistress's disdain. His peculiarities, however, are generally pleasing, and his originality is quite refreshing among the mass of servile imitation which we find in most of his contemporaries. As a specimen of his manner, we present one of his sonnets, selected not so much with reference to its absolute merit, as to its power of conveying a correct idea of his peculiarities:

“ Whene’er I write of you, my lovely foe,  
And, freshly pictured on my glowing page,  
To future grateful years essay to show  
The beauty which adorns *our* favoured age—  
I see you, rising still from hour to hour,  
So much advanced in merit’s heavenly way,  
That praises, yesterday of boasted power,  
Are faint and feeble for your charms to-day.  
Baffled—I can no more!—when I would teach  
The wonders of your grace to mortal ear,  
This added warning ever crowns my speech:  
Such was she once—but oh! from vision here  
She tower’d so high, man had no wings to soar,  
And dared to follow in her train no more.”

The illustrious name which Tasso has acquired as an epic writer, has, no doubt, contributed to cast somewhat into the shade his claim to the character of a lyric poet. His productions in this department were finished with less elaborate care, and are less recommended by the majesty which distinguished his heroic verse. To this it may be added, that many of his shorter

poems were written in prison, and being published without his knowledge or consent, did not enjoy the advantages of those finishing touches, which they certainly would have received, had they been suffered to remain for the supervision of the author. Notwithstanding the various causes which prevented a widely extended reputation in his own country to the lyrics of Tasso, they cannot be read without a high degree of interest, in some degree independent of their own merits. The misfortunes of their author will ever be remembered, and if they have contributed to consecrate the loftier efforts of his genius, a deeper and more pathetic interest will be attached to those productions which convey his own feelings, and which were written under the immediate influence of passion. The involuntary complaints of a mind like his, out-poured during the bitterness of unparalleled suffering, can never be listened to unmoved. His ode, addressed to the princesses of Ferrara, soliciting their mediation with the duke, their brother, in his behalf—an appeal fruitless to him, however, of aught save aggravated suffering—is truly affecting. Upon his knowledge of their gentleness, their sense, and their former friendship for him, he expresses his hopes of their intercession, and dwells most touchingly upon his devotion to them, and his present misery. The passionate exclamation,

“Dà nepoti d’Adamo,  
Oimè! chi mi divide?”

speaks volumes for the grief of his wrung spirit, and for the injustice of his sentence. His sonnet, addressed from his prison to the princess during a festival season, mournfully contrasting his own loneliness and misery with the joy that enlivens all others, breathes a deep tone of sorrow, softened, however, by a gleam of hope that such an appeal, at such a time, would not be altogether vain. We learn from many of these poems, written during confinement, that he believed the ardour of his fancy, and the vigour of his intellect, had become dimmed and weakened by the extremity of suffering. Such an idea must have added incalculably to the poignancy of a distress not altogether inconsolable, so long as the immortal mind, unrestrained by fetters and undismayed by calamity, might soar in ideal regions, and indulge its contemplations in a world of its own creation.


The love poetry of Tasso, which was written in early life, and before a deeper and holier feeling had saddened his muse, is full of sprightliness and beauty. Many were the objects of adoration to his light fancy; and many and varied are the strains in which he has celebrated their fortunate charms. These effusions rival in melodious sweetness, as well as in spirit, the finest productions of Petrarch; and while their classic elegance



bespeaks a mind fully imbued with ancient lore, they possess in so exalted a degree the charm of originality, as to prove that no undue sacrifice has been made at the shrine of antiquity. The poems composed at a later age, under the influence of a passion hopeless as it was sincere, and reverent as warm, are in a different style, and possess more of the character of intense emotion. With respect to the causes of his long imprisonment, they will probably forever remain a matter of conjecture and argument. That the tale of his indiscreet passion for the Princess Leonora, and the jealous resentment of her brother, with all its circumstances of the coquetry or affection of the former, though it may be traced far back, is destitute of other foundation than that of popular invention and credulity, is, we think, fully ascertained.

In Gabriello Chiabrera, one of the illustrious names that redeem the barrenness of the seventeenth century, we discover a poet whose influence has scarcely been surpassed. Scorning the tameness and insipidity of servile imitation, he struck the lyre of his country with a bolder hand, and by his success, demonstrated the elevation of which her language was susceptible. It has been said of him in recent times by Parini, that he was "one of the princes of our poets, who, in the steps of Anacreon and Pindar, opened a new path for lyrical composition." He was deprived, at an early age, of parental guidance, and, governed by the dictates of an impatient temper, engaged in repeated broils, which resulted either in voluntary flight, or in forced exile. Whether in fear or in danger, his application to study, however, seems still to have been unwearied; and accomplishing by degrees the subjection of an irascible temper, he speedily attained that eminence to which it had offered the only obstacle. He enjoyed with a keen relish the beauties of the ancients, and admired them with discriminating taste. It being his opinion that the poets of his own land were too timid and averse to enterprise, he essayed to set them a worthy example, by soaring to a height as lofty as it was rare. "I will follow the example" says he, "of my fellow-citizen, Columbus, and either discover a new world, or be lost in the attempt." Acting on this determination, he introduced into his verse more animated and exalted imagery, richer magnificence and variety of expression, and a more sonorous majesty of versification.

He emancipated his country from the trammels of the sonnet and canzone, by departing himself frequently from their measure. He delighted to introduce into Italian poetry the metre and forms of Greek verse, varying, however, the construction of his odes to suit his own taste, in the several subjects which he treated, and which were indifferently the praises of wine or of his mistress, moral songs, and sacred or heroic odes. He has succeeded in transfusing into his lines the boldness and fire and



fervency of Pindar; and his *canzonette* are absolutely Attic in their beauty and gracefulness.

Chiabrera also aspired to the dignity of an epic poet; and has given the world five productions of this class, which are not devoid of that rich harmony and elevated diction which distinguish him elsewhere; yet neither in this species of composition, nor in his dramatic productions, will he maintain the rank he has assumed. His fervid imagination could not submit to the restrained and methodical march of a long work: his true field of triumph is in the lyric department, and there alone has he won a lasting fame. His very faults being regarded as beauties in an age when exaggeration and conceit were deemed essential to true poetry, it is not surprising that he should in some degree have been infected with the prevalent taste.

Fame, which proclaimed the eminence of Chiabrera throughout Italy, rendered many princes ambitious of the friendship of so distinguished a poet, and induced them, soliciting his acquaintance, to load him with honours, which he frequently returned by praises, little merited by his royal patrons. Pope Urban VIII. urged him to take up his residence in Rome; and when the poet declined the invitation, preferring to pass his days in tranquil study at Savona, his native place, the pontiff, unable to honour him as he had wished while living, hung upon his urn an epitaph replete with deserved encomiums. His heroic odes are numerous, and include his finest productions; those addressed to Giovanni Medici being perhaps the best. The *Canzoni Morali* are uniform in measure and expression; and a general idea may be conveyed of their character by reading a very few. The following is a fragment of one composed in praise of solitary life:

“When morning’s rays the awakened world illumine,  
Brooks flow, and wild birds pour their greeting strain;  
And when dusk evening wraps the skies in gloom,  
Thou hear’st the wild birds and the brooks again.

“Oft on the mead where green the herbage grows,  
Or woods embowered conceal the sunset shore,  
Thy tones melodious break the earth’s repose,  
And song of bird or stream is sweet no more.

“Oh wise! since in the present hour’s delight,  
No dream, nor vain desire thy spirit cheers,  
Thou, in the age of disappointment’s blight,  
Hast found the peace of life’s unclouded years!”

Many of the sonnets, especially those in which the Christian princes are urged to holy warfare, are noble and inspiring. “*Le Vendemmie di Parnaso*,” are in the true Anacreontic style;

he sometimes sings the praises of his lady, but more frequently those of wine. The verses beginning

“ Damigella,  
Tutta bella,”

are sprightly, musical, and graceful; and we should feel a pleasure in making them known to our readers, were it possible to preserve their exquisite melody in a translation. The *Sermoni* are familiar epistles on various subjects, serious, satirical, and frequently sportive, the seriousness sometimes deepening into a strain of solemn reflection. The address to Pope Urban VIII. is distinguished for stately melody of verse and dignity of sentiment. The writer speaks of the emigration of the muses, who no longer bathe their tresses in Castalian fountains, but hold their dwellings upon Tabor and Sion, and sweep the sacred lyre. Among the holy minstrels, he assigns a prominent place to the father, who in his youth had won renown for his sacred lays. Chiabrera's poems of this class, are decidedly inferior to the rest. Composed chiefly to illustrate some remarkable passage in scripture history, they contain much of the conventional grandeur and ornament usually belonging to works of the kind, without rising, except in a few occasional lines, above a tame level. The Deluge is the best of these, and has some touches of fine description; as in the passage where the ark is depicted, sailing over the dark waste of waters.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Sole 'mid the storms, above the drear abyss,  
'Mid rolling thunders, and the whirl of winds,  
And lightning's flash,—revered and safe from all,  
The Ark went on;—while swelling o'er the cries  
Of drowning men, and the resounding roar  
Of billows lashed to rage,—from hearts within  
Rose the loud hymn to Heaven's all ruling Lord;  
Who smites the earth, and all her lofty hills  
Leap at his dread command:—who, as it seemeth  
Good in his sight and righteous, bids the sun  
Shine or withhold his beams.”

Various causes have been assigned to account for the decline of Italian poetry in the seventeenth century. But if the political events which had agitated the country, the system of deliberate oppression pursued, and above all the introduction of the Inquisition, had the greatest share in producing the effect, we shall not look in vain for an auxiliary in the character of the learning of that period. It was an age of pedantry; nature was studied rather as she is displayed in the writings of ancient authors than as she presents herself in her naked sublimity and beauty. In the time of Leo X. the charms of polished letters had been cultivated and appreciated; authors who succeeded

were naturally desirous to extend the domain of poesy, but unfortunately forsook the simplicity which is ever its true ornament, and adopted the false refinements of vitiated taste. Lyric poetry, already feeble and timid, became corrupt and degenerate under the influence of the *Seicentisti*, as the writers of this age are called. Some productions, even of the divine Tasso, are not wholly free from a taint of the poison so widely diffused; and the daring and vivacious genius of Chiabrera was unable to stem the torrent, whose course was rendered still more impetuous by the authority and example of a popular contemporary, Giovanni Battista Marini.

This ingenious writer stands at the head of a new school—the school of extravagant conceits, which bore the name of its founder. The excitement of wonder in the mind of the reader appears to have been the principal aim of Marini and his followers. It is true, that not the least striking charm of poetry consists in awakening the emotion of surprise, when it combines images apparently dissimilar, and attunes to harmony those chords which seem to give forth only discordant notes; but the object can be successfully accomplished only when the thoughts employed, without being common or trifling, are just and natural. But the poets of the seventeenth century sought for nothing but novelty; and the more remote their thoughts and images from nature and simplicity, the greater was their fancied success. They forced into companionship the most heterogeneous ideas, unrecommended by the relations of analogy or similitude; and seemed fully satisfied with the astonishment they produced, by the strangeness and contrariety of their combinations. They dragged poetry as an imitative art from her sole and proper sphere; for in their glaring and unnatural colours were depicted neither the manners of life, nor the forms of nature, nor the operations of intellect. The style of Marini was well calculated to foster the growth of error, and to give a fictitious brilliancy to a system repulsive to the purity of classic taste. The sparkling vivacity of his figures, and the richness and smoothness of his verse, concealed, in some degree, its defects; or rather contributed to array them in a captivating garb. There is no doubt, that if Marini had been induced by the general influence of a taste less artificial, to restrain the vagaries of his brilliant but whimsical fancy, his real abilities would have secured to him an amount of permanent reputation, incomparably beyond that which he at present enjoys, though far inferior to that claimed for him by his contemporaries and immediate followers.

Of the writers who partook of the faults of this school, among the most distinguished were Zappi, Maggi, and Redi.

The latter has written a poem of considerable length, entitled "*Bacco in Toscana*," pronounced by the critics original and inimitable, and which is remarkable for a boldness of imagery, heightened in effect by occasional irregularity of metre. The characteristic quality of Zappi is a species of fantastical brilliancy, somewhat artificial in its refinement, yet admirably adapted to productions intended to be of a light and graceful cast. He has, however, employed the same manner in pieces of loftier pretensions, where its vivacity is wholly unsuited to the grandeur of the subjects.

Among the lights of this age it would be culpable to neglect the name of Fulvio Testi, a poet who experienced many of the favours of fortune, and whose ambition furnished, perhaps, his principal source of happiness. He was born at Ferrara, A. D. 1593. Endowed with a fervid imagination, and eager for renown, he was early induced to cultivate the service of the muses, justly conceiving that a successful career in their path would afford the surest road to the fame he so ardently desired. He had scarcely attained his twentieth year, when he published a volume of poems; a proceeding of which he afterwards repented, as the pieces are distinguished for little else than the bad taste of the age. Some few years after, a new and improved edition of his works, dedicated to the Duke of Savoy, made its appearance. Having in these indulged in some expressions disrespectful to the court of Spain, he was sent into banishment; from which, however, he shortly was relieved, in consequence of a petition which he addressed to the Duke of Modena, written in *ottava-rima*, which singular memorial not only procured from him a free pardon, but moved his prince to bestow upon him public favours and office. Intrusted with a commission to the papal court, he had the good fortune to win the esteem of Urban VIII., not less by means of his own merits, than by his dexterous praises of some Latin verses written by Urban before his accession to the pontificate. New trusts and honours were lavished upon Testi during the latter years of his life by the Duke of Modena. But his season of prosperity was destined to be brief; and he was early to experience the truth of his own remark, "that the sunshine of courts is soon overcast." In the beginning of the year 1646 he was suddenly arrested, and thrown into prison, upon a charge, as has been alleged, of treason against the state. A rumour extensively prevailed, that he was there secretly put to death, by order of his sovereign; but subsequent investigation disproved the truth of the report. It was also stated that his last misfortunes were caused by the resentment of an individual, to whom he has satirically referred in his celebrated ode, reproving the pride of the great; but this conjec-

ture is equally incorrect with the former, since the obscurity of origin of which he speaks, could never have been justly charged against the person supposed to have been the object of his severity. It is far more probable that his death was due to a natural cause—the turbulent restlessness of his own ambitious and discontented spirit.

Fulvio Testi does not rank among the very highest of those whom Italy has crowned with the wreath of living fame. In the words of a contemporary who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, “he was not distinguished for profound learning, but eminently favoured by nature with a ready and sparkling wit, united with great sweetness of manner.” . An idea of his characteristic style may be best conveyed by an extract; and we therefore present a few stanzas of the ode mentioned above. It will be perceived that the commencement, which we quote, is allegorical:

“ Stay, thou ambitious rill,  
Ignoble offspring of some fount impure!  
Beneath the rugged hill,  
Gloomy with shade, thou hadst thy birth obscure;  
With faint steps issuing slow,  
In scanty waves among the rocks to flow.

“ Fling not abroad thy spray,  
Nor fiercely lash the green turf at thy side!  
What though indulgent May  
With liquid snow hath swol’n thy foaming tide;—  
August will follow soon,  
To still thy boastings with his scorching noon.

“ Lo! calmly through the vale,  
The Po, the king of rivers, sweeps along;  
Yet many a mighty sail  
Bears on his breast—proud vessels swift and strong;  
Nor from the meadow’s side,  
’Neath summer’s sun, recedes his lessened tide.

“ *Thou*, threat’ning all around,  
Dost foam and roar along thy troubled path;  
In grandeur newly found,  
Stunning the gazer with thy noisy wrath!  
Yet, foolish stream! not one  
Of all thy boasted glories is thine own.

“ The smile of yonder sky  
Is brief; and change the fleeting seasons know.  
On barren sands and dry  
Soon to their death, thy brawling waves shall flow.  
O’er thee, in summer’s heat,  
Shall pass the traveller with unmoistened feet.”

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But by far the most illustrious ornaments of the seventeenth century, are two poets who stand unequalled in their peculiar style of excellence, even by the improvements of a later age; they are Filicaja and Guidi. The former is distinguished for his devoted love of liberty, and his pure and fervent piety. He was the first to express a generous indignation against the oppressors of his country, and against the servile spirit with which she submitted to their authority; and in his bold and reproachful strains, he has left a monument of her weakness as well as of his own independence. Filicaja was, emphatically, a poet of nature's own creation. The unfortunate issue of an early attachment determined him, ever after, to consecrate his lyre to heroic or sacred subjects. The inspiring images, called up by the sight of noble deeds, or by religious contemplation, afforded an ample field for the exertion of his genius, and he invested them with a splendour of language proportioned to their magnificence. In vivacity and majesty of style, and in force of sentiment, he has scarcely an equal. His six sonnets to Italy are well known; the first has been repeatedly rendered into English, but is, in our judgment, inferior to the second. The liberation of Vienna from its siege by the Turks in 1683, was a theme worthy of his highest exertions; and accordingly has been commemorated in six noble odes, among which the one addressed to Sobieski, king of Poland, has received the palm in the judgment of critics. It is of this ode that Salvini says, "*E una canzone veramente regia, fatta dal re della lira toscana, lume della nostra Italia, e ornamento della porpora fiorentina.*"

Notwithstanding the applause with which his productions were every where received, Filicaja continued during the greater part of his life to struggle with adverse fortune; though he experienced the frequent liberality of Queen Christina, whose favours he has gratefully celebrated in his lays. The Grand Duke Cosimo provided a suitable retreat for the old age of the poet, bestowing upon him offices which secured provision for the wants of life, and at the same time afforded sufficient leisure for the prosecution of his favourite pursuits. He was recalled to Florence in 1702, and died five years after, consoled by pious hope, grounded upon the religion by whose precepts his life had been regulated in his various relations of husband, father, magistrate, and friend. His religious effusions bear the evidence of deep sincerity, and are frequently saddened by melancholy; whether belonging to his nature, or produced by a conviction of unworthiness, or consequent on depressed circumstances, we cannot pretend to decide.

For a mind akin to that of Filicaja, and which contributed with it to shed the lustre of real genius over a corrupt age, we turn to Guidi. Of him the Abate Frisi says:—"Three ages



after Petrarch, arose in Pavia, Alessandro Guidi, a poet who could emulate his spirit and energy, who has left us sonnets worthy of Laura, and rivalled the triumphs of Love with the ode to Fortune." There had existed no other Italian poet, not even excepting Chiabrera, whose productions were so thoroughly imbued with a Pindaric spirit. Always elevated in his thoughts, and vivid and forcible in his images, he took the loftiest view of his subject, and exhibited it to his reader in a colouring of the richest and most harmonious language. Sometimes, it is true, the exuberance of his imagination led him into the error of employing over-bold metaphors; but never does he degenerate into the weakness of affected or puerile conceits. In order to obtain sufficient scope for the free indulgence of ardent feelings, he has frequently avoided the restraint of regular metre; justly believing that the splendour of his sentiments and diction would amply compensate for a departure from the rules of uniform versification. The ode to Fortune alluded to in our quotation from his panegyrist, is one of the finest specimens of lyric composition that Italy can boast, and is worthy of all admiration from its magnificence of description, its sonorous majesty of language, and the loftiness of the attributes ascribed to its subject. The goddess boasts her widely extended dominion over land and sea:

" I send forth from their seat  
The sounding storms;  
And stand above them with unwavering feet!  
Deep in Eolian caves,  
I bind the tempest's wings;  
And from my loosened grasp  
On wheels of fire the furious whirlwind springs!"

Nor was Guidi less sublime when he chose to accommodate his steps to ancient custom, and clothe his ideas in regular measure. His ode upon the death of the Baron d'Aste is full of energy, as also the dignified and pathetic tribute paid to an illustrious friend, in a poem written upon occasion of the construction of an urn at Rome, consecrated to the ashes of Christina, Queen of Sweden. He thus apostrophizes the departed:

" Since fortune's smile and empire thou didst scorn,  
And the triumphal air,  
How wilt thou prize the pomp of sculptured urn?  
If now thine eye, by flesh unshrouded, turn  
To track the Sun upon his broad career,  
And Earth and Ocean seem a shade to thee,  
How poor in thine eternal sight must be  
The pile erected for thy honour here!"

We shall beg leave to add an extract or two from his ode

entitled "Rome Unsubdued by Time," a theme worthy of the splendour of his genius:

"Oh! if great Cyrus' shade  
Might wander now along Euphrates' tide,  
The monarch would behold,  
Hurled from her throne of old,  
Lorn Babel weeping by the river side!  
Would mark her regal dome  
Crumbling unhonoured on the desert plain;  
Her once proud fanes the home  
Of gaunt wild beast, or roving Arab train."

\* \* \* \* \*

"'Tis Time—who spurs the years on things beneath  
To do their work of death!  
To change the face of empires, and remove  
Seas from their ancient bed;—  
But turns he where old Tiber's billows rove,  
Or Aventine his head  
Lifts to the skies—the spoiler boasts in vain  
The subjects of his reign;  
Grieving, since Rome his conquering arm defies,  
Powerless to work her harm—and mocks the blow:  
From ruin still her towers triumphant rise;  
And Time looks on, to know  
That with his mockery, and baffled hate,  
Rome builds more high the trophies of her state."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nor satiate yet, nor weary of his spoils  
That ancient tyrant. With the season's ire  
Joining, rushed on in hordes the barbarous foe;  
The Queen of nations, in a strait so dire,  
The veil of morning girt upon her brow,  
Yet never stooped she to submission meek—  
By slavish tears unstained her haughty cheek!  
And silent in her breast  
She bore the rankling steel,  
And seemed her woes to feel  
Like the proud lion, that with threatening will  
Looks on his wounds, majestic, dreadful still."

\* \* \* \* \*

Guidi had quitted his native place while young and unknown; he returned to it in matured years, welcomed by the admiration of all, and received by his fellow-citizens with a joy proportioned to the distinction his genius conferred upon them. Fortune followed him propitious, notwithstanding he had in his poetry so daringly contemned her favours. On his return to Rome he applied himself to the task of rendering into Italian verse some of the Latin homilies of Clement XI. These were completed only a short time before his death; but his dust experienced the gratitude of the Pope, who caused it to be interred in a sepulchre near that of Tasso.

In the poets who flourished at the commencement of the eighteenth century, we witness the revival of a purer taste in every department of the art. Metastasio and Frugoni mainly contributed to this reformation; and the latter, holding a rank scarcely less distinguished in lyric poetry than did the former in compositions for the stage, was destined to confer a new lustre upon its declining fame. Although eloquent and brilliant, and endowed with a keen perception of the beauties of ancient and modern authors, he still seems not to have received from nature that fervency of imagination for which the greatest poets are ever remarkable; a defect for which he frequently compensated by recourse to the treasures of mythology, and by imitating the earliest authors of antiquity. The chief merit of Frugoni lies in his vigour and warmth of colouring; but he is accused of being too copious, and of injuring the simplicity of his sentiment by the luxurious display of words and phrases, harmonious and elegant indeed, but contributing not to define or elucidate his idea. We subjoin one of his sonnets, endeavouring to preserve in our version his peculiar style:

“SONNET—*The Exterminating Angel.*

“His glistening wings were flame,—of burning fire  
 The sword his mighty hand uplifted high—  
 The avenging one—descending in his ire,  
 While lurid lightning rent the darkened sky.  
 On mighty pinions, shadowy and afar,  
 Covering the menaced earth—aloft he hung;  
 While thundering through the deep, from star to star  
 Came the dread voice, to which heaven’s concave rung,—  
 ‘The day is come!—the fearful day of wrath!  
 Thou mighty messenger of death and dread,—  
 Smite and subdue! Speed on thy blasting path!’  
 Then swift on many a proud and impious head  
 The sword descended;—nations crumbled there,  
 Like dust by tempests’ breath dispersed in air.”

In extenuation, however, of the defects of Frugoni’s serious poetry, it must be remembered that, as a court poet, he was frequently called upon for compositions upon subjects not always the best adapted for the excitement of his natural enthusiasm; to sing the birth or exploits of monarchs, and to endure the customary inflictions which fall to the lot of Italian poets, of celebrating devotional or nuptial occurrences. It is not surprising that in such productions he should often endeavour to supply the place of inspiration by the expedients of art, and scarcely less to be wondered at, though much to be regretted, that a similar course was resorted to in many compositions when the subjects were left free to his choice, and were congenial to his feelings. Italy has produced no poet whose works are more numerous or varied than those of Frugoni. He seems to have

invoked the aid of the muse at all times, and upon all occasions; and if not equally happy in all his effusions, his impatience of difficulty, connected with the causes we have assigned, will abundantly account for the fact. In his time lived the learned Eustachio Manfredi, in whose style, energy and fire, were united with more than ordinary elegance the fertile and elegant Zanotti and the contemplative Varano, celebrated for his *Twelve Visions*, which have been successively likened to the *Visions of Ezekiel* and the *Messiah of Klopstock*.

The eighteenth century, particularly its latter half, yielded a rich harvest of mind. It produced all the great writers whom we shall hereafter mention, among whom the first rank must be assigned to Melchior Cesarotti, not so much on account of his superiority as a master of the art, as for the influence exerted by his opinions and works upon the character of Italian poetry. He was born at Padua, a city which justly prided itself on its long and successful culture of classic learning; and which now gave birth to a daring innovator, who aspired to free the literature of his country from its bondage to the ancients, and to place himself at the head of a new school. Cesarotti, having passed with credit through the seminary, and proved himself familiar with the Greek and Latin poets, suddenly threw off allegiance to their authority, and determined to trample upon what he considered the yoke of pedantry. He railed bitterly at the vitiated national taste; the servile imitation, the poverty of conception, and the tragical pompousness of style which characterized most of the poetry of his day. The blind adoration of the Greeks, he asserts, had introduced a vain phraseology, which drew its principal merit from an abundance of mythological images; while the education of youth was confided to pedantic and mediocre writers, who diffused and nourished prejudices conducive to their own interest.

This unsparing invective was, perhaps, in some measure due to the discovery of beauties in a modern foreign language, which he was desirous of transferring to his own. While at Venice, an English gentleman, with whom he had contracted an intimate acquaintance, informed him of Macpherson's *Ossian*, at that time the admiration of England, and succeeded in inspiring his youthful friend with so eager a desire to become acquainted with their beauties, that he immediately commenced the study of the English language, with a direct view to rendering his countrymen familiar with the works of the Celtic bard. His translation of *Ossian* was received not only by Italy, but by all Europe, with enthusiasm; and the highest hopes were indulged of the future career of a poet so eminently successful in uniting the wild and stern genius of the North to the soft and flexible accent of his native tongue. The brilliant success at-

tending this first effort of Cesarotti, emboldened him to still further innovations, confirming him in a belief that the time was now arrived, in which he might venture to overthrow the altars on which other writers had so long burned incense to the ancients, and to direct the attention of his countrymen to the literature of foreign nations. But, as Ugoni remarks, "an innovator who arises in a city stationary in classic studies, is like a prodigal son succeeding to an avaricious parent." In both cases, the injurious consequences of each vice have a tendency to urge those who would escape it into the contrary one. The adventurous poet has been loudly and frequently accused of culpable licence in his new projects, and from his anxiety to avoid too great veneration of the Greeks, of having fallen into the opposite extreme of contempt. His translation, too, was impugned: and even the learned critic quoted above, is of opinion, that in investing the sublime images of Ossian with the minute graces and elaborate splendour of Italian verse, thus veiling their naked grandeur and majestic simplicity, the translator has sacrificed much. It was, indeed, a bold attempt to express in the language of the sweet south, the dim and gigantic conceptions of an author belonging to an unknown land. To have described the wild and sweeping storm, the tempest of battle desolating nations, and the mysterious adventures of Northern heroes, in the unadorned style of the original, would have been improper in a verse whose dignity is principally sustained by the resounding melody of language. But Cesarotti, in expanding the thoughts to clothe them in a harmonious garb, without losing any of the fire of his model, has adorned them with new graces. The reader of his version will enjoy all the charms of the poem, heightened by the auxiliary advantages of melodious versification. Cesarotti has feelingly described the disadvantages under which he laboured, in an essay upon translations, in which he remarks, that the greatest difficulties of the translator are by no means those arising from diversity of language; he being also compelled to struggle with impediments founded on a difference of versification. It is certain that sentiments assume a tone corresponding with the various measures in which they may be expressed: the length or shortness of the line, the variety of inflexions and cadences, the arrangement and distribution of rhymes, all modify the thought in some degree, and communicate some peculiar influence. If the ideas of a poem be transferred into different metre, so that the disposition of the words is materially altered, the identity of those ideas can no longer be perfectly preserved in their former beauty; they seem uneasy and constrained in their new attitude, and discord is created between the sentiment and the sound. Thus lyric poetry is more difficult to translate than any other; since, if the

new measure be not adapted to the thoughts intended to be conveyed, it will be necessary to alter and dispose them to suit the measure, and to depart sometimes from the strict sense, in order to retain the spirit of the original. The timid copyist may present, indeed, the features of his model, but they will be destitute of the soul; like an inanimate corpse, in place of the breathing and graceful form he aspired to imitate. With difficulties as formidable had our author to contend; but in this "bed of Procrustes," as he not inaptly terms it, he has accomplished his task with deserved success.

Giuseppi Parini, the most independent of poets, was born of obscure parents in the Milanese territory, A. D. 1729. Though excluded by poverty from the enjoyment of those facilities which are generally deemed essential to the development of genius, he learned from it at least an unbending philosophy, and a contempt for the conventional superiority of wealth and rank. The occupations of his youth left but little time for the worship of the muse; but every moment of leisure was assiduously improved by the study of the present models of ancient and modern times. He was induced to publish a small volume of poems, which procured him the esteem of many distinguished men, willingly accorded to one who as yet had not risen high enough to become an object of envy. The narrowness of his resources during the greater part of his life, compelled him to assume the office of tutor in different families; and he was by this means enabled to supply, not his own necessities alone, but also those of an aged mother, for whose relief he had early parted with his small paternal inheritance. He laboured also under severe physical infirmities, which the vigour of early youth had been able to resist, but which overcame the strength of his manhood, and rendered almost helpless his feeble age. Yet notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the native dignity of his deportment was such as to command the admiration of all; and the poor old man, with no support but a staff for his tottering frame, was, by the force of moral and intellectual superiority, elevated far beyond the reach of pity.

Before the time of Parini, most of the lyric poets of Italy had endeavoured to rival each other in the effusions designed to soothe or flatter the pride of power or wealth; and if any, soaring higher, ventured to give a moral tendency to their works, they exalted the virtues and chastised the vices common to all times, suffering those peculiar to their own age and nation to pass with impunity. Parini felt this defect, and discerned the field of usefulness that would be opened by its correction. He accordingly produced, at the age of thirty-five, the first canto of his celebrated poem of the *Day*; in which the powerful weapon of satire was employed to humble the arrogance, and reform the



luxurious idleness of the nobles of Italy. Materials were abundantly found in the listlessness of their lives, in their false and affected refinements, and in the effeminate extravagance of their tables, at which he had often sat. The poem, from beginning to end, is in one continued strain of the keenest irony. Professing to teach to a youthful lord the occupations which should engage his attention during the successive portions of the day, it details with ludicrous minuteness the most frivolous employments and cares that absorb the soul of a being heedless of every thing but the diversion of the passing hour. The scene of the toilet is inimitably described; as are likewise the conversations with the master of the ball, and the more vast and solemn cares of the dinner hour; while, to render the satire more pungent, the lessons are given in a tone of the most exaggerated commendation. To set off still more strikingly the effeminate manners of the time, they were contrasted with ancient customs; with the bold and sturdy virtues of their ancestors; and the preference is ironically bestowed upon the frivolous softness and luxury of the present day.

The publication of this poem, while it rendered its author formidable, and consequently odious to that portion of society which it had castigated, secured him popularity among that far more extensive class who were destitute of either the ability or disposition to indulge in the follies and vices of the great. In consequence of the vast influence which he thus acquired over popular opinion, the nobles did not venture openly to revenge themselves for the mortification they experienced; but a vindictive spirit was secretly at work; and losing by the death of Count Firmian an able protector, the manœuvres of his enemies were successful in depriving the poet of a suitable shelter for his declining years.

Parini has been accused of want of invention; but if he be really inferior in boldness of conception, or vividness of fancy, the deficiency is compensated by his admirable knowledge of human nature, and his extreme delicacy of execution. His creations are always distinguished by harmonious proportion; and his language, always elaborate and elegant, is often sublime. It is certain that the labour of composition was to him great, owing to an exquisite sense of the beautiful, and an extremely fastidious taste, which frequently induced him to condemn, as unworthy of the Italian name, many of his productions which were universally applauded. The same cause delayed the publication of his principle work, which, although it contains scarcely four thousand lines, and was commenced in middle life, was not given to the world until after the death of the author. That the vigour of his genius declined not with advancing years, is proved by the circumstance that several of his odes,



composed at an advanced age, are considered to possess superior merit to his more youthful productions of the same class. His fondness for his art continued to the last moment of his life; which, like those of the fabled swan, were almost literally occupied in the delightful task of song. But our admiration is due not more to the poet than the man; the strength and beauty of his moral character were equally rare with his mental endowments. Unyielding in integrity, he scorned the venal idolatry to which genius too often degrades itself. He never stooped to the unworthy patrician, or the tyrant on the throne; but preferring an honest and conscientious poverty to patronage purchased by base submission, he died as he had lived, the pride of his fellow-citizens, but unenriched by favours for which he had disdained to sue. Another poet has found occasion to complain that no stone has been erected by the Milanese to mark the spot where his dust reposes; but the loftiest monument to Parini is to be found in the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen, and his most enduring epitaph he has graven with his own hand.

Angelo Mazza has added a valuable stock to the treasures of Italian poetry by translations of some of the best English lyrics; especially the two famous odes of Dryden and Gray upon music, and the Hymn to the Creator, from Thompson's Seasons. The version of the latter is in a high degree forcible and spirited; and might seem rather an effusion of original genius, than a mere translation. Mazza was deeply imbued with a love for the pervading harmony of nature, whose influence he had traced in the vast plan of the material world, as well as in the mysterious operations of the human mind. To him the universe is a breathing atmosphere of music; music is the soul of all religion, and the secret springs that govern man's nature, are discovered by this most metaphysical of bards to be under its control. In honour of this all-powerful and pervading agent, he produced several pieces in various measures, in which he points out its influence in improving our nature, by preserving and presenting, in a form most exquisitely adapted to excite within our breast a spirit of emulation, the finest models of virtuous conduct and noble achievements. In an ode upon ideal beauty, he thus takes occasion to rail at the insensibility of those who disbelieve in the feelings of which he boasts:

“Is't then a fable or a dream,  
This sovereign beauty, since the double night  
That fills the vulgar mind,  
And folly makes more blind,  
It cannot pierce with its immortal beam?”

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

———“Lovely—yet differing still,  
The forms it takes, and moves the various will

Of all who drink the breeze,—  
The free born air of life,—  
From burning Calpe to the Polar seas.”

And again,—

“As from the concave shroud  
Of some dark wandering cloud,  
Grateful descends the sudden, gentle shower,—  
Which thirsty vale and hill  
Revives with golden fruit and freshened flower,  
So whispering to the heart  
By heedful nature’s law admitted there,  
The sweet harmonious air,  
Quickens the seeds, their gentle growth to bless,  
Of goodness, virtue, love and happiness.”

His Hymn to Harmony, written in blank verse, is the best of these votive lays. He thus speaks of its sway over the universe:

“All things are thine, oh Goddess! to thy rule,  
Wise nature doth confide her various works.  
The green revolving earth,—the burning spheres,  
Which move forever in their sacred dance,  
To concord by thy mystic voice attuned.  
Thee, the mute kingdoms of eternal night—  
Thee, the void space of silence’ drear domain,  
Heard, saw, when to the omnipotent voice of God,  
Speaking in power above the deep abyss,  
The elements replied. Beneath thy touch,  
Confusion vanished, and with Chaos sank  
To the dark infinite womb of hell. Then came  
Sweet Order, tranquil, smiling and serene,  
The image of thyself, and wrought with thee  
In thine eternal work. Called forth by her,  
Came Motion, all harmonious,—and swift Time,  
Fleet image of unmoved eternity.  
One to new life impelled the inert mass,  
And launched the sun in heaven’s untrodden blue—  
He, spurning from his path the involving gloom,  
The radiant vesture of creation’s day  
Unfolded, and made glorious nature’s breast.  
The other, &c. &c.”

One of the greatest among the recent poets of Italy, is Vincenzo Monti, of Ferrara. Notwithstanding his venal career in politics, he was unanimously hailed as the first among the ornaments of his country. The systematic course he pursued, of flattering every reigning power in succession, and applying the energies of his versatile muse alternately to praise or censure, as the object he addressed was favoured or abandoned by fortune, would doubtless have been sufficient to stamp his name with deserved ignominy, were not his reputation redeemed by the lustre of his genius. His poetry is of the highest order; adapted to every sentiment he designed to express, harmonious and picturesque, and embellished by those bold and striking

beauties peculiar to the school of Dante. Conceiving every image with the natural vigour of an impassioned fancy, he has placed it before us in such colours as arrest the attention, and remain fixed upon the mind. The energy of his style, its exquisite finish, and the melody of his diction, dignify and adorn every subject on which he chooses to exercise his powers. Parini used to say of him, "that he seemed ever in danger of falling from the sublime height to which he soared, though, contrary to expectation, he constantly sustained his elevation." It is much to be regretted that a mind like his, so richly endowed with the gifts of nature, and the accomplishments of education, should not have emulated the independence of Alfieri and Parini; claiming our respect for the man, while we admire the poet; or at least that he had not left us the evidence of his venality, in verses composed on various political occasions, and expressing sentiments as various.

Besides his tragedies and unfinished epics, he has left a number of miscellaneous poems. His three sonnets upon the death of Judas, are a masterpiece; his love verses pleasing and picturesque; but his most celebrated work is the *Bassviliana*, published in 1793. Although this poem does not lie absolutely within the class of which we are treating, we trust that we shall be pardoned for going out of our way to give some account of it, inasmuch as it has conferred immortality upon its author. It is formed after the model of Dante's great work, nor has Monti scrupled to avail himself of beautiful images and expressions belonging to his predecessor and to other writers; yet, as he has frankly acknowledged the liberty, he stands acquitted of intention to enrich himself unlawfully by their spoils. The poem relates the adventures of the soul of Ugo de Bassville, the French Secretary of Legation to the court of Naples, who, having visited Rome to propagate secretly the new doctrines of French liberty, was massacred by the people. His wife and son were rescued from death by the interference of Pius VI., and the victim himself is supposed to have expiated, in some degree, his guilt by repentance before death. The opening is impressive; the soul of the slaughtered envoy forsakes his mangled corpse, and gazing round in apprehension, encounters the beneficent smile of a guide sent from heaven to sustain him. The holy messenger soothes his fears:

" 'And hail!' he cried—'Oh, favoured one of heaven!  
Hail! new-born brother of the immortal choir,  
To whom the pardon of their sins is given!

" 'Fear not! thou art not doomed to drink the dire  
And bitter wave of hell—within whose bound,  
All gleams of hope and future peace expire!'"

Yet he cannot be admitted into paradise before his crimes

have been visited with punishment. He is condemned to wander over the provinces of France, and witness the ruin and desolation his own share in the popular seditions contributed to promote, until the guilt of his country be wiped away. The shade submits to the decree of heaven, and after a tender adieu to his earthly consort, submits to the guidance of the angel. As they begin their flight, the apparition of the armed cherub on the summit of St. Peter's, is finely described:

“ His gleaming eyes were orbs of living flame,—  
Seemed his long tresses to the night wind spread,  
Some furious comet's plague-distilling train.

“ A sword he held, of lustre fierce and red,  
Which, brandished high in air, illumed afar  
The night—and made its circling gloom more dread.”

His protecting shield extends over the Vatican, like the wing of the mighty eagle shadowing her unfledged young. They behold, in passing, the remains of the French fleet, partially destroyed by a tempest, and driven from the shores of Sardinia. Crossing the territory of Marsiglia, and witnessing the fearful enormities which contaminate it,—the violation of the holy crucifix, the repentant spirit weeps at the recollection of his own crimes, and at the degradation and miseries of his country:

“ They hear resound meanwhile the distant plain,—  
Not with the humble shepherd's cheerful tone;  
Not with the jocund reed, or pipe's soft strain:

“ But the hoarse tramp—the drum—the imploring groan,  
The peasant's prayers—while round his harvest store  
And herds, by rude and lawless hands are strown:

“ Vainly he beats his breast, and at his door  
Tears his white ancient locks,—his children's pride—  
And strews his threshold, now a home no more!

“ A foreign spoiler doth his grief deride;  
And, reckless of his much-loved fold destroyed—  
His sons—his sons! hath torn them from his side!

“ For goad, and scythe, and mattock, which employed  
Their youthful arm, they are compelled to wield  
The accursed steel they would with tears avoid!

“ Ah! who to the bereaved sire shall yield,  
For his fast failing life a substance meet?  
For him divide the produce of the field?

“ The light of day, to him no longer sweet,  
Blinded by restless anguish, frail and lone,  
How fiercely longs he death's approach to greet!

“ No voice of pity soothes him, save the tone  
Of wailing echo, from some neighbouring hill,  
Mocking his sorrows with her answering moan.”

“The pitying soul, overcome with grief and indignation at the spectacle, blushed deeply, and the blush was like the hue that tinges the evening heavens, when clouds, calm and ruddy, seem to weep for the departing day.”

The second canto is occupied with the execution of Louis XVI. The pilgrims approach Paris in the commencement:

“No shaken leaf within the wood is heard ;  
Only the murmuring streamlet, dashing near  
O'er stones, as by the approaching tempest stirred.

“And lo! before their wondering eyes appear  
The towers of France's Babylon—afar  
And shadowy yet—but rising still more near.”

The personages of the poem being unearthly, it was not inconsistent to introduce other aerial beings; consequently, the air is peopled with allegorical persons, who hover over the guilty city, and take each their peculiar part in the events transacting. A phantom band of Druids, stained with the blood of human victims, and bearing the symbols of their creed, form part of the procession, and incite the populace to fury and insurrection:

“With chariot wheels, and swift horse trampling there,  
And infantry—then quaked the startled ground;  
And echoed with their shouts the affrighted air,

“Like the retiring thunder's muttering sound,  
Or the hoarse moaning of the midnight sea,  
Or echoes deep when storms are gathering round.”

The unhappy Bassvilla is compelled to witness the sufferings and death of his injured monarch; but when the spirit is at length released from clay, he hastens, with a band of loyal shades, to throw himself at the martyr's feet. Louis forgives, and promises to intercede with God for him, requesting him to seek his exiled kindred, and in some gentle vision to inform them what had befallen their sovereign, soothing their grief, and softening the tidings of his death. He speaks, too, of events and battles to come; and assigns to the Pope an agency similar to that of Moses, when he lifted his hands towards heaven to secure victory to Israel against the Amalekites. Who could have thought that the same Pope Pius, when afterwards compelled to leave Rome by the victorious French, would have been pursued in his flight by the invectives of his former eulogist, who calls upon the island of Sardinia to fly from its ancient seat, that the worst of monsters might not find upon its shore even a spot to hide his remains?

The ascent of the king and his attendants to heaven, is beautifully described. Meanwhile, foul spirits hover over the earth, but the royal remains are guarded by a fiery cherub, who

repels the impious band. There stalks the shade of Voltaire, a stern and sullen spectre, with D'Alembert, and many other of the philosophical sceptics of the age, boasting of their deeds, and pointing exultingly to the kingly corpse they are not permitted to approach. In the fourth canto, Monti rises more frequently to the sublime. The descent of the conveying angels forms a description unsurpassed in modern poetry. "Paris felt the winnowing of their mighty wings, and the Seine, silent and affrighted, arrested his currents. The vast chain of the Vosges trembled, and Cevennes, and the far Pyrenese; and distant and hoarse ran the lament through the gloomy forest of Ardennes." The angelic guide bids his charge look upon the storm gathering from the four quarters of the heavens; the allied armies ready to burst in fury upon a guilty land. The poem here ends abruptly, without informing the reader of the sequel of these fearful preparations. Monti took it for granted that no one was ignorant of the events that succeeded each other so rapidly after those he had described; and therefore justified himself in closing his tale before the admission of the penitent into heaven.

The poetry of Ippolito Pindemonte is endeared to us by its resemblance in character to that of many of our favourite English bards. Almost the first of the Italians whose muse was contemplative and pensive, he detached himself from the tumult of cities, and the gaieties of festive life, to seek, in the charms of nature, a field more congenial to his imagination and feelings. The noble and picturesque scenery of Italy, hallowed with its thousands of classic recollections, and the proud magnificence of the snow-capped summits and eternal glaciers of the mountains of Switzerland, among which he long resided, imparted to his mind a tone of elegance and independence, which is breathed in all his works. He sought solitude, not that he might contemplate the workings of his own mind, but that he might look abroad unrestrained, and hold silent and solemn communion with his Creator through his works. Naturally calm and reflective, he yet possessed a warm and generous heart, ever alive to the feelings of friendship, and glowing with the truest benevolence. His sentiments are pure and chaste; and his morality, though never severe, is at all times elevated. Early affliction, arising from illness, and the loss of a bosom friend, perhaps contributed to impress upon his mind a habit of melancholy, which, however, never sinking into gloom or despondency, nor assuming the hue of misanthropy, is rather of that pleasing kind which softens without depressing the reader, and prepares him for the reception of such religious sentiments as Pindemonte ever loved to mingle with his verse. He delighted, above all, to cast a veil over the dark shades of humani-

ty, and to view with indulgence the faults of his fellow-creatures; while his own life, blameless in all its course, was devoted to their improvement, by inciting them to listen to the gentle eloquence of nature. We dwell with pleasure on the character of this poet. Living in times of great political disturbance, though an ardent lover of liberty, he withdrew from all participation in public affairs, and in the strength of a well-regulated philosophy, resigned himself to milder pursuits, declining all interference with a course of events which it was beyond his power to retard or control. Some few of his poems, indeed, express a patriotic feeling for the calamities of his beautiful country, and her sufferings at the hands of lawless invaders; but excepting in these, he has avoided all allusion to political affairs. His productions are varied in style, and in the character of their subjects, but his lyrics are most esteemed for their purity of language and noble spirit. His epistles are written in blank verse, a measure which has, of late, among the Italian poets, gone far to supersede the use of rhyme in poetical compositions of a serious nature. And for such purposes it is well adapted, as it possesses all the freedom and loftiness of English blank verse, with the advantage of superior sonorousness and harmony. But while it is most suitable for the treatment of moral and didactic subjects, it has also been employed as a vehicle for lyric productions, with a degree of success that could scarcely have been anticipated. Parini's "Day," Foscolo's "Sepulchres," and many other of the most celebrated of the modern poems, are written in this measure, which Pindemonte adopted, as suitable to the moral character and design of his essays, and as affording scope for the free exercise of his excursive genius. His "*Poesie Campestri*" contains many verses addressed to natives of England, which country he had visited, and ever remembered with enthusiastic admiration. The beauty, grace, and modesty of the English ladies, seem to have peculiar charms for him, and in many a charming lay has he made the language of the "sunny south" convey his fond recollection and esteem for the virtues of the island dames. The longest poem in this collection is one on the four parts of the day, full of pastoral elegance, and displaying throughout the gentle pensiveness so natural to him, and in which he so much resembles Gray. The following verses are from the first canto, in praise of morning. The original is in *ottava-rima*, a measure best rendered into our eight-lined stanzas:

## VI.

"When heaven with the returning day is bright,  
 Nature seems fresh from her great Master's hand;  
 And in a vesture robed of purest light,  
 In fair and new-born loveliness to stand.



Alas! for life's sweet morn, which knows a night  
 Starless and endless! for the fleeting band  
 Of young delights, in man's green years that bloom,  
 Soon to grow cold in death's all blighting gloom!"

The amiable disposition of the author is discovered in the stanzas with which "Morning" closes.

## XXI.

"If ever I, (thou sun, my vows attest!)  
 A mother due respect and love deny—  
 Or turn from woes that wring some friendly breast,  
 Or hear with heart unmoved the sufferer's sigh—  
 If I refuse the tottering beggar rest,  
 Or scorn to wipe the weeping orphan's eye—  
 If from my door, unsoothed by gentle art,  
 The widowed poor, or houseless wretch depart:

## XXII.

"Then may the horror of eternal night  
 Enthal my being in its loathed chain;  
 And ever to behold thy sacred light,  
 Oh sun! mine eyes, unworthy, turn in vain!  
 Nor more for me rolling season's flight  
 In varied loveliness adorn the plain—  
 Nor ever may I hail the glad return  
 In yon transparent heaven, of smiling morn!"

He thus addresses evening,—

## VII.

"Whether in smiles and tears, with dripping hair,  
 Spring gently woo thee to her flowery bed—  
 Or with white feet and glowing bosom bare,  
 To meet thee Summer bound with lightsome tread—  
 Or Autumn in thy lap with generous care,  
 Delight his relics and his gifts to shed—  
 Thee, Evening! will I sing!—if my poor lay  
 May haply e'er prolong thy welcome stay."

In another place he digresses into meditation upon his own tomb, which he wishes to be undistinguished by a monument, but hallowed by sacred shade.

## XII.

"Oh! sweetly thus in peace let me descend  
 To the dark chambers of the silent tomb!  
 And step by step at length, the journey end  
 Of this frail life—so dear—so fraught with gloom.  
 The parted day renewing beams attend:  
 But never from its long and quiet home  
 This dust shall rise, to gaze on mead or isle,  
 With flowers bedecked, or sunset's golden smile.

## XIII.

"Perchance by these green hills, some future day,  
 Hither a friend his listless step may turn,  
 And asking to my humble home the way,  
 The nameless stone that marks my bones may learn.

Beneath yon oak, where now full oft I stray,  
 When for cool shade and soft repose I yearn;  
 Where in deep thought entranced, I linger long,  
 Or pour in Zephyr's ear my pensive song.

## XIV.

"That very shade shall shelter me in death,  
 Which I so loved while life this frame could know:  
 These flowers that soothe me with their fragrant breath,  
 In rank luxuriance o'er my head shall grow.  
 'Oh! happy thou who sleep'st this sod beneath!'  
 My friends will say—'whose path, though lone and low,  
 Hath led thee to a better land at last,  
 Where thou can'st smile at fate, nor feel his blast!'"

The approach of night brings with it a tender and delicious sadness, which steals over the soul, and adapts it to solemn reflection.

## I.

"Night, dew-lipped comes! and every gleaming star  
 Its silent place assigns in yonder sky.  
 The moon walks forth, and fields and groves afar,  
 Touched by her light, in silver beauty lie.  
 In solemn peace, that no sound comes to mar,  
 Hamlets and peopled cities slumber nigh;  
 While on this rock, in meditation's mein,  
 Lord of the unconscious world, I sit unseen.

## II.

"How deep the quiet of this pensive hour!  
 Nature bids labour cease—and all obey.  
 How sweet this stillness, in its magic power  
 O'er hearts that know her voice and own her sway!  
 Stillness unbroken, save where from the flower  
 The whirring locust takes his upward way;  
 And murmuring o'er the verdant turf is heard  
 The passing brook—or leaf by breezes stirred.

## III.

"Borne on the pinions of Night's freshening air,  
 Unfettered thoughts with calm reflection come;  
 And Fancy's train, that shuns the daylight glare,  
 To wake when midnight shrouds the heavens in gloom.  
 New, tranquil joys, and hopes untouched by care,  
 Within my bosom throng to seek a home;  
 While far around the brooding darkness spreads,  
 And o'er the soul its pleasing sadness sheds."

His lament upon the death of a friend breathes the same strain of thoughtfulness, unmingled with gloom, and elevated by religious hope.

## V.

"If thou with me among these hills could'st stray,  
 Glad would'st thou mark my spirit's graver tone;

Thou, who with mild reproach didst oft essay,  
To wake in me thoughts lofty as thine own.  
From folly-nurtured love's bewildering sway  
To set me free, thy hand had power alone;  
While I, though yet my heart to weakness clung,  
With rapturous fondness on thy lessons hung.

## VI.

“ But oh! not yet—though heard no longer here—  
The music of thy voice is dead to me!  
It speaks within—in accents strong and clear,  
Deep from the heart devoted still to thee.  
And this its burthen—‘ Is the shadowy bier  
So dread a thing? So fearful can it be  
In life's warm prime to feel the spoiler's blight?  
Oh! not to those who know—to live aright!’ ”

Ugo Foscolo, a friend of Pindemonte, though many years younger, deserves a high place among the master spirits of his nation. His personal character has been briefly but comprehensively drawn by the Countess Albrizzi, in her moral portraits, where she represents him as a warm and grateful friend; generous and kind, though of impassioned feelings, and possessed of that rigid virtue, which in the present age of refinement, might seem to belong to an unsophisticated savage. Sincere and unaffected to a remarkable degree, in her words “ he would tear the heart from his bosom, had he reason to suspect that its pulsations were not free and unrestrained.” Involved from his youth in political matters, he yet preserved through life an unbending integrity, scorning to sacrifice a single opinion or feeling upon the altar of interest; and in an age of servility and idolatry at the shrine of a great conqueror, his voice was never raised amid the throng of flatterers and supplicants; nor could the urgings of necessity, the allurements of favour, nor even the entreaties of the gentle sex, to which he was ever devoted, induce him to conceal his unbiassed sentiments, or extort from him one expression of adulation. At the time when the first enthusiasm in relation to Bonaparte prevailed in Italy, when some infatuated visionaries saw in him the restorer of their ancient independence, while the ambitious soldier had not as yet thrown off the mask, and shown his resolution to make the trampled ruins of his own beautiful country his first step to empire, Foscolo looked on with disdainful eyes, and beheld the usurper in his true colours. He could not forgive Napoleon for the ruin and transfer of Venice, which, though born in the Ionian islands, he ever regarded as his native city. It is, indeed, refreshing to find men of such independence, in the midst of a degenerate race, and so long as Italy continues to produce such minds, we need not despair of her, for the spirit of ancient liberty is not yet extinct. After many agitated years of military

service and exertion, Foscolo sought peace in a retreat from his own land, and departed to England, where he remained until his death, in 1827.

The catalogue of his poems is brief, consisting merely, besides his poem upon the Sepulchres, of a few odes and sonnets, and the fragments of a Hymn to the Graces. The first mentioned production, which has secured its author immortal fame, procuring for him the most eminent place among his cotemporaries, was composed during a temporary retirement to Brescia, in Northern Italy. The occasion which called it forth, was a law passed about that time in the Italian kingdom, directing that all burials should take place without the confines of the cities, forbidding inscriptions or any mark of distinction upon the graves, and prohibiting the approach of visitors to the cemeteries. Though intended to obviate the inconveniences arising from the ancient custom of interring the dead in the churches, this law was carried to an arbitrary and unnecessary extreme; for it consigned the departed to one indiscriminate place of sepulture, and denied to the mourner the last consolation of grief. Our poet, fired with indignation at this sacrilegious infringement upon the solemn rights of nature, gave utterance to his feelings in the work above mentioned, in which he dwells on the salutary influence over the living of their veneration for the dead; and proves the mischievous effects of that policy which would invade the sacredness of a sentiment so holy. He upbraids the Milanese with their criminal neglect of the ashes of Parini, which lay at that time without the walls of the town, unmarked even by an humble stone; but which, shortly after the publication of "*I Sepolcri*," were adorned with emulous honours. In venturing upon a translation of this magnificent poem, we are aware that much of its beauty must unavoidably be lost, from the dissimilarity of the two languages, to which difficulty are added others peculiar to the present author. The style of Foscolo is far more terse and concentrated than that of any other Italian writer. His ideas are crowded together in such profusion and variety, and are so rapidly expressed, that he is not unfrequently obscure. He seems to have studied, with whimsical effort, to express his copious thoughts in as few words as possible; and to take a pride in taxing his native language to the utmost service of which it is capable. The great beauty of his blank verse consists in its peculiar melody, which is varied to suit the sense of every line. A melancholy strain of thought is poured forth in a measure proportionately solemn; while more pleasing emotions are conveyed in a livelier tone, his various accents and pauses being all adapted to the ideas and images. Notwithstanding that the charm arising from such combinations of sound must be parted with, we may be able in a

version to preserve the sentiment and spirit sufficiently to afford some idea of the merit of the original. With this hope, we lay it before our readers, assuring them that it is as literal as the structure of verse will possibly allow, and that in no case has the strict meaning been sacrificed to ambitious ornament. The poem is inscribed to Pindemonte.

THE SEPULCHRES.

“Beneath the cypress shade, or sculptured urn  
By fond tears watered, is the sleep of death  
Less heavy? When for me the sun no more  
Shall shine on earth, and bless with genial beams  
This beauteous race of beings animate—  
When bright with flattering hues the future hours  
No longer dance before me—and I hear  
No more the magic of thy dulcet verse,  
Nor the sad gentle harmony it breathes—  
When mute within my breast the inspiring voice  
Of youthful poesy, and love, sole light  
To this my wandering life—what guerdon then  
For vanished years will be the marble, reared  
To mark my dust amid the countless throng  
Wherewith death widely strews the land and sea?

“And thus it is! Hope, the last friend of man,  
Flies from the tomb—and dim forgetfulness  
Wraps in its rayless night all mortal things.  
Change after change, unfelt, unheeded, takes  
Its tribute—and o’er man, his sepulchres,  
His being’s lingering traces, and the relics  
Of earth and heaven, time in mockery treads.

“Yet why hath man, from immemorial years,  
Yearned for the illusive power which may retain  
The parted spirit on life’s threshold still?  
Doth not the buried live, e’en though to him  
The day’s enchanted melody is mute,  
If yet fond thoughts and tender memories  
He wake in friendly breasts? Oh! ’tis from Heaven,  
This sweet communion of abiding love!  
A boon celestial! By its charm we hold  
Full oft a solemn converse with the dead;  
If yet the pious earth, which nourished once  
Their ripening youth, in her maternal breast  
Yielding a last asylum, shall protect  
Their sacred relics from insulting storms,  
Or step profane—if some secluded stone  
Preserve their name—and flowery verdure wave  
Its fragrant shade above their honoured dust.

“But he who leaves no heritage of love,  
Is heedless of an urn;—and if he look  
Beyond the grave, his spirit wanders lost  
Among the wailings of infernal shores;  
Or hides its guilt beneath the sheltering wings  
Of God’s forgiving mercy; while his bones

Moulder unrecked of on the desert sand,  
Where never loving woman pours her prayer,  
Nor solitary pilgrim hears the sigh,  
Which mourning nature sends us from the tomb.

“New laws now banish from our yearning gaze  
The hallowed sepulchres, and envious strip  
Their honours from the dead. Without a tomb  
Thy votary sleeps, Thalia! he who sung  
To thee beneath his humble roof, and reared  
His bays to weave a coronal for thee.  
And thou did'st wreath with gracious smiles his lay,  
Which stung the Sardanapalus of our land,\*  
Whose grovelling soul loved but to hear the lowing  
Of cattle pasturing in Ticino's fields,  
His source of boasted wealth. Oh! muse inspired!  
Where art thou? No ambrosial air I breathe,  
Betokening thy blest presence, in these bowers  
Where now I sigh for home. Here wert thou wont  
To smile on him beneath yon linden tree,  
That now with scattered foliage seems to weep,  
Because it droops not o'er the old man's urn,  
Who once sought peace beneath its cooling shade.  
Perchance thou, Goddess, wandering among graves  
Unhonoured, vainly seek'st the spot where rests  
Parini's sacred head! The city now  
To him no space affords within her walls,  
Nor monument, nor votive line. His bones  
Perchance, lie sullied with some felon's blood,  
Fresh from the scaffold that his crimes deserved.  
See'st thou the lone wild dog, among the tombs,  
Howling with famine, roam,—raking the dust  
From mouldering bones? while from the skull, through which  
The moonlight streams, the noisy lapwing† flies,  
And flaps his hateful wings above the field  
Spread with funereal crosses—screaming shrill,  
As if to curse the light the holy stars  
Shed on neglected burial grounds? In vain  
Dost thou invoke upon thy poet's dust  
The sweet distilling dews of silent night.  
There spring no flowers on graves by human praise  
Or tears of love unhallowed!

“From the days  
When first the nuptial feast, and judgment seat,  
And altar, softened our untutored race,  
And taught to man his own and others' good,  
The living treasured from the bleaching storm,  
And savage brute, those sad and poor remains,  
By nature destined for a lofty fate.  
Then tombs became the witnesses of pride,  
And altars for the young:—thence gods invoked,  
Uttered their solemn answers; and the oath

\* The Prince Belgiojoso, severely satirized in Parini's poem of the  
“Day.”

† “L'upupa.”

Sworn on the father's dust was thrice revered.  
Hence the devotion, which, with various rites,  
The warmth of patriot virtue, kindred love,  
Transmits us through the countless lapse of years.

“Not in those times did stones sepulchral pave  
The temple floors—nor fumes of shrouded corpses,  
Mixed with the altar's incense, smite with fear  
The suppliant worshipper—nor cities frown,  
Ghastly with sculptured skeletons—while leaped  
Young mothers from their sleep in wild affright,  
Shielding their helpless babes with feeble arm,  
And listening for the groans of wandering ghosts,  
Imploring vainly from their impious heirs  
Their gold bought masses. But in living green,  
Cypress and stately cedar spread their shade  
O'er unforgotten graves, scattering in air  
Their grateful odours;—vases rich received  
The mourners' votive tears. There pious friends  
Enticed the day's pure beam to gild the gloom  
Of monuments—for man his dying eye  
Turns ever to the sun, and every breast  
Heaves its last sigh toward the departing light.  
There fountains flung aloft their silvery spray,  
Watering sweet amaranths and violets  
Upon the funeral sod; and he who came  
To commune with the dead, breathed fragrance round,  
Like bland airs wafted from Elysian fields.  
Sublime and fond illusion! this endears  
The rural burial place to British maids,  
Who wander there to mourn a mother lost,  
Or supplicate the hero's safe return,  
Who of its mast the hostile ship despoiled,  
To scoop from thence his own triumphal bier.\*

“Where slumbers the high thirst of glorious deeds,  
And wealth and fear are ministers to life,  
Unhallowed images of things unseen,  
And idle pomp, usurp the place of groves  
And mounds. The rich, the learned, the vulgar great,  
Italia's pride and ornament, may boast  
Enduring tombs in costly palaces,  
With their sole praise—ancestral names—inscribed.  
For us, my friends, be quiet couch prepared,  
Where fate for once may weary of his storms,  
And friendship gather from our urn no treasure  
Of sordid gold, but wealth of feeling warm,  
And models of free song.

“Yes—Pindemonte!  
The aspiring soul is fired to lofty deeds  
By great men's monuments—and they make fair  
And holy to the pilgrim's eye, the earth  
That has received their trust. When I behold

\* Nelson carried with him, sometime before his death, a coffin made from the main-mast of the *Orient*; that when he had finished his military career in this world, he might be buried in one of his trophies.



The spot where sleeps enshrined that noble genius,\*  
 Who humbling the proud sceptres of earth's kings,  
 Stripped thence the illusive wreaths, and showed the nations  
 What tears and blood defiled them—when I saw  
 His mausoleum, who upreared in Rome†  
 A new Olympus to the Deity—  
 And his,‡ who 'neath heaven's azure canopy  
 Saw worlds unnumbered roll, and suns unmoved  
 Irradiate countless systems—treading first  
 For Albion's son, who soared on wings sublime,  
 The shining pathways of the firmament—  
 Oh! blest art thou, Etruria's Queen! I cried—  
 For thy pure airs, so redolent of life,  
 And the fresh streams thy mountain summits pour  
 In homage at thy feet. In thy blue sky  
 The glad moon walks—and robes with silver light  
 Thy vintage smiling hills; and valleys fair,  
 Studded with domes and olive groves, send up  
 To heaven the incense of a thousand flowers.  
 Thou, Florence, first didst hear the song divine,  
 That cheered the Ghibelline's§ indignant flight.  
 And thou the kindred and sweet language gav'st  
 To him, the chosen of Calliope,||  
 Who Love with purest veil adorning, (Love,  
 That went unrobed in elder Greece and Rome),  
 Restored him to a heavenly Venus' lap.  
 Yet far more blest, that in thy fane repose  
 Italia's buried glories!—all perchance  
 She e'er may boast! Since o'er the barrier frail  
 Of Alpine rocks, the overwhelming tide of fate  
 Hath swept in mighty wreck her arms—her wealth—  
 Altars—and country—and save memory—all!

“Where from past fame springs hope of future deeds,  
 In daring minds, for Italy enslaved,  
 Draw we our auspices. Around these tombs,  
 In thought entranced, Alfieri wandered oft.  
 Indignant at his country, hither strayed  
 O'er Arno's desert plain, and looked abroad  
 With silent longing on the field and sky:  
 And when no living aspect soothed his grief,  
 Turned to the voiceless dead; while on his brow  
 There sat the paleness, with the hope of death.  
 With them he dwells forever; here his bones  
 Murmur a patriot's love. Oh, truly speaks  
 A god from his abode of pious rest!  
 The same which fired of old in Grecian bosoms,  
 Hatred of Persian foes at Marathon,  
 Where Athens consecrates her heroes gone.

“The mariner since, whose white sails woo the winds  
 Before Eubœa's isle, at deep midnight,  
 Hath seen the lightning flash of gleaming casques,  
 And swift encountering brands;—seen blazing pyres

\* Nicolo Machiavelli. † Michael Angelo. ‡ Galileo. § Dante.  
 || Petrarch was born in exile, of Florentine parents.

Roll forth their volumed vapours—phantom warriors,  
 Begirt with steel, and marching to the fight.  
 While on Night's silent ear, o'er distant shores, ,  
 From those far airy phalanxes, was borne  
 The clang of arms—and trumpet's hoarse response—  
 The tramp of rushing steeds, with hurrying hoofs,  
 Above the helmed dead—and mingling wild,  
 Wails of the dying—hymns of victory—  
 And high o'er all, the Fates' mysterious chant.\*

“Happy, my friend, who in thine early years,  
 Hast crossed the wide dominion of the winds!  
 If e'er the pilot steered thy wandering bark  
 Beyond the Egean Isles, thou heardst the shores  
 Of Hellespont resound with ancient deeds;  
 And the proud surge exult, that bore of old  
 Achilles' armour to Rhetœum's shore,  
 Where Ajax sleeps. To souls of generous mould,  
 Death righteously awards the meed of fame:  
 Not subtle wit, nor kingly favour gave  
 The perilous spoils to Ithaca—when waves,  
 Stirred to wild fury by infernal gods,  
 Rescued the treasures from the shipwrecked bark.

“For me, whom years and love of high renown,  
 Impel through far and various lands to roam,  
 The muses gently waking in my breast  
 Sad thoughts, bid me invoke the heroic dead.  
 They sit and guard the sepulchres;—and when  
 Time with cold wing sweeps tombs and fanes to ruin,  
 The gladdened desert echoes with their song,  
 And its loud harmony subdues the silence  
 Of noteless ages.

“Yet on Ilium's plain,  
 Where now the harvest waves, to pilgrim eyes  
 Devout, gleams star-like an eternal shrine.  
 Eternal for the nymph espoused by Jove,  
 Who gave her royal lord the son whence sprung  
 Troy's ancient city, and Assaracus,  
 The fifty sons of Priam's regal line,  
 And the wide empire of the Latin race.  
 She, listening to the Fate's resistless call,  
 That summon'd her from vital airs of earth,  
 To choirs Elysian, of Heaven's sire besought  
 One boon in dying.—‘Oh! if e'er to thee,’  
 She cried—‘this fading form, these locks were dear,  
 And the soft cares of love—since destiny  
 Denies me happier lot, guard thou at least  
 That thine Electra's fame in death survive!’  
 She prayed and died. Then shook the Thunderer's throne,  
 And bending in assent, the immortal head  
 Showered down ambrosia from celestial locks,  
 To sanctify her tomb—Erichon there  
 Reposes—there the dust of Ilus lies.  
 There Trojan matrons with dishevelled hair,

\* In allusion to a prevalent superstition.

Sought vainly to avert impending fate  
 From their doom'd lords. There too Cassandra stood,  
 Inspired with Deity, and told the ruin  
 That hung o'er Troy—and poured her wailing song  
 To solemn shades—and led the children forth—  
 And taught to youthful lips the fond lament.  
 Sighing she said—'If e'er the Gods permit  
 Your safe return from Greece, where, exiled slaves,  
 Your hands shall feed your haughty conqueror's steeds,  
 Your country ye will seek in vain! Yon walls,  
 By mighty Phœbus reared, shall cumber earth,  
 In smouldering ruins. Yet the Gods of Troy  
 Shall hold their dwelling in these tombs—Heaven grants  
 One proud last gift, in grief a deathless name.  
 Ye cypresses and palms! by princely hands  
 Of Priam's daughters planted! ye shall grow,  
 Watered, alas! by widows' tears! Guard ye  
 My slumbering fathers! He who shall withhold  
 The impious axe from your devoted trunks,  
 Shall feel less bitterly *his* stroke of grief,  
 And touch the shrine with not unworthy hand.  
 Guard ye my fathers! One day shall ye mark  
 A sightless wanderer 'mid your ancient shades.  
 Groping among your mounds, he shall embrace  
 The hallowed urns, and question of their trust.  
 Then shall the deep and caverned cells reply,  
 In hollow murmur, and give up the tale  
 Of Troy twice razed to earth, and twice rebuilt;  
 Shining in grandeur on the desert plain,  
 To make more lofty the last monument  
 Raised for the sons of Peleus. There the bard,  
 Soothing their restless ghosts with magic song,  
 A glorious immortality shall give  
 Those Grecian princes, in all lands renowned,  
 Which ancient ocean wraps in his embrace.  
 And thou too, Hector! shalt the meed receive  
 Of pitying tears, where'er the patriot's blood  
 Is prized or mourned—so long as yonder sun  
 Shall roll in heaven, and shine on human woes!''

The appearance of this poem elicited numerous imitations and comments. Pindemonte, to whom it is addressed, wrote a longer one in reply, in which he supports the arguments of his friend; but his zeal is tempered by the spirit of a milder philosophy, and by the influence of a high religious trust. In Verona, his native place, the offensive enactments were enforced with still greater severity than in Milan, the entrance to the cemetery being at all times rigorously barred from the living. To this unfeeling regulation he alludes;—then passing to the description of his visit to Sicily, mentions their singular vaults, where the bodies of the dead, arrayed in their wonted apparel, and preserved from decay, are visited by the bereaved relatives, who might almost fancy them yet tenants of the breathing world:

“There, when the falling of autumnal leaves  
Recals to mind each year, how brief and fleet  
Is human life, and bids us seek the tomb,  
To pour above the dead devoted tears,—  
Into those cloisters of the silent ones  
A pious band descend. Hung from above,  
Faint torches pierce the gloom—and eager friends  
Seek out amid the haggard forms, the wan  
And well-known visage of some cherished corpse.  
Son, friend, and brother—finds his brother, friend,  
And parent;—and the torches’ gleaming light  
So palely trembles on those silent features,  
It seems as if, forgetful of their doom,  
Their rigid fibres started into motion.”

He also takes an opportunity of expressing his admiration for the rural parks of England, and sighs for repose amid their shades, secure from the tempest of the world, and the encounter of hostile nations:

“No hostile axe there mars the jocund shade,  
Nor seeks in vain the bird returning there,  
His wonted haunt—nor baffled spring retreats,  
Missing from earth the long accustomed grove  
She came to robe in her fresh leaves again.  
\* \* \* Proud of his branching horns  
The stag bounds through the wood—his head anon  
Turning to gaze behind,—while o’er the lake  
The white swan sails, arching her queenly neck,  
And cleaves the shining wave.”

In a strain of playful rebuke, he censures Foscolo for his occasional obscurity, comparing his style to a river issuing from the lake of Geneva:

“Thus the pure stream, that from the sheeted lake  
Mirroring Helvetia’s hills, comes clear and blue—  
After brief journeying, hides its limped waters  
’Neath rugged rocks, and leaves upon its bank  
The sorrowing pilgrim who had bent his steps  
In fellowship. But soon his gladdened eye  
Beholds it spouting from the earth, to bless  
With its clear silvery chime the fields anew,  
And make the woods rejoice.”

It may be satisfactory to know that the publication of these poems was followed not only by the repeal of the obnoxious law, but also by a determination on the part of the government, to erect a pantheon at Milan for the monuments of celebrated men.

We must not here neglect to mention a living author, who has won a wide reputation in various departments of literature, not only through Italy, but through all Europe—Alessandro Manzoni. A small collection of his lyric poems is published in the same volume with his tragedies. His sacred hymns are elevated in their tone, and breathe the same spirit of devotion,

without the despondency, of the religious pieces of Filicaja. The ode on the fifth of May, the day on which Napoleon died at St. Helena, is replete with noble thoughts. It commences thus:

“He is no more!—as motionless  
 When the last mortal breath had sped—  
 Lay in its mute forgetfulness  
 The form whence soul so high was fled;  
 So the astonished earth the word  
 Of death in wondering silence heard.  
 In silence pondered on the hour  
 Which called from life that mighty one,  
 Who in his suffering and his power,  
 On earth stood proudly and alone;  
 And left, when numbered with the dead,  
 None in his blood-tracked path to tread.

“Him raised to empire o’er a world,  
 My silent muse disdained to adore;  
 And when from his high station hurled,  
 He fell, and rose to fall once more,  
 Though shouts of millions rent the air,  
 Her voice was never lifted there,  
 Unused in servile praise to bow,  
 Or coldly mock the captive’s gloom—  
 Roused from her long forbearance now,  
 To speak the imperial exile’s doom,  
 Above his urn she pours a lay  
 That shall not own oblivion’s sway.”

But the most celebrated effusion of Manzoni is the chorus contained in his tragedy of the Count of Carmagnuola, portraying, in thrilling language, the onset of opposing hosts, and their furious conflict. He dwells reproachfully upon the frantic pleasure which the inhabitants of Italy, thus torn by fraternal discord, take in celebrating the guilty victory:

“Around, exulting voices blend!  
 They deck the fanes—songs swell on high;  
 While from their murderous hearts ascend  
 Hymns hateful to the Deity.  
 Meanwhile from yonder Alpine height,  
 The stranger comes, with haughty tread;  
 Looks to the plain, and at the sight,  
 Smiles as he numbers o’er the dead.”

We are at a loss to discover the ground of the apprehension which has gone abroad, that poetical literature is on the decline in Italy, and that we are to look to her no more for minds like those in which she has been hitherto so fruitful. Is such an idea confirmed by what we have seen of her past history? More than five centuries have elapsed since the first creation of her literature, and from the earliest period of its existence, through changes of manners, taste, and government, through all

the revolutions that have agitated the land, and in spite of the innovations of foreign prejudice, Italy has maintained her literary rank, and produced a succession of names that rival in brightness those of any other nation. Her genius has been undepressed by misfortune, uncurbed by oppression, and uncorrupted by external influence. Notwithstanding the almost total absence of all reward of literary merit, save fame, and the poverty and suffering which seem to have been the destined birth-right of the votaries of her muse, no power has been sufficient to check their career, or extinguish that immortal flame which through the lapse of centuries has glowed with undiminished splendour. Are we justified in believing that the time has now arrived for its extinction? At the present day, when a more enlightened policy, growing out of increasing and free intercourse among the nations of the world, promises to afford relief to the political calamities of this lovely country, are we to be discouraged by a temporary pause in the progress of intellect, and deem that spirit quenched which heaven has created undying in the human breast? We will not listen to such gloomy apprehensions;—like Foscolo, we draw our omens “where from past fame springs hope of future deeds,” and will continue to look to the source which has already enriched the world, for new treasures of excellence. Italy, degraded from her ancient glory as a nation, is still destined to exert a distinguished and lasting sway in the empire of the mind;—her admirers will still rejoice in her continued and increasing claims to renown, and her oppressors venerate that intellectual superiority of which they can never deprive her.

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ART. III.—*Travels and Researches in Caffraria: describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that portion of Southern Africa, with Historical and Topographical Remarks illustrative of the State and Prospects of the British Settlement in its Borders, the Introduction of Christianity, and the Progress of Civilization.* By STEPHEN KAY, Corresponding Member of the South African Institution, established for investigating the Geography, Natural History, and General Resources of Southern Africa. Duodecimo. New York, 1834.

PEOPLE may rail as much as they please against missionaries, and Missionary Societies, but so long as we obtain, through their medium, interesting and important information of countries imperfectly known, and which, but for their zeal, might

have continued so for ages to come, the geographer and the naturalist will rejoice. When we consider the vast additions made to our knowledge by missionaries within the past twenty years; knowledge, too, not cursory, like that obtained from navigators, nor superficial, and often erroneous, like that from tourists, but such as may be relied on for its fulness and correctness; we are ready to acknowledge that, without taking into account the benefit of their labours to the heathen and uncivilized, they have rendered an essential service to society at large. We cannot now advert specially to many of their productions, but we shall be excused for mentioning those of Judson on Birmah, of Stewart and of Ellis on Polynesia, and the travels of Tyerman and Bennet to numerous missionary stations, as being all characterised by originality and utility. With respect to the interior of Southern Africa, to which district we are about to call the public attention, but little authentic information concerning it, since the days of Kolberg, and some of the early navigators, had been communicated, except by Mr. Barrow in his ponderous volume, till the missionaries commenced their labours, the result of which has been the respective accounts of Campbell, Lichtenstein, and Dr. Philip; and to these we may now add that which forms the subject of the present article.

About fifteen years ago, the attention of the English was so much directed to emigration—so many books were written on the subject, so many parliamentary speeches made,—that it became quite a *rage*. This was, no doubt, partly owing to the circumstance of the country's being at peace after a long and exciting war. When there remained no inducement to ardent young men to enter the army or the navy, and when thousands were turned loose on society to subsist, as they could, upon their half-pay, it was natural that many of them should imbibe the spirit of adventure in unsettled lands. Artful persons were not wanting at such a juncture to inflame the imaginations of restless spirits by glowing descriptions of the various colonial possessions of the British crown; and with so much success did they do this, that enthusiasm took the place of sober calculation, and men embarked, expecting to find El Dorados at the Cape of Good Hope and Botany Bay! Their subsequent feelings of disappointment may be supposed to have resembled those of the fallen angels in *Paradise Lost*, when they found that fruit tempting to the eye was to the taste like bitter ashes. For the greater number of the emigrants, however, there was no remedy but submission to their fate; and though their golden dreams have not been realized, they have secured a comfortable subsistence, and have aided in extending the boundaries of civilization, and in promoting the prosperity of their native country by increasing her commerce.



Amongst the projects formed at the time adverted to, one, not the least plausible, was the formation of a colony near Algra Bay; and so popular did it become, that about five thousand persons transported themselves thither. A considerable number of these being Methodists, they took with them a minister of religion, and laid the foundation of a village, which they named Salem, and which has ever since been considered by the sect to which they belonged as a missionary station. Other ministers have, from time to time, been sent to labour in the field of proselytism, and to one of these we are indebted for the volume now under review.

Mr. Kay begins his narrative in 1825, at the period of his departure from the English settlement, to proceed beyond the frontiers, with the view of introducing Christianity amongst the neighbouring heathens. Accompanied by a colleague and an interpreter, they made their first halting place on the bank of the Great Fish River, where a poor English soldier hospitably entertained them, and, though a Roman Catholic, joined in their devotions. A few days after, at the house of a chief, they began their mission by a religious conversation with some of the natives, who evinced considerable shrewdness; and when one put a question which appeared likely to puzzle his Christian opponent, the rest manifested their pleasure. The only one, however, of this sort, here recorded, was, "Why, as Satan tempts men to crime, did not God first convert *him*?"

"At the conclusion of this dialogue," says Mr. Kay, "the head man of the hamlet arose, and made an animated oration of some length, in opposition to the sceptical arguments of the one that had just sat down. He maintained that every thing around him, mountains, rivers, grass, cattle, and even his *ingubu*, 'beast-skin garment,' proved the truth of what had been said respecting the being of a God: that God had sent *abafundis* into the land, to teach its inhabitants; and that it was, therefore, their duty to receive and hear them. 'If even a child,' said he, 'were to call out to us, as we passed a *kloof*, (or bush,) and begin to tell us any thing respecting Jehovah, ought we not to stop and listen? How much more then, when white men come from a distant land, for this express purpose! The word of the missionaries,' added he, 'ought to be received without disputation;' and, addressing the man who had been contending with us, he observed: 'You admit that you know nothing; why then cavil at the great Word? These men you know to be much superior to you; they know more; and they come with God's Word in their hands!' All this was expressed with so much force and natural eloquence, that every one listened with the greatest attention, and soon afterward, quietly rising from their seats, walked off to their respective homes."

In an interview with another chief, the missionaries proposed to form an establishment within his territory. He said that his people were too bad to learn, and expressed his doubts of their sincerity in the proposal; however, on being assured that it was made with the intention of its being fulfilled, he said,—“You

can choose your own place, the land is before you." On this announcement, one of his principal counsellors harangued the company on the auspicious decision, congratulated them on the prospect of the good which would accrue to them, and urged the chief to provide befitting accommodation for the future resident. The next business of the missionaries was to wait on the chief's son, whose favour, as the destined inheritor of the patriarchal sway, it appeared desirable to secure. From him they received a friendly welcome; and on his being furnished officially with his father's decision, he accompanied them in search of a suitable locality. A spot being at length determined on, and named Mount Coke,—in remembrance, we suppose, of Wesley's friend, the missionary Coke,—they began their labours. During the first week, the rain falling heavily, and they being destitute of good shelter, their situation was uncomfortable; but when the weather cleared, the natives came readily to their assistance, and, in consequence, they were not long without a cottage. In the course of an exploratory journey, made soon after, some particulars took place, the account of which we shall transcribe in Mr. Kay's own words:

"The sharp and salubrious air that we here breathed rendered us all exceedingly hungry; and, after travelling some miles upon the heights, we fell in with a native who had just been taking a bees' nest. For a part of his spoil a price was offered, which he immediately accepted; and we made a meal of 'wild honey.' The sweetness of our repast, however, excited intense thirst, and made all glad to alight at the first brook we came to. Here an accident occurred which, at the moment, was somewhat alarming; and which, from the superstitious view that the party took of it, seemed likely to produce very serious results. My guide, who had not been much accustomed to riding on horseback, when getting off, fell to the ground, under the animal's belly; and the horse immediately raising his foot, trod upon and wounded him severely in a tender part. For some minutes his agony was extreme; and the blood flowed so copiously as to induce serious apprehensions in my own mind. He at length, however, recovered a little; and, the parts being bound up with certain leaves, the effusion was stayed until we arrived at one of the native huts, when a kind of embrocation was prescribed and used with considerable effect. I could not but observe one thing, which constituted an additional proof of the dreadful degree in which their minds are influenced by superstitious fear. Notwithstanding the excruciating pain under which the poor fellow was suffering, he would not move an inch from the spot until he had cleansed every stone, and erased from the ground all marks of blood. On my asking why he did this, I was informed that it was to prevent any one using his blood as a weapon against him!"

"The treatment we met with from the natives on this journey was, upon the whole, far better than we had anticipated, as the clans living along the base of the mountain are celebrated thieves and robbers, from whom the more peaceable tribes are continually suffering. On descending from the heights, we fell in with one or two companies of them; and fiercer looking fellows I never saw. Their savage air and extraordinarily rude manners were quite sufficient to unnerve the mind of a stranger. They were evidently capable of deeds the most horrid; so that we were glad to pre-

sent them with any thing they asked, to keep them in good humour; by this means we got past them without much molestation. The habitations of these banditti are, in most cases, so completely immured in the woods and ravines, that it would be extremely difficult to find many of them, and not a little dangerous to approach them by surprise."

Settled permanently in the country, Mr. Kay takes a survey of the inhabitants; the substance of his remarks shall, accordingly, be here given. The Caffer men surpass the women in beauty of form, being generally tall and well-proportioned, and muscular, and with few or no instances of deformity. Their complexion is nearly black; but their features have no affinity with those of the Negro nor of the Hottentot, but rather resemble those of the Caucasian races. The women are low in stature, and strong-limbed; but if not attractive in person, compensate for the deficiency by sprightliness and good-humour. Both sexes dress in skins hung loosely about them, though the men, in fine weather, are often seen nearly naked. They use a sort of sandals when journeying, but when at home, go barefooted as well as bareheaded. The women, however, wear head-dresses ornamented with various coloured beads, and in addition, bracelets, ear-drops, and necklaces, the number of trinkets indicating the rank of the wearer. Some of them occasionally rub their cheeks with ochre,—a good substitute for rouge, and rather more excusable in a savage than the latter is in a civilized being.—Fashion, the powerful ruler of the civilized, extends its influence even amongst these savages, a particular set of beads being at one time highly valued, and at another regarded as worthless. Their costume, however, appears to have remained unaltered for ages, yet that is now undergoing a change, in consequence of the settlement of missionaries amongst them, a few having adopted some of the articles worn by Europeans, and with that ludicrous effect which Stewart, the American missionary, describes in his account of the Sandwich Islands. The transition state must necessarily be accompanied by incongruities, but these will disappear as civilization gains the ascendancy, in the same manner as the violent proceedings of a people struggling for freedom, entirely cease when that freedom is established. At present, amongst the Caffer chiefs, the wings of cranes, the bones and teeth of animals, and the extremity of a cow's tail, are favourite ornaments, while the lobes of their ears are often extended, by boring, to what we should consider a frightful appearance,—so much for national peculiarities.

The Caffer villages, called by the Dutch, and after them by travellers, *kraals*, consist of a few huts, or rather hovels, formed in a rude style, and lined with a plaster of clay and cow-dung. The tops of these are rounded, and have neither chimney nor

window, the single opening which each has, serving the purpose of both, as well as of a door. The riches of the inhabitants consist not in houses and furniture,—for they appear to set little estimation on either,—nor in gold and silver, for they have not learned to use these as measures of value; but in their herds of cattle, the increase of which is a paramount object amongst them. Their principal article of diet is milk, which they take when it is converted into bonny-clabber, but seldom when fresh. Boiled corn is also a favourite article, their fingers serving them, when eating it, for spoons. Once in a while a Caffer kills a cow, and then all his neighbours come to partake with him; but they eat the flesh without salt or any other condiment. They seldom make more than one substantial meal in the day; spirituous liquors have lately been introduced among them, and threaten to be as productive of evil as they have been amongst the Indians in our own country. The bitterness of whiskey, which causes many persons to dislike it, is, perhaps, to a Caffer, its great recommendation, as, when he kills a beast, he eagerly swallows the contents of the gall-bladder!

Amongst the amusements of the Caffers, the most exciting appears to be that of hunting; a specimen of which is given in the following extract:

“On Saturday, the 6th of May, 1826, a numerous herd of elephants was discovered in the immediate vicinity of the station, which gave me an opportunity of witnessing the astonishing excitement produced by circumstances of this nature, and the manner in which they are accustomed to pursue those prodigious creatures. The signal was given by certain individuals, perched on the different highlands about, whose stentorian powers served as telegraphic mediums of intelligence, each responding to the shouts of the other. By this means an immense concourse of men and dogs were speedily assembled near the deep and bushy ravine, in which the animals had taken refuge. The clamour of the hunters and the howling of dogs, reverberated by the precipices, and echoing in the disturbed recesses, now became tremendous. Just after we arrived at the place, a circumstance occurred, which I cannot remember but with feelings the most grateful. One of the natives, from his elevated station, perceiving that I was standing in the track which some of the elephants were pursuing, instantly came to my help; and, with the utmost anxiety portrayed in his countenance, hurried me away from the spot. I was not fully aware of the danger until my sable friend had placed me beyond its reach. His kindness and the Providence of God were then abundantly manifest.

“The march of the herd to and fro in their umbrageous covert below, sounded not much unlike the rolling of immense stones, making every thing bend or break before them. The cracking of trees, and the falling of branches, together with the hideous screams of the wounded, furnished terrific proof of their fury, and of the havoc they were making. Three out of their numbers were at length brought to the ground, and several others severely speared. I was frequently constrained to tremble for the safety of the pursuers, while witnessing their fearless advances towards the huge and irritated victim, seeing that a slender lance constituted the whole of their armour. To see them in a state of perfect nudity, boldly proceeding

to within reach of one of these powerful brutes, which, by a single stroke of his proboscis might have laid them lifeless in the dust, could not but give rise to the most serious apprehensions.

“Although crowds be engaged in the chase on those occasions, the law enables the man who first pierces the elephant to claim both the honour and benefit of its death. The latter, however, is but small, as he only gets one of the tusks, the chief laying claim to the other; and custom requires him to furnish a cow or an ox for slaughter at the close of the chase, which is usually concluded with mirth and festivity. Of this feast no chief, I am told, is allowed to partake, because the elephant is considered to be of equal rank with the greatest of their chiefs.

“Their attack upon this noble quadruped is usually made from behind, in which position they are able for some time to elude the keen glance of his extraordinarily small eye; and sometimes even to hamstring him before he is aware of the approach of an assailant. His huge and unwieldy carcass, together with a disproportionately short neck, render him but ill able to turn quickly round upon his adversary. Of this the natives are fully aware, and advantageously avail themselves of his want of agility. When thus engaged in the act of killing him, it is not a little amusing, as well as singular, to hear them lauding the animal, and crying, ‘don’t kill us, great captain—don’t strike or tread upon us, mighty chief;’ while in the intervals between those different intreaties, they cast showers of spears into his tortured carcass. The instant he falls, all set up as loud a shout as their exhausted strength will enable them to raise. The tuft of hair on the extremity of the tail is then cut off and taken to the chief, who generally places it on a pole at the *isangue*, or entrance of his cattle-fold. It there hangs as one of the ensigns of royalty, and as a trophy of victory achieved by his subjects over the inhabitants of the forest. The extremities of the ear and proboscis are likewise cut off, and with much ceremony deposited in some secret place, where they are left to decay; no one daring to disturb them afterward. This being done, and the tusks extracted, the remains are left to be devoured by dogs, wolves, and vultures.”

All the attempts of Mr. Kay to persuade the natives to assist him in dissecting an elephant, were fruitless, as the proposal filled them with horror;—so potent is the influence of superstition. But let not civilized nations triumph over savages in this respect, for, though a few philosophers may be found, whose minds are emancipated from its thralldom, the mass of the people, even in the best educated countries, our own not excepted, are under its baneful sway. Whether, in the progress of civilization, it will ultimately be banished from the world, is a curious speculation, on which, to use Sir Roger de Coverley’s phrase, much may be said on both sides; but when we reflect that such men as Dr. Johnson, Lord Byron, and the Emperor Napoleon, were, at times, held spell-bound by their superstitious fears, we may safely conclude that such a result must, at all events, be very distant. The many-headed monster cannot be destroyed by the poison of infidelity, or by the nostrums of fanaticism; pure Christian education is the only remedy.

The superstition of the people was shown in another manner, in connexion with elephants. A herd of these animals passed, one night, within a short distance of the mission-house,

and on the following morning one of their young was discovered in a ravine by some boys, who offered to catch it, and bring it to the house, for a few beads. Mr. Kay having agreed to their proposal, they set off to execute it, but were deterred by the assurance of some old people, that the young one's dam would certainly know who it was that had done the deed, and would return in the night and kill them all!

Disputes which arise amongst the Caffers, are settled by the chiefs, who are both law-givers and judges. Their decisions, however, are governed by precedents. The chief crimes they are called on to punish, are theft, adultery, and murder, to which must be added sorcery, the belief in which is almost inseparable from combined ignorance and superstition. Murder is seldom punished by death, except the murdered person be a chief, the reason being, according to our author, that life is of little account, owing to the ignorance of the Caffers respecting the immortality of the soul. This philosophy is not satisfactory to us; since if men believe that human existence is not continued beyond the grave, they must, one would suppose, attach superior value to its possession here. Besides, if life is of so little account amongst them, how is it that they hesitate to inflict death on a murderer? If a Caffer were to maintain that Christians estimate property higher than life, since they put to death for robbery, and thus take away all from a man, who took only part from his neighbour, the position would, we suspect, be stoutly denied; and yet, probably it is as near the truth as that of Mr. Kay respecting the Caffers. Again, if the disregard of human life amongst them is owing to their ignorance of a future state, it may, we suppose, be maintained, that the destruction of millions in Christian warfare arises from knowledge of the gospel, by which the doctrine of immortality was established! Consideration of these deductions may evince the necessity of caution in judging of the motives of people concerning whom we know but little; lest, like the mass of mankind when viewing the course of the sun, we should conclude that that is real which, in fact, is only apparent.

Capital punishments amongst the Caffers are inflicted in four ways, viz: by stabbing, by stoning or beating with clubs, by burning, and by strangulation, the last one being that which occasions the least suffering. To these may be added, death by drowning, and by hurling from precipices, modes of punishment formerly in use, but now nearly obsolete.

"Their modes of torture," says Mr. Kay, "are various; and in some instances indescribably horrid: the very idea of them produces in one's mind a chilling sensation. Some cases I have seen, and of others I have heard; and many a time have I shuddered while witnessing their effects. These alone furnish proof sufficient that paganism is abhorrent in the ex-



treme. Beating with the *induku*, or club, until the offenders are almost lifeless, is a comparatively mild measure. They are more frequently bound down, and tormented by means of large black ants, with which their bodies are literally covered from head to foot. Those who are doomed to undergo this process are first pinioned to the ground at full length, and in such a manner as to render it utterly impossible for them to move hand or foot; the poisonous swarm is then let loose upon them, and their stinging powers purposely stimulated. The eyes, the ears, and even the tongue, are all made to feel the painful smart, for the insects are not unfrequently forced into the mouth. In this way many a poor female is put upon the rack, and afterward concealed in the lonely forest or cheerless dell until her wounded flesh is in some measure healed again.

“Roasting and branding come next in order, and constitute a fiery ordeal indeed. Posts are firmly fixed in the ground, at certain distances, and to these the culprit is tied with thongs, and with his arms and legs distended to the very uttermost. A fire is then made on each side of him, at his head also, and likewise at his feet. Here he broils, and when he seems likely to expire amid the encompassing flame, the fires are partly removed; but it is only to ‘shift the rack.’ Hot stones are now applied to the breast, the abdomen, the inner parts of the thighs, or to the soles of the feet, which are thus burnt until the sinews shrink, and parts of the muscular system are completely destroyed.”

Of their mode of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of accused persons, some idea may be formed from the following narrative:—The mission-house at Mount Coke having been robbed one night of various articles, a sorceress was consulted, notwithstanding the missionary's remonstrances against her agency. A body of men, headed by a young chief, having assembled, a dance took place, after which the old men who formed the tribunal, seated themselves apart from the rest. The sorceress then came forward, having several spears in her hand, and with three large artificial tufts of hair on her head. After performing various unseemly ceremonies, she charged two persons with the theft, their names—as she said, having been revealed to her in a dream. A dead silence now ensued, during which every eye was turned to one of the accused who was present, and who was already terror-struck. Suddenly he was sprung upon by a number of men, who stripped him of every thing he had, while in their eagerness to obtain his ornaments, they tore the lobes of his ears. He was then arraigned, being entirely naked, before the council, and would have been put to the torture but for the interposition of Mr. Kay. Although the accusation of the sorceress was not confirmed by any evidence, all the property of the two alleged criminals was immediately seized, and distributed amongst the chief and his followers, except one cow, which was left for the support of the man who had been before the council, and two cows which were sent to the mission-house. These, of course, Mr. Kay refused to take, and when he remonstrated with the young chief on the horrible course which had been pursued, he became fu-



rious. The two convicts having appealed to his father, and he being dissatisfied with the proceedings, the case was ordered to be adjudged afresh. On this occasion, the men formed themselves into a semi-circle, while a crowd of women behind made a low humming, and stamped their feet, the men occasionally joining in the chorus, and clattering their spears. Two or three hours having passed in this way, silence was at length proclaimed, and opportunity was given to the appellants to put any questions they thought proper. During an interval in the examination the sorceress advanced in front, and having stripped herself naked, she danced for a time, and then, with a dart in her hand, renewed her former accusation. Upon this, the accused urged her to prove what she had asserted, by fetching the stolen articles from their hiding-place. She in reply said,—“You have concealed them, and I order you to produce them.” The superstitious fears of the men now caused them to tremble exceedingly; however, the woman, attended by a considerable company, proceeded to their dwellings, which she ransacked. Not finding the lost goods, she plunged into a pool, and brought up with her something which her attendants supposed would afford the required demonstration. Accordingly they struck up a song in token of victory. “Such a terrific ditty,” says Mr. Kay, “I never before heard, nor could I have conceived it possible for the human voice to have produced notes so horrid. It verily seemed as if the infernal hosts were let loose, and as if a storm from the bottomless pit was just about to burst upon our heads.” How forcible does this language recall the description given by Scott in the *Lady of the Lake*, of a highland onset, and which, till we read the above, we had considered extravagant.

“At once there rose so wild a yell  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,  
Had pealed the banner cry of hell.”

No sooner were the yells and howlings of the sorceress and her troop heard, than silence pervaded the assembly, every one concluding that proof of the theft would be adduced. On arriving, the hag put into Mr. Kay's hands a piece of wire, and a pair of scissors, exclaiming with triumphant air,—“The first is your pocket-compass, which the vagabonds have converted into what you see; and the latter are the instruments which they stole from you!” The chiefs now appeared completely satisfied, and the woman, not suspecting that Mr. Kay would remain incredulous, demanded a reward for her services; so that when, instead of giving her something, he denounced her as an impostor, her eyes sparkled with rage, and the countenances of the chiefs indicated their astonishment at his presumption, as no

native would have dared to dispute her assertion. Mr. Kay was for some time apprehensive of personal violence; none, however, was offered. He then informed them that though some of the stolen articles were of great value, he freely forgave the depredators, whoever they might be; but, at the same time, he charged them to place no dependance on sorceresses, they being actuated by the hope of gain, in pursuance of which they would fabricate lies. Thus ended this Caffer trial; but though the guilt of the accused had not been substantiated, inasmuch as Mr. Kay would not admit that a bit of wire was a compass, they received back none of their personal ornaments, and only a part of their cattle.

Several similar cases are related by our author, illustrative of the evils arising from the practice of sorcery; but we shall spare the feelings of our readers, by omitting their recital. Suffice it to say, that they forcibly demonstrate the language of Scripture, as do various other practices in heathen lands:—"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Should these dark places become enlightened,—no matter by whose instrumentality,—there will be great cause for rejoicing at the success of missionary enterprize. He who can learn that his fellow-creatures, formerly prone to every debasement, have been raised into civilization and the exercise of Christian virtue, and yet can regard the change with suspicion or contempt, because those through whose labours it has been effected are not of his own sect, must be himself destitute of some of the best parts of the Christian character.

The Caffers have many customs similar to those of the ancient Israelites. They abstain from pork; they practice circumcision; they rank the touching of a corpse amongst defilements; they banish for a week from their society those who are under such defilement; they forsake the hut in which a man has died; they will not permit lepers to live with the rest of the community; and they consider a woman as impure for a certain period after child-birth. In all these particulars, as may be seen by a reference to Leviticus, they correspond with the Jews. It is probable, however, from their geographical position, that they were derived not from them, but from the Arabs. The word *Caffer*, it here may be noticed, is Arabic, and signifies *Infidel*, and does not appear to be adopted by the people to whom it is applied, they,—that is, those amongst whom Mr. Kay was placed,—being by him frequently styled *Amaxosæ*.

Amongst their superstitions may be mentioned their confidence in rain-makers, that is, in men, who, by mummeries, can procure rain. One of these fellows being sent for by a chief during a drought, Mr. Kay had an opportunity of witnessing his proceedings. Before he reached the settlement, he despatched a

harbinger to announce his approach, and to order the inhabitants to perform an ablution. This was of course attended to, and his arrival was welcomed by shouting and dancing; and a thunder-gust happening to take place on the same evening, the missionaries were taunted with their incredulity. But as the effects of this storm were very transient, he was again sent for. On this occasion the women were forbidden to dig or to plant, lest the clouds should be driven away! but they were ordered to gather certain roots for his use. When he arrived, he proceeded to the summits of the hills to kindle fires; but after trying all his expedients, and still no rain falling, he was obliged to frame excuses to pacify the disappointed people. These were, first, that they had not paid him enough; secondly, that they had amongst them strange prophets,—meaning, of course, the missionaries;—and thirdly, that the black beard of the white man settled there, had frightened the clouds away! Another of these men, on another occasion, ascribed the defeat of his incantations to the erection of European houses, which had had the same effect, as, according to the former rain-maker, had resulted from the white man's beard. But it so happened, that at the very time he was urging excuses for his failure, rain was falling upon those very houses; a circumstance which, when it became known, detracted from his reputation as a soothsayer.

As our readers may like to have a specimen of travelling adventures amongst these people, we extract the following paragraphs:

“During our stay at Mashow, my perambulations led me into different parts of the town; and I could not but admire the superior cleanliness, taste, and genius of the people. In their domestic economy, as well as in the structure of their dwellings, they are greatly in advance of the more southern tribes. In one of the lower cantons I met with an albino, whose appearance and skeleton-like form were ghastly beyond description. Her eyes were perfectly red, and her hair of a sandy complexion, but curly, like that of the natives in general. Her parents were both quite black; and the father informed me, that he had a son likewise whose colour (white) and complexion were exactly similar, excepting in the eyes. She was evidently an object of great contempt among all around; and so completely neglected that she was literally perishing for want of food. One of my native guides offered to take her home with him; to which the parents unhesitatingly consented, on condition that he would present them with a sheep. This was done; and the poor girl, finding that she was likely to be much better fed, evinced as little regret in leaving them, as they did in parting with her.

“Early the following morning all were actively engaged in warlike preparations; and about ten o'clock A. M., the sable troops commenced their march with the two young chieftains and the Morolong king at their head. The latter proceeded on foot, as did the whole of his warriors, without any other provision for the journey than what might be borne in the hand. Having to travel in the same direction, I was enabled to observe all their movements; and when the whole army had come together, the scene was at once novel and imposing. Our route lay over a fine tract

of country thickly studded with clumps of trees of the *accacia giraffe* species, which rendered the aspect highly picturesque.

“In the left hand each warrior bore his shield and spears; and in the right a battle-axe; which with the bow and quiver (full of poisoned arrows) constituted the panoply entire. Round his loins was worn a peculiar kind of girdle; on the head a tuft of white hair, or a plume of ostrich feathers; and on the feet a pair of leathern sandals, which completed his costume. All being dependent upon the chase for food, no kind of game whatever made its appearance without producing a simultaneous shout; upon which every one bounded across the plains with the lightness and celerity of a hart; so that the panting and closely-pursued victim was speedily brought to the ground. It was then unceremoniously quartered, and borne away on the backs of pack oxen; a number of which were driven along by followers of the army for this purpose expressly.

“We had not journeyed many hours before one of the Hottentots shot a rhinoceros, from which an abundant supply of meat for many days was expected. No sooner, however, did the huge animal drop, than a band of the hungry warriors, like so many eagles, gathered round it. Every one threw aside his mantle; and in a state of perfect nudity began butchering for himself, conceiving that he was fully entitled to every piece he might be able to cut off; consequently very few minutes elapsed before this prodigious creature was completely dissected, and nothing but bones and dung left upon the spot. Such a scramble I never before witnessed; all wrought, as if for life, until the very last bit had been carried off. The moment the slaughter commenced, large fires were kindled, and steak upon steak thrown upon them, while the flesh still quivered with life. In their eagerness to secure as large a portion as possible, several received severe wounds from the spears of their fellows; but for all this, the prey obtained in the scuffle seemed to be considered a sufficient compensation.

“They now prepared for encampment and a feast; their companions in advance, and the object of their expedition, were alike forgotten. The meat was all hung up in trees, numbers of which were decorated with slices of no ordinary size. Some went out in search of fuel, while others cut down branches, and erected small circular enclosures, which served as their lodging-places for the night. In each of these were gathered together ten, fifteen, or twenty individuals, who, after allaying the cravings of hunger, lay down to sleep, without indulging a thought beyond the moment: their darkly shrouded figures formed the radii to a circle whose centre was the fire. And although conscious that they were surrounded by beasts of prey, to which their stores of meat would naturally form an attractive bait, no one deemed it necessary to keep watch at all: wolves howled, and the lion repeatedly roared, but all seemed to enjoy their slumbers undisturbed.”

On the following day, as they were fording a rivulet, six lions suddenly issued from the reeds on the bank, within a few yards of them, but happily did them no harm. On another occasion, as they were crossing a plain by night, they were alarmed by hearing the roar of a lion, which appeared to be near, but they prevented his approach by the discharge of a volley of musketry. When they reached a village they generally met with a good reception, and found houses kept clean and neat, while the utensils and weapons had been formed with so much skill, that they would not have discredited the artisans of a civilized community.

Mr. Kay was visited early one morning by a chief's son,

who informed him that he was come on special business. The Boquains, he said, had defeated his tribe, his uncle and his warriors were prisoners, and he was come, in consequence, to solicit the aid of the white man. Mr. Kay informed him that he was a messenger of the gospel of peace, and that he neither would nor could take part in their quarrels; an announcement which disappointed the young chief, who immediately withdrew. In the evening Mr. Kay found that the tribe had, indeed, been defeated, but that the account of the capture of the warriors was entirely false, and that it had been fabricated solely with the view of enlisting his services on their side. At the war-council which took place he was present;—the chief having seated himself at the foot of a tree, his warriors arranged themselves in rows before him, each having his spear and shield at his side. The principal men began the discussion, by alleging as the cause of their discomfiture the cowardice of the young men; on which one of the latter repelled the charge with indignation, and declared that their commanders had acted no better than if they were so many old women! At length a servant brought some boiled corn, on which they regaled themselves, and some of it being offered to Mr. Kay, he partook with them, a circumstance which so delighted them that they burst into acclamation,—“the white man is our friend! the white man is our friend!” What was the result of the council, he does not inform us; all that we learn is, that the chief sent him in the evening a bowl of pounded corn and curdled milk, with an apology for being unable to offer any thing better to the white stranger; that afterwards he sent him some beer, and soon came himself; that then Mr. Kay explained to him the object of his mission, to which he listened attentively, and that the interview ended by his remarking,—“Good are the words of the white man: unto us a teacher might be a pillar of rest.” During the night Mr. Kay was so much disturbed by sounds of lamentation, that he resolved to ascertain the cause; on looking over a hedge he saw a group of females, who were, as he found, lamenting the loss of their relatives slain in the battle. Their melancholy howlings, as he terms them, were, we may suppose, similar to those practised in various parts of Asia, and to which there are various references in Scripture; and similar also to those which still prevail in Munster and Connaught, the lapse of many centuries not having sufficed to remove from the Irish, customs derived from their oriental ancestry; customs, indeed, which they have brought with them into this country; but which, though occasionally practised, will soon here sink into disuse, owing to the circumstance of their being blended with another race, whose habits will finally predominate.

We shall now furnish a specimen of the manner in which

the missionaries conduct worship amongst the natives. The following is Mr. Kay's account of what took place on a Sabbath-day, after he and his fellows had been a considerable time settled in the territory of Hinza, who had permitted them to instruct his people:

"According to his promise yesterday afternoon, the king attended divine service to-day, accompanied by several of his warriors; but it was evidently an irksome task both to him and them. He evinced considerable uneasiness while the commandments were read, and more especially when I came to the sixth, seventh, and tenth, which strike at the very root of many of their abominable practices. To him prayer was manifestly a strange work; and, like that of most of the noble and mighty of other lands, his spirit was too haughty to admit of his bending the knee before God. Hence he kept his seat, although almost all around him knelt. Such indifference in him is not indeed very surprising, seeing that he is utterly ignorant of the Divine Majesty; but what shall we say of those who have the revelation of truth in their hands, who have been in the habit of attending a place of worship from their infancy, and who nevertheless constantly approach the Most High in a manner equally irreverent and heathenish!

"The appearance of our Sabbath-day congregations is both novel and interesting. With the exception of a few individuals who have obtained European apparel, all appear in their native costume. Upon entering the chapel, however, every one wraps his mantle closely round him, so as to appear as decent as possible. The men take their places on one side of the room, and the women on the other, while the children fill up the aisles and spaces between. All being seated, either upon low benches, or mats laid on the floor, we usually commence with a hymn, every two lines of which the whole congregation repeats after the preacher, previously to their being sung. The words being thus impressed upon their minds, the majority soon become able to repeat the whole from memory; and this delightful part of the service is rendered still more so by the sight of old men and children endeavouring to join in the sacred song. All eyes are upon us, and every one strives to imitate the movements of our lips."

The attempt which the missionaries had made to translate special parts of the sacred volume into the Caffer language, manifests, in our judgment, more zeal than discretion. According to our author, their plan has been to translate a passage from the English version into "barbarous Dutch," and then to express it in the Caffer language, as dictated by an ignorant interpreter. Till some better method than this is adopted, many persons will distrust the benefit of the translation, since it is probable that error or nonsense will take the place of truth. However this may be, many converts having been made amongst the Caffers, and considerable inquiry excited amongst the people generally, the period is, probably, not far distant, when Christianity, in some shape or other, will be openly professed by the whole nation. A translation of the Bible may then be undertaken with a better prospect of fidelity, as the children of the missionaries who will have learned the native language, or the Caffer children who have been instructed in English, will be exempt from the inconvenience now experienced by the



missionaries. There is, however, great danger that the children born in Caffraria, instead of embracing the morality of the gospel, will slide into the impurities of paganism; not, indeed, in worshipping stocks and stones, as the instruction and example of their parents will preserve them from that, but in those brutal sensualities to which man in an uncivilized land is so prone.

"In our own enlightened land," says Mr. Kay, "the tide of corrupt passion is stemmed, and great moral achievements facilitated by established laws, by ancient institutions, and by universal usages; by the force of Christian education, national example, a gospel ministry, and the power of faithful prayer. But not so in the regions of paganism. There public example is heathenish, and heathenish only; lust and vice are almost wholly uncontrolled, virtue has no support, the very atmosphere itself seems as if dense with moral evil, and the powers of darkness hold undisturbed dominion. In such a situation, therefore, without the counsel of Christian friends, the warnings of a Christian minister, or the salutary influence of Christian ordinances, men soon become deaf to the checks of better principles. Fancied insult arouses revengeful feelings, unrestrained passions speedily generate incredible licentiousness, while avarice and self-interest prompt to acts the most iniquitous."

Such results may alarm the missionary for the future condition of his offspring; but as there is now a considerable influx of English emigrants to the various settlements in South Africa; as schools are established; as agriculture is every where extending; as commerce is tutoring the native to a rude sort of civilization; as judicial tribunals conducted conformably to English jurisprudence are manifesting to him that disputes may be settled without bloodshed; and as some of the principles of Christianity are superseding the superstitions and abominations of paganism, we are inclined to view the prospect with feelings correspondent to those of the traveller, who finds, on the dispersion of the fog by the rising sun, that what he had supposed to be dark caves and tremendous precipices, are wood-covered hills, and verdant valleys, capable of being made the abodes of intelligence, humanity, and love.

The following passages, illustrative of the effects of Christianity, are, in reference to this subject, not a little consoling:

"After preaching, I went out to see their different gardens and corn lands; from which it was quite evident that they were far in advance of those whom I had left. Their situation, however, was much more advantageous, the soil being of a superior description, and more likely to prove productive than that upon which their neighbours were placed. In several places enclosures had been made, and both wheat and barley sown, as had peas and potatoes in considerable quantities. The greater part of this division formerly resided near Bavian's River, and among the Scotch emigrants, who had often employed them in various ways, and afforded them much useful instruction. Several were able to read the Scriptures, and one or two could write likewise. Their stock of sheep and cattle was very considerable; and little doubt can be entertained of their ultimate



prosperity. There were few among them but what had entirely cast off the sheep-skin garb of the Hottentot; and at divine service the greater part of them, male as well as female, were decently and respectably clad in European apparel. Several couples that had long lived together as man and wife, according to general custom, expressed an earnest desire to have their matrimonial union honourably and legally solemnized: there did not appear to be more than one or two instances of polygamy in the whole hamlet.

“In a fine valley on the left of the river, a few miles farther up, I found a still larger company, composed principally of persons from Bethelsdorp. A considerable number of them having been taught and trained up in that institution (belonging to the London Missionary Society) were able both to read and write, and were actively engaged in promoting the best interests of the rising generation among them. The establishment of a school had constituted a matter of paramount importance in their new situation. As they had but recently arrived on the spot, comparatively little had been done, besides the erection of a few temporary houses: the smith, however, was preparing his forge; and the plough had already been at work. Several large plots of ground had been turned up, in which various kinds of seed, supplied by his excellency, the governor, Sir Lowry Cole, had been sown.

“The following Sabbath I preached at Balfour, at which place all the different parties assembled together. A more interesting sight I scarcely ever witnessed. Four-fifths of the congregation were remarkably clean, and decently dressed; and every one evinced a seriousness and decorum which rendered the services at once solemn and delightful. Two things may, I think, be confidently affirmed concerning this settlement, without fear of contradiction: 1. That those parts of it wherein religious truths are most influential exhibit by far the largest share of industry, and the best prospects of ultimate prosperity; and, 2. That the most intelligent, useful, and promising part of its inhabitants are those that have migrated from the different mission stations. Hence from this class has been selected the veldcornets, or overseers and constables, &c., on most of the different locations, and along with these likewise the settlement has obtained the principal of its stock of cattle, sheep, and horses, together with the chief of its agricultural implements, ploughs, spades, and hoes, &c. From one station alone went forth no less than eighteen ploughs, nineteen or twenty wagons, and several hundred head of horned cattle, which the people by industry and economy had acquired on that station.”

The book from which these extracts are made is badly written, being immethodical and deficient in sustaining the reader's continued attention. The author, however, shows a commendable zeal for the interests, temporal and spiritual, of the poor Africans; and by his description of their present degraded condition, he is likely to increase the sympathy, already great, of his countrymen to a race undoubtedly capable of being raised to the level of many others, at present much above them. Many persons, as if in fulfilment of prophecy, are, at the present day, running to and fro, so that knowledge is every where increasing. Who, then, can fail to anticipate the day when the sublime truths of our holy religion will be extended from pole to pole; when nations, hitherto estranged, will meet as brothers; when war will no more afflict and desolate mankind; but when the benign principles of the gospel will have renovated

the earth to such a degree, as to lead to the verification of the enraptured visions of the good concerning the millennium!

We conclude this article by copying a piece of poetry written by Mr. Thomas Pringle, who is, we think, a Scotch settler in South Africa, because it exhibits such a view of nature as has rarely been exhibited by a poet, and because it will furnish our readers with a better idea of the country in a small compass, than could be obtained from any other author with whose works we are acquainted:

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.  
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;  
And the proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;  
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;  
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood and folly,  
Dispose me to musing, and dark melancholy;  
When the bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh;—  
O, then there is freedom and joy and pride,  
Afar in the desert alone to ride!  
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
And to bound away with a herald's speed.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side—  
Away, away from the dwellings of men,  
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;  
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;  
Where the gnou, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;  
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline  
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;  
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;  
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;  
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the vley, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry  
Of the spring-bok's fawn sounds plaintively;  
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;  
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;  
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,  
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;  
And the grisly wolf and the shrieking jackal  
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;  
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,  
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side—  
Away, away in the wilderness vast,  
Where the white man's foot before never passed,

And the restless Coranna or Bechuan  
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;  
 A region of emptiness howling and drear,  
 Which man hath abandoned through famine and fear;  
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
 And the bat flitting forth from his cleft in the stone;  
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;  
 And the bitter melon for food and drink,  
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;  
 A region of drought, where no river glides,  
 Nor rippling brook with oziered sides.  
 No reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,  
 Nor rock, nor tree, nor misty mountain,  
 Are found, to refresh the wearied eye;  
 But the barren earth, and a burning sky,  
 And the blank horizon round and round,  
 Without a living sight or sound,  
 Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,  
 That this at length—**IS SOLITUDE!**

“ And here, while the night-winds around me sigh,  
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
 As I set apart by the desert stone,  
 Like Elijah at Sinai's cave alone,  
 And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand  
 That spread the heavens and heaved the land,  
 A ‘still small voice’ comes through the wild  
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
 Saying, ‘**MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR.**’ ”\*

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**ART. IV.—***The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley, now first collected, with notes.* By the late **WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.**; and additional notes, and some account of *Shirley and his writings.* By the **REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.**

It is not our intention, in the following pages, to enter into any details of the life of Shirley, or offer an elaborate essay on his general character as a dramatist. In reference to those matters, the review of the above work in a recent number of the *London Quarterly*, with which most of our readers are doubtless acquainted, has accomplished all that can be wished. Our object is to furnish a sequel, as it were, to that article, by giving a regular account of as many of the compositions contained in the volumes before us, as we may be able to notice within our limits, and transferring those portions of them to our pages which convey the best idea of their diversified excellence.

\* “Fear thou not, for I am with thee.”

The first two of the Plays, "*Love's Tricks*" and "*The Maid's Revenge*," may be passed by without injury to the fame of their author, although they are by no means destitute of passages which manifest his genius. These are not, however, sufficiently frequent to counterbalance the flagrant sins against good sense and good taste, with which they abound. The second one, especially, is reprehensible, in a high degree, for its extravagance and grossness; and some surprise is naturally felt on perusing it, that a *Reverend* personage should have been the instrument of ushering it into public notice. This remark, indeed, may be extended to the editorship of the whole. Few, if any, of the pieces contained in these volumes, are such as may be considered to be perfectly in keeping with the clerical gown. Though undoubtedly much less obnoxious to censure on the score of violation of the laws of decency than the productions of any, we might say, of the old dramatic authors, they are yet often polluted with expressions and incidents to which even a layman might well refuse the sanction of his authority by superintending their passage through the press. It is proper, however, to observe, that notwithstanding their frequent indecency, they in no instance do harm to the cause of good morals by their general drift. On the contrary, their end is always to render vice more hideous, and virtue more attractive, and if the means employed for the purpose are, at times, of an objectionable nature, it is, perhaps, more the fault of the age in which the author lived, than his own. Shirley had evidently a pure and elevated perception of moral beauty, though he may not have possessed the delicate notion of *bienséance* of a more refined epoch.

The title of the third play, "*The Brothers*," suggested at first the idea of a couple of worthies of the species of *Etheocles* and *Polynices*, who would cause the reader to shudder full of horrors, and prompt him eventually to anathematize them in the words of Statius addressed to those ferocious personages—*ite truces animæ, et cunctas Erebi consumite pœnas*. Fraternal hatred, since the time of Cain and Abel, seems to be generally deemed a much more pregnant theme than fraternal love. We were delighted, therefore, when we discovered that the heroes of the piece in question are perfect models of the latter—that instead of being counterparts of the *frères ennemis*, they are deserving of immortality as the *frères amis*. Even the transfer of his inheritance from the elder to the younger, by an angry father, engenders no quarrel, until a suspicion infuses itself into the mind of the former that the other has been guilty of underhand practices, which proving to be wrong, they become as good friends as before. The plot is sufficiently involved for the most zealous antagonist of the unities—a circumstance which, however agreeable to the reader, who loves to

follow the unravelling of an intricate story, is not quite so delightful for the critic, whose duty obliges him to subject it to an analysis. We confess we would much rather give an abstract of a French or Italian drama, written according to the starch rules of theatrical composition, than of a production of the Spanish or old English stage, with its plot within plot, and its diversity of characters, who have often little or no connection with each other. There is not, it is true, any confusion in the comedy under notice, reckless as is its author of the precepts of Aristotle. The treble intrigue is managed with such admirable skill as to impart to the whole an aspect of perfect congruity and completeness, and render the interest progressive to the end; the different personages have a proper bearing upon one another, and the denouement, although somewhat improbable in one of the incidents, is well brought about. No one of the *dramatis personæ* is very powerfully drawn, but they are all adequate to their functions. This, it may be remarked, is one of Shirley's characteristics. He has created few of those beings, who, like the offspring of the genius of Shakspeare and of Scott, leave an impression upon the mind, which causes them to be regarded as persons whom we have seen and known, and invests the scenes of their actions with all the interest attached to those of the deeds of real worthies. His merit consists rather in the general adaptation of his characters, in the effect of the conduct of all, than in the pre-eminent excellence of any particular one. He never seems, like the dramatists of the present day, to write exclusively for a favourite actor, to enable him to exhibit to the best advantage; making the whole weight of the piece rest, as it were, upon the shoulders of a single individual, and bringing the hero out into the strongest relief, by throwing the subordinate parts into the shade. These are all laboured in their due proportion, so that it would require a much more effective company of performers in the aggregate, to do justice to his pieces, or, in fact, to those of any of the elder dramatists, than can easily be found in this age of *starring*, when it is almost martyrdom to witness the representation of a play well concocted in all its parts. If Richard has a representative worthy of himself, let Richmond and the rest of them do as well as they may. The worse they are off, the better pleased is the crooked-back tyrant on account of the foils which they make.

The two brothers, Fernando and Francesco, the heroes of the comedy, are the sons of Don Ramyres, a wealthy old Spanish hidalgo, who is anxious that the eldest, his heir, should marry Jacinta, the daughter of his friend, Don Carlos. The latter, on his side, is equally desirous of the match, being a personage whose soul, in the language of the author, is made of atoms, "it places so much happiness in dust." But it so happens,

unfortunately, in order that the course of true love may not run smoother in this case than most others, that Francisco, the younger, has already won the affections of the maiden, whilst Fernando has been smitten with the charms of Felisarda, the poor niece of Don Carlos, as he beheld her for the first time at her devotions in church—an incident which he describes to his brother in the following most exquisite verses:

“*Fer.* I'll deliver thee a secret:  
I was at Saint Sebastian's last Sunday,  
At vespers.

“*Fran.* Is it a secret that you went to church?  
You need not blush to tell it your ghostly father.

“*Fer.* I prithee leave thy impertinence; there I saw  
So sweet a face, so harmless, so intent  
Upon her prayers, it frosted my devotion  
To gaze on her, till by degrees I took  
Her fair idea through my covetous eye,  
Into my heart, and know not how to ease  
It since of the impression.

“*Fran.* So! proceed.

“*Fer.* Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,  
Which suddenly took birth, but, overweighed  
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,  
Which, by reflection of her light, appeared  
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament;  
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw  
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,  
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief,  
And with it many beams twisted themselves,  
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk  
To and again from heaven.”

To involve the matter still more, Don Carlos, before receiving the proposition of Don Ramyres, had given his permission to Alberto—a friend of his profligate son Luys, to whom this worthy had promised the hand of his sister, in payment of large sums of money for which he is indebted to him—to pay court to Jacinta. True, however, to his maxim, that “fame is an empty noise, virtue a word there's not a Jew will lend two ducats on,” he gives Alberto his *congé*, the heir of Don Ramyres being a much wealthier match. Fernando at first pretends to comply with the wishes of his father, but at length reveals to him his real passion:

“There is no beauty or estate compared  
To that resulteth from the soul: I dare  
Now ope this narrow closet, and present  
The name I love above the world; it is,  
Sir, Felisarda, equal in her blood,  
Within whose virtuous poverty  
More treasures are contained, than in those veins  
Of earth, which, opened by our slaves, do bleed  
Such floods of gold into the lap of Spain.”

In a fit of anger, Don Ramyres curses and disinherits him, makes Francisco his heir, and soon afterwards Fernando is informed that he has died from the effect of his indignation, having, however, previously retracted his malediction—a piece of news which is more welcome to the poor son than would have been that of his restoration to his inheritance.

In the mean while another aspirant to the favour of Jacinta appears in the person of Don Pedro, a noble of distinguished rank and affluence. These attractions, of course, are irresistible in the eyes of Don Carlos, and the maiden is again commanded to attire herself in all her charms, to secure the glittering prize. To this she naturally objects, that “the world will censure strangely, if she throws off Fernando, but now entertained by his command,”—but the prudent parent closes her mouth with a sage reply:

“The world will praise thy wisdom, and my care;  
Or, if some giddy tongues condemn what’s good,  
Must we be servile to that fear, and lose  
That which will make us judges of their folly,  
And damn it with a frown of state? ‘They’re fools  
That doat upon those shadows, idle talk,  
The slime of earth-worms, that doth shine to cozen  
Infants! ’tis fit we raise our thoughts to substances.”

Don Pedro, however, is contracted to Donna Estafania, a widow lady, who now presents herself upon the scene to extricate the lovers from their difficulties. To revenge herself upon her faithless swain, she dresses in the clothes of Jacinta, and assumes her place in the vehicle which is to carry the bride to church, whilst the latter elopes with Francisco, and is married according to her wishes. The intention of the forsaken dame is to go to the altar with Don Pedro, and there unveiling herself, to tax him with his falsity; but the carriage is attacked by Alberto and Luys, and she is carried off, under the supposition that it is Jacinta. On discovering the mistake, Alberto is at first rather out of humour, nor is the lady very well pleased at having her plans thus frustrated, until, after some conversation, finding each other quite agreeable, they determine to take the goods which the gods have provided them and become man and wife. At the same time Don Ramyres again appears, having only feigned death to “advance his younger son to a marriage with Jacinta,” and try the piety of his eldest and the virtue of Felisarda. These having been found “worthy of his acceptance,” he marries the happy couple, restores Fernando to his birth-right, and gives a portion to Francisco, which reconciles Don Carlos, in a measure, to what cannot be remedied.

Although the names of the personages are Spanish, it must be confessed that this is their only claim to be considered na-



tives of Spain. *Voilà des Turques bien Françaises*, said Voltaire of Racine's Mahometans; and in the same way we might style Shirley's Spaniards "very English." The story, indeed, is of the description which is most popular on the Spanish stage, and it was probably for this reason that the author *castilianized*, if we may coin a word, the appellations of his characters, to produce an apparent congruity. The one which makes the strongest impression is the gentle Felisarda. She is a sweet picture of a meek, confiding, affectionate creature, bearing her sorrows with un murmuring resignation, and even rejoicing in the loss of her lover's wealth, which enables her to prove the purity of her attachment.

"It is not worth my grief to be assured  
That this will bring me nearer now to him  
Whom I most honour of the world; and 'tis  
My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,  
That I can boast my heart as high, and rich,  
With noble flame, and every way your equal;  
And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,  
I can deserve you now, and love you more  
Than when your expectation carried all  
The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it."

There is something, also, beautifully pathetic in Fernando's anguish at having offended one who had been "so kind a father," and his joy at hearing that the latter had been prevailed upon by his confessor to withdraw his curse and bestow on him his blessing, which renders him insensible to the privation of fortune; whilst his constancy and elevation of soul are finely developed in his noble rejection of the advice of his brother to abandon his mistress, before he is led to believe that Don Ramyres is dead; and then, when the sad event is supposed to have taken place, separating himself from her rather than wed her to his poverty. His answer to the counsel of Francisco, who had urged it on the ground that "his love was young, and had no time for growth," deserves to be extracted. It is a splendid piece of poetical declamation, and furnishes an admirable specimen of Shirley's exquisite richness and beauty of expression and fervour of fancy.

"Do not wound me.  
'Tis false, by Love itself! thou hast deserv'd  
I should forget thee now; dost thou consider  
Love (that doth make all harmony in our soul,  
And seated in that noblest place of life,  
The heart,) with things that are the slaves of time,  
And that, like common seeds, thrown into earth,  
It must have leisure to corrupt, and after  
Much expectation, rise to name and vigour?  
Love is not like the child that grows, and gets  
By slow degrees perfection; but created,

Like the first man, at full strength the first minute,  
 It makes a noble choice, and gains from time  
 To be called only constant, not increased.  
 Preserve thy own affections, and think mine  
 Noble as they, I shall suspect thy love  
 To me else.

“The Witty Fair One,” is a comedy full of spirit, though with the capital defect of two plots of almost equal importance, which have no connection whatever. Each of them, moreover, is favoured with a heroine who may lay claim to the appellation which gives its title to the piece; and on this account we are rather inclined to believe that the original name was “The Witty Fair Ones,” in the plural. Violetta is the daughter of Sir George Richley, “a man,” as described by his brother,

“Who, though he write  
 Himself but knight, keeps a warm house in the country  
 Amongst his tenants; takes no lordly pride  
 To travel with a footman and a page  
 To London; humbly rides in the old fashion,  
 With half a dozen wholesome liveries,  
 To whom he gives christian wages, and not countenance  
 Alone to live on; can spend by the year  
 Eight hundred pounds, and put up five, sleeps quietly  
 Without dreaming on mortgages or statutes,  
 Or such like curses on his land; can number,  
 May-be, ten thousand pound in ready coin  
 Of his own, yet never bought an office for’t;  
 Has plate, no question, and jewels too,  
 In his old lady’s cabinet, beside  
 Other things worth an inventory;”

a picture which may be deemed a faithful portrait of the substantial country gentleman of the day. The other lady, Penelope, is the daughter of Worthy, Sir George’s brother, and if general vivacity were to decide the question as to the appellation, it would be undoubtedly settled in her favour; but we suppose that Violetta is the principal personage, from the circumstance of her having the majority of lovers, and outwitting Mr. Brains, a cunning varlet of a servant, whom her father had commissioned to keep watch on her movements, to prevent her from marrying any one else than a foolish knight, Sir Nicholas Treedle, to whom he had affianced her on account of his pelf. She, however, has been captivated by the respectful love of Aimwell, a modest and otherwise distinguished person, who at first despondingly accuses his stars of being

“Too ungentle  
 To point her out the mistress of his thoughts,  
 Who is so much, like them, above the hope  
 Of ever climbing to;”

a sentiment, by the way, that might create the suspicion he

was conversant with the exquisite reflections of Helen in "All's well that ends well," in which the mournful damsel says,

"It were all one  
As I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it—he is so above me."

But Violetta gives him encouragement, and by means almost the same as those employed to bring about the denouement of "The Brothers,"—dressing her maid as herself, and eloping with him, whilst Brains is escorting the disguised Abigail about the streets, pluming himself on his circumspection and cunning—she contrives to thwart the designs of her parent and accomplish her own. Sir George, on finding how the matter stands, has the good sense to endure what can't be cured, forgives her, and receives her husband into favour.

There is something splendidly hyperbolical in the following "pretty madness" of Aimwell on catching a momentary glimpse of Violetta. Shirley is especially rich in his tributes to the sex, from which, we venture to affirm, a more gorgeous and glittering bouquet of compliments might be culled, than from the effusions of almost any of the professed devotees and encomiasts of female charms.

"So breaks the day, and hides itself again  
Among the western shades! Were she to dwell  
Within your garden, it should need no sun;  
Her smiles were powerful to infuse a warmth  
Into the flowers, her breath perfume your arbours.  
The trees grow rich in blossom and bear fruit  
At the same instant, as 'twere ever Spring  
And ever Summer: when she seats herself  
Within some bower, the feather'd choristers  
Shall play their music to her, and take pride  
To warble æry notes till she be weary,  
Which, when she shall but with one accent of  
Her own express, an hundred nightingales  
Shall fall down dead from the soft boughs before her,  
For grief to be o'ercharmed."

The following apology of Aimwell, for having vilified the whole female race, in consequence of imagining that he had been ill-treated by Violetta, is worthy of being a *pendant* to the above; it is equally upon stilts, but the stilts are admirably made.

"Forgive me, sacred sex of woman, that  
In thought or syllable, I have declaimed  
Against your goodness; I will redeem it  
With such religious honouring your names,  
That when I die, some ne'er thought-stained virgin  
Shall make a relic of my dust, and throw  
My ashes, like a charm, upon those men  
Whose faiths they hold suspected. To what pitch  
Of blessedness are my thoughts mounted!"

The description of Sir Nicholas Treedle is an *impayable* picture.

"He's one was wise before he was a man, for then his folly was excusable; but since he came to be of age, which had been a question till his death, had not the law given him his father's lands, he is grown wicked enough to be a landlord: he does pray but once a year, and that's for fair weather in harvest; his inward senses are sound, for none comes from him; he speaks words, but no matter, and therefore is in election to be of the peace and quorum, which his tenants think him fit for, and his tutor's judgment allows, whom he maintains to make him legs and speeches. He feeds well himself, but, in obedience to government, he allows his servants fasting days; he loves law, because it killed his father, whom the parson overthrew in a case of tithes; and, in memory, wears nothing suitable; for his apparel is a cento, or the ruins of ten fashions. He does not much care for heaven, for he's doubtful of any such place; only hell he's sure of, for the devil sticks to his conscience; therefore, he does purpose, when he dies, to turn his sins into alms-houses, that posterity may praise him for his bountiful ordination of hot pottage. You may read the rest as he comes toward you."

Aimwell is clever at hitting off characters; he thus despatches the M. D.'s in a few words: "Do not trust," he advises his friend, "thy body with a physician, he'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a seven-night after." Brains, also, utters a quantum of shrewd remark confirmatory of the assertion of Sir George, that he is a fellow "whose scone carries some subtilty." Two of his observations are replete with philosophy, and deserve to be copied.

"Do not you know that a woman is more troubled with a little business, than some men with managing the troubles of a whole commonwealth? It has been a proverb, *as busy as a hen with one chicken*; marry, an' she had twenty, twenty to one she would not be so fond of them."

\* \* \* \*

"Where shame is enforced too much upon the delinquent, it begets rather an audacious defence of the sin, than repentance. Soft rain slides to the root, and nourishes, where great storms make a noise, wet but the skin i' the earth, and run away in a channel."

The other plot in which the namesake of the chaste spouse of Ulysses is the heroine, turns upon her endeavours to reclaim a wild young gallant, Fowler, to whom she is attached, but who at first pays court to her with dishonourable views. For this purpose she resorts to a method which, absurd and impossible as it may be, is so skilfully managed as to prevent every thing like the *incredulus odi* feeling. This is to make him believe himself dead, by spreading the report of his decease, and engaging a number of his acquaintances to pretend not to know him, and talk of the unfortunate circumstance in his hearing, whilst she and her family affect the same ignorance, and even mourn over his coffin when he is present. He is not, however, so well supplied with credulity as to give implicit belief to his

being in another world, though eventually serious thoughts force themselves into his head, which, joined to the admiration that her virtue excites, cause him to "shake his wanton slumber off, and wake to virtue." The piece ends to the satisfaction of all parties, except poor Brains, whose discomfiture afflicts him sadly.

The next piece, *The Wedding*, is pronounced by the editor to be one of Shirley's most perfect productions, equally admirable in its serious and its broadly humorous scenes. Its plot, he remarks, is conducted with infinite art, and its characters are strongly drawn and happily contrasted. It is also highly eulogised in various commendatory verses addressed to the author on its appearance, from which the following lines, by Thomas May, deserve to be extracted, as conveying a just and well expressed praise.

"If high-raised passion,  
Tempered with harmless mirth, in such sweet fashion,  
And with such harmony, as may invite  
Two faculties of soul, and both delight,  
Deserve an approbation, in mine eye  
Such in just value is this Comedy."

The story is briefly this. Beauford, "the exact pattern of a gentleman, as hopeful as the Spring," is on the point of marrying Gratiana, the daughter of Sir John Belfare, when he receives from his friend Marwood the blasting information that his intended bride is "a blotted piece of alabaster,"—that she has, some time before, surrendered her honour to Marwood himself. He at first rejects the charge, with all the fierceness of confiding and passionate love, and forces the accuser to fight him; but on hearing from his lips, when wounded and apparently dying, a reiteration of the assertion, he can no longer refuse it belief. In consequence, he bitterly upbraids Gratiana, who in vain attempts to affirm her innocence, and he repudiates her at the moment when the bridal party is assembled and the ceremony is to be performed. It is eventually, however, discovered, that Marwood was deceived by Cardona, the nurse of Gratiana, whom he had bribed to favour his wicked designs, and who had prevailed upon her own daughter to take the place of her mistress. The lovers are then married, and Marwood, who recovers from his wound, repairs the injury he has committed, by espousing the unhappy victim of his lustful passion.

The anguish and distraction of Beauford, though at times somewhat exaggerated, are depicted with a powerful pencil; and in the quiet grief and unwavering affection of Gratiana, there are touches of exquisite pathos. We must be allowed to transcribe the scene in which the unhappy maiden is cast off by her deceived lover.

*Beau.* I have no time to dwell on circumstance ;  
I come to take my last leave ; you and I  
Must never meet again.

*Gra.* What language do I hear ?  
If Beauford's, it should strike me dead.

*Beau.* This day  
I had designed for marriage, but I must  
Pronounce we are eternally divorced :  
Oh, Gratiana ! thou hast made a wound  
Beyond the cure of surgery ; why did nature  
Empty her treasure in thy face, and leave thee  
A black, prodigious soul ?

*Gra.* Defend me, goodness !

*Beau.* Call upon darkness to obscure thee rather,  
That never more thou mayst be seen by mortal :  
Get thee some dwelling in a mist, or in  
A wild forsaken earth, a wilderness,  
Where thou mayst hide thyself, and die forgotten.

*Gra.* Where was I lost ? name what offence provoked  
This heavy doom : dear Beauford, be not so  
Unjust to sentence me, before I know  
What is my crime ; or, if thou wilt not tell  
What sin it is I have committed, great  
And horrid as your anger, let me study,  
I'll count them all before you ; never did  
Penitent, in confession, strip the soul  
More naked ; I'll unclasp my book of conscience ;  
You shall read o'er my heart, and if you find  
In that great volume but one single thought  
Which concerned you, and did not end with some  
Good prayer for you, oh, be just and kill me.

*Beau.* Be just, and tell thy conscience thou'st abused it.  
False woman ! why dost thou increase my horror,  
By the obscuring a misdeed which would,  
Were all thy other sins forgiven, undo thee :  
Oh, Gratiana ? thou art—

*Gra.* What am I ?

*Beau.* A thing I would not name, it sounds so fearfully ;  
'Twould make a devil blush to be saluted  
By that which thou must answer to.

*Gra.* I fear—

*Beau.* That fear betrays thy guilt : tell me, Gratiana,  
What didst thou see in me to make thee think  
I was not worthy of thee at thy best,  
And richest value, when thou wert as white  
In soul, as beauty ? for, sure, once thou wert so ;  
Hadst thou so cheap opinion of my birth,  
My breeding, or my fortunes, that none else  
Could serve for property of your lust, but I ?

*Gra.* Dear Beauford, hear me.

*Beau.* A common father to thy sin-got issue,  
A patron of thy rifled, unchaste womb ?  
Oh, thou wert cruel, to reward so ill  
The heart that truly honoured thee ! thy name,  
Which sweetened once the breath of him that spake it,  
And musically charmed the gentle ear,

Shall sound hereafter like a screech-owl's note,  
 And fright the hearer: virgins shall lament  
 That thou hast shamed their chaste society;  
 And oft as Hymen lights his tapers up,  
 At the remembrance of thy name, shed tears,  
 And blush for thy dishonour: from this minute,  
 Thy friends shall count thee desperately sick,  
 And whensoe'er thou goest abroad, that day  
 The maids and matrons, thinking thou art dead,  
 And going to the grave, shall all come forth,  
 And wait like mourners on thee.

*Gra.* Have you done?

Then hear me a few syllables:—you have  
 Suspicion that I am dishonoured.

*Beau.* No,

By heaven I have not; I have too much knowledge  
 To *suspect* thee sinful; but in the assurance  
 Of it, I must disclaim thy heart for ever.

Gratiana, my opinion of thy whiteness  
 Hath made my soul as black as thine already:  
 Weep till thou wash away thy stain, and then,  
 I' the other world, we two may meet again.

[*Exit.*

*Gra.* Weep inward, eyes, thither your streams impart,  
 For sure, I've tears enough to drown my heart.

*Exit."*

The following reflections of Beauford are also worth extracting:

"All woman is a labyrinth; we can  
 Measure the height of any star, point out  
 All the dimensions of the earth, examine  
 The sea's large womb, and sound its subtle depth;  
 But art will ne'er be able to find out  
 A demonstration of a woman's heart."

\* \* \* \*

"How little room  
 Do we take up in death, that, living, know  
 No bounds! Here, without murmuring, we can  
 Be circumscribed; it is the soul that makes us  
 Affect such wanton and irregular paths;  
 When that's gone, we are quiet as the earth,  
 And think no more of wandering."

In conjunction with the main plot is a subordinate one, that gives its comical character to the piece, in which two personages principally figure, of a racy description, both from their intrinsic merits, and the humour of their contrast. One of them is Master Rawbone, a skeleton of a miser, who is thus graphically described:

"O there's a piece of folly!  
 A thing made up of parchment; and his bonds  
 Are of more value than his soul and body,  
 Were any man the purchaser: only wise  
 In this hereditary trade of usury;



Understands nothing but a scrivener,  
As if he were created for no use  
But to grow rich with interest: to his ignorance  
He has the gift of being impudent.  
What will he grow to, if he live, that is  
So young a monster?"

The other is Lodam, the exact reverse of the foregoing, a glutton, "the pattern of whose belly was the barrel of Heidelberg." Both are arrant cowards, the latter being, moreover, a tremendous swaggerer, and both are suitors of Jane, the daughter of Justice Landby, who, however, is not more pleased with the meagerness of the miser, than the rotundity of the sensualist. She has given her affections to Haver, a young gentleman who disguises himself as the servant of Rawbone, in order to carry on his courtship without suspicion, and whom she ultimately marries. The scenes between Rawbone and Lodam are effectively managed, and replete with fun, especially a duel, in which Haver changes places with his master, and frightens Lodam almost into thinness.

The "*Grateful Servant*" must have been a decided favourite on its first appearance, if we may judge from the quantity and quality of the commendatory verses by which it is celebrated. Among them are some from Massinger, in itself a sufficient eulogy, which are free from all hyperbole of compliment, and seem to intend the praise which they express. "Here," he says,

"Are no forced expressions, no racked phrase,  
No Babel compositions to amaze  
The tortured reader, no believed defence  
To strengthen the bold atheist's insolence,  
No obscure syllable that may compel  
A blush from a chaste maid, but all so well  
Expressed and ordered, as wise men must say,  
It is a grateful poem, a good play,  
And such as read ingenuously, shall find  
Few have outstripped thee, many halt behind."

Just as this encomium doubtless is, in the main, that portion of it which refers to the purity of the piece, is of too unqualified a kind. The characters and action of the principal plot, it is true, are unexceptionable, and so far the praise is merited, but the secondary intrigue turns altogether upon the reformation of an abandoned libertine, which gives rise to phrases, and even scenes, that would hardly be admitted into an expurgated edition of the work. As to the manner in which the reformation is accomplished, it is, moreover, the quintessence of absurdity. Nothing can be more at variance than the two plots, and the reader cannot help feeling strong regret that a story so beauti-

ful, pure, and admirably conducted as the first, should be linked with one so incongruous, gross, and ridiculous as the other.

This tragi-comedy derives its name from the gratitude of Leonora, princess of Milan, to Foscari, a noble of Savoy, in consequence of having been rescued by him from robbers, when escaping from her native place in the habit of a page, in order to avoid being compelled to marry her uncle. She follows him to the court of Savoy in the same disguise, he believing her to be what she seems, and there performs a service for him, which manifests the strength of her grateful feelings. Foscari is supposed, by his companions, to have been killed in battle, and on his return sends Dulcino, as she calls herself, to inform his mistress, Cleona, to whom he has been betrothed, of his being still in life and health. This lady, imagining him to be dead, is making preparations, at the moment of Dulcino's arrival at her abode, to receive the reigning duke, who is about to pay her a visit to solicit her hand. It should be mentioned that his highness had demanded that of Leonora herself, whose portrait had inspired him with the desire of making her his wife, and that the request had been acceded to, but on learning the conduct of her uncle, and her consequent flight, he had determined to seek a spouse in his own dominions. Dulcino delivers the letter of Foscari to Cleona, whose joy at the intelligence vents itself in this rapturous style:

"The day breaks glorious to my darkened thoughts,  
He lives, he lives yet; cease, ye amorous fears,  
More to perplex me.—Prithee speak, sweet youth,  
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart  
I'll build a flaming altar to offer up  
A thankful sacrifice for his return  
To life and me; speak, and increase my comforts:  
Is he in perfect health?

*Dul.* Not perfect, madam,  
Until you bless him with the knowledge of  
Your constancy!

*Cle.* O, get thee wings, and fly then,  
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,  
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,  
Dispersed odours round about my soul,  
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad  
With thinking of his absence.

\* \* \*

"The sun's loved flower, that shuts his yellow curtain,  
When he declineth, opens it again  
At his fair rising; with my parting lord  
I closed all my delight: till his approach,  
It shall not spread itself."

The duke, in consequence, is not received in a manner to inspire him with much hope; but he does not particularly remark

her coldness, in consequence of casting his eyes upon Dulcino, whose marvellous resemblance to the portrait of Leonora, naturally introduces a little perturbation into his soul. The page returns to Foscari, and on being asked how his letter was received, makes an exquisite reply:

"I want expression, my lord, to give you  
The circumstance, with what a flowing love,  
Or rather with what glad devotion,  
She entertained it: at your very name,  
For so I guessed, to which her covetous sight  
Made the first haste, one might have seen the heart  
Dance in her eyes, and as the wonder strove  
To make her pale, warm love did fortify  
Her cheeks with guilty blushes; she did read  
And kiss the paper often, mingled questions,  
Some half propounded, (as her soul had been  
Too narrow to receive what you had writ,)  
She quite forgot."

Enraptured at her constancy, Foscari resolves upon an act to "reward her love beyond example," such as certainly impassioned swain has rarely, if ever done before, viz. to feign death, in order that she may "affect the duke," and attain the distinguished rank which is offered to her acceptance. With this view, he begs Dulcino to return, and contradict the story of his being alive—a request which tries the gratitude of the disguised princess to the utmost, as she has already begun to "feel a new and fiery spirit dance upon her heart-strings," from finding that the duke is all that he was reported to her to be, and consequently is solicitous on her own account, as well as that of Foscari, that the latter should claim Cleona. She cannot, however, withstand his urgency, and finally obeys his directions, accusing herself to the maiden of having deceived her with a "devised letter," in order to obtain money. Foscari then goes to the duke, and resigns his pretensions, having made arrangements to enter into a monastery. The scene between the rivals, if they may be so called, deserves to be extracted, notwithstanding its length:

*Enter Foscari disguised, and kisses the duke's hand.*

"*Fos.* You are a gracious prince, and this high favour  
Deserves my person and my sword, when you  
Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour,  
To call them to your service.

*Duke.* You are noble.

*Fos.* It is not compliment, my lord, alone,  
Made me thus bold; I have a private message;  
Please you command their distance.

*Duke.* Wait without.

*[Exit Lords.]*

*Fos.* Have you forgot this face?

[*Discovers himself.*

*Duke.* Foscari's shadow !

*Fos.* The substance, sir, and, once more, at your feet.

*Duke.* Returned to life! Rise, meet our arms: why in  
This cloud?

*Fos.* Your pardon, royal sir; it will  
Concern your highness to permit me walk  
In some eclipse.

*Duke.* How?

*Fos.* Be but pleased to grant  
A little freedom to my speech, I shall  
Demonstrate the necessity of this action:  
I said I had a message; I come, sir, from  
Cleona.

*Duke.* From Cleona?

*Fos.* From her, indeed, and in her name, I must  
Propound a question, to which she prays  
You would be just and noble in your answer.

*Duke.* Without disputing your commission,  
Upon mine honour—

*Fos.* Princes cannot stain it:  
Do you love her?

*Duke.* Do I love her? Strange!

*Fos.* Nay, she would have you pause, and think well ere  
You give her resolution; for, she bad me tell you  
She has been much afflicted since you left her,  
About your love.

*Duke.* About my love? I prithee  
Be more particular.

*Fos.* I shall. So soon  
As you were gone, being alone, and full  
Of melancholy thoughts—

*Duke.* I left her so.

*Fos.* Willing to ease her head upon her couch,  
Through silence, and some friendship of the dark,  
She fell asleep, and in a short dream thought  
Some spirit told her softly in her ear,  
You did but mock her with a smooth pretence  
Of love.

*Duke.* Ha!

*Fos.* More; that you are fallen from honour,  
Have taken impious flames into your bosom;  
That you are a bird of prey, and while she hath  
No household lar, to wait upon her threshold,  
You would fly in and seize upon her honour.

*Duke.* I hope she has no faith in dreams?

*Fos.* And yet  
Divinity hath oftentimes descended  
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troops  
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soul,  
Conversed with us, taught men and women happy  
Ways to prevent a tyrant's rage and lust.

*Duke.* But this was some most false, malicious spirit,  
That would insinuate with her white soul;  
There's danger, if she cherish the illusion.

*Fos.* She cannot tell, she hath some fears, my lord;

Great men have left examples of their vice—  
And yet no jealousy of you, but what  
A miracle doth urge, if this be one;  
If you but once more say you love Cleona,  
And speak it unto me, and to the angels  
Which in her prayers she hath invoked to hear you,  
She will be confident, and tell her dream,  
She cannot be illuded.

*Duke.* Though I need not  
Give an account to any, but to heaven,  
And her fair self, Foscari, thou shalt tell her  
With what alacrity I display my heart,  
I love her

With chaste and noble fire; my intents are  
Fair as her brow; tell her I dare proclaim it  
In my devotions, at that minute when  
I know a million of adoring spirits  
Hover about the altar: I do love her—

*Fos.* Enough, enough. My lord, be pleased to hear  
What I have now to say: you have expressed  
A brave and virtuous soul; but I must not  
Carry this message to her; therefore take  
Your own words back again—'I love Cleona  
With chaste and noble fire; my intents are  
Fair as her brow; I dare proclaim it, sir,  
In my devotions, at that minute when  
I know a million of adoring spirits  
Hover about the altar.'

*Duke.* Do you mock me?

*Fos.* Pardon a truth, my lord: I have apparelled  
My own sense with your language.

*Duke.* Do you come  
To affront us? you had better have been sleeping  
In your cold urn, as fame late gave you out,  
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,  
Than live to move our anger.

*Fos.* Spare your frowns.  
This earth weighs not my spirit down; a fear  
Would die the paleness of my father's dust  
Into a blush. Sir, many are alive  
Will swear I did not tremble at a cannon  
When it struck thunder in mine ear, and wrapped  
My head in her blue mists: it is not breath  
Can fright a noble truth; nor is there magic  
In the person of a king that plays the tyrant,  
But a good sword can easily uncharm it.

*Duke.* You threaten us.

*Fos.* Heaven avert so black a thought!  
Though in mine honour's cause, I can be flame,  
My blood is frost to treason; make me not  
Belie my heart, for I do love Cleona,  
And, my bold heart tells me, above all height  
You can affect her with; no birth or state  
Can challenge a prerogative in love:  
Nay, be not partial, and you shall ascribe  
To mine love's victory; for though I admit,

You value her above your dukedom, health,  
 That you would sacrifice your blood to avert  
 Any mishap should threaten that dear head,  
 All this is but above yourself; but I  
 Love her above herself, and while you can  
 But give your life, and all you have, to do  
 Cleona service, I can give away  
 Herself, Cleona's self, in my love to her!  
 I see you are at loss; I'll reconcile  
 All; she is your's; this minute ends my claim:  
 Live, and enjoy her happily; may you  
 Be famous in that beauteous empire, she  
 Blest in so great a lord!

*Duke.* I must not be  
 O'ercome in honour, nor would do so great  
 A wrong to enjoy the blessing; I knew not  
 You were engaged.

*Fos.* Ere you proceed, I must  
 Beseech you hear me out: I am but fresh  
 Returned from travel; in my absence, she  
 Heard I was slain; at my return upon  
 The hearing of these honours you intend her,  
 And which I now believe from your own lip,  
 I found a means, and have wrought her already  
 Into a firm belief, that I am dead;—  
 For I have but pretended I came from her.  
 If, for my sake, you leave her now, I can  
 Make good her faith and die; it shall not be said  
 I lived, and overthrew Cleona's fortune.

*Duke.* Stay, miracle of honour, and of love.

*Fos.* If you proceed, as it concerns your happiness,  
 I can secure all fear of me; I am  
 Resolved a course wherein I will be dead  
 To her, yet live to pray for her and you,  
 Although I never see you more; will you,  
 My royal lord?

*Duke.* Did ever lover plead  
 Against himself before?

*Fos.* I love her still,  
 And in that study her advancement, sir,  
 In you, I cannot give her.

*Duke.* Well, I will  
 Still love her, and solicit.

*Fos.* And not open  
 That I am living?

*Duke.* Not a syllable.

*Fos.* I am confident; let me but kiss your hand.  
 Again, may blessings dwell with you for ever!

[Exit.

*Duke.* He was always noble, but this passion  
 Has outgone history; it makes for me;  
 Hail to my courteous fate! Foscari, thanks;  
 Like the aged phoenix, thy old love expires,  
 And from such death springs a life to my desires."

[Exit.

Foscari also endeavours to persuade Dulcino to assume the  
 monastic habit, and the page apparently consents; but it hap-

pens, fortunately for her, that the monk, Valentio, with whom Foscari has arranged the matter, is the very one who accompanied her flight from Milan, and was separated from her by the attack of the robbers. The joy on discovering one another, is great on both sides, but particularly on that of the poor page, who finds herself getting into an awkward dilemma between her sex and her promise to enrol herself among the friars of St. Benedict. Valentio takes the affair into his own hands, and when the court are assembled to witness the reception of the two candidates for the cowl, he gives a note to the duke, informing him of the real character of the page. The ceremony is forthwith interrupted; the duke claims Leonora for his bride, and Foscari, having then no longer any reason for his self-sacrifice, is made happy with Cleona.

If Shirley had written nothing but "*The Traitor*," he might have been considered a genius, perhaps, of the very first order, capable of reaching the highest heaven of invention with the full development of his powers. It is a tragedy which strikes us as equal to almost any of the productions of the English drama, excepting, always, those of Shakspeare. Though in the aggregate our author's genius appertains to the class of the beautiful rather than of the sublime, in this remarkable effort he has evinced a mastery over the intenser passions, of the most decided kind. It is thoroughly imbued with the species of interest which would justify the assertion, that on him, too, "the mighty mother" bestowed the golden keys which can unlock the gates

"Of horror and of thrilling fears,  
And ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

The personages are broadly marked, and strongly individuated, and admirably adapted to the nature of the plot, which requires them to be of a description to be subjected to the influence of one master-spirit employing them for the accomplishment of his personal ends; and the story is conducted with a degree of skill which affords them all abundant scope for the display of their respective characters. It is unquestionably not altogether free from the author's habitual sin of extravagance, and tearing a passion to tatters; but the defect is not sufficiently prominent to injure the general power and truth. The subject is taken from the annals of Florence,—the conspiracy of Lorenzo de' Medici,—or Lorenzino, as he is generally styled, as well to distinguish him from his "magnificent" relative, and others of the same name, as on account of the diminutiveness of his person—against his kinsman, Alexander, the reigning duke. In most of the principal incidents, and also in the character of the



chief personage, the dramatist does not differ materially from the historians who have related the event; but he has made use of their data with consummate skill, and joined with them other incidents and other personages, most artfully fitted to bring them out into the fullest relief, and increase the effect of the whole to its highest pitch. The main variations consist in making the object of the duke's illicit passion a being of perfect virtue, and the sister of a man of the most sensitive honour, and the most irascible temperament, instead of the wife of an absent ambassador, and in causing Lorenzo to be slain immediately after the perpetration of his double crime of treason and murder, by the infuriate brother, whereas he effected his escape, and survived for eleven years, when he was assassinated by two Florentine soldiers. The last change, of course, is indispensable for the tragic effect, and the other gives occasion for scenes of absorbing interest and overwhelming pathos.

The character of Lorenzo is drawn with a pencil at once bold and delicate in the extreme, and it is one which requires the utmost perfection of the art. The slightest deficiency in any of the lights or shadows of the portrait would have rendered it either ridiculous or intolerable; but the various features are so nicely adjusted and discriminated—

“The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,  
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise,”

is so exquisitely exhibited, that criticism is wholly at fault. The apparent frankness, deep duplicity, miraculous astuteness, powerful talent, untiring perseverance, and unflinching hardihood of this “Traitor,” constitute, indeed, a splendid political villain. We admire, whilst we anathematize, the singular address with which he converts the defects of the persons by whom he is surrounded, into the instruments of his designs; and what can be better calculated for the accomplishment of these, than the mingled voluptuousness and weakness of the duke, the fierceness of Sciarrha, and the vanity of Depazzi? The only obstacle in his way—and this is an exquisite conception, as exemplifying the power of virtue in the feeblest and simplest guise to vanquish the utmost strength and subtlety of vice,—is the purity of Amidea, which is ultimately the rock on which all his projects split.

In order to compass the destruction of the duke, he pretends to aid him in his licentious pursuit of Amidea, whilst he communicates to Sciarrha the peril which threatens her honour, and goads the fiery, high-minded youth, to absolute phrenzy, by telling him that the illustrious libertine counts upon the assistance of his fraternal influence with the maiden. Thirsting for ven-

geance, Sciarrha agrees with Lorenzo to seduce the duke to his residence, under the pretext of affording him the gratification of his desires, and there murder him, and proclaim the restoration of the commonwealth—another bait which the wily hypocrite holds out to the ardent patriotism of his tool. The duke comes, on the appointed evening, to an entertainment that is provided, and Sciarrha informs Amidea of the deed about to be done. Horror-struck at the idea of the crime, she conjures her brother not to imbrue his hands in blood, and finally prevails upon him to entrust her with the preservation of her honour and the punishment of the libertine. She then borrows a poniard, “with no black intent to stain it with any blood,” from her younger brother, Florio,—whose gentle, and yet resolute character is beautifully set off by the violence of the elder—and concealing the two behind the hangings of her apartment, she allows the duke to enter. At first she affects not to understand the object of his visit, but when, after finding her proof against his solicitations, he threatens to use force, she displays the weapon, and declares her resolution to immolate herself, if he persists. As he ridicules her heroism, she wounds herself in the arm to evince its reality—an action which “shoots an ague through him,” and on her offering to repeat the blow, he becomes repentant, and prays her forgiveness, “seeing his own deformity in her innocence.” Sciarrha then comes forward in raptures at her fortitude and triumph, and receiving the promise of the duke to “study how to satisfy for him and Florence,” discloses the plot which had been laid for his destruction. To prove the guilt of Lorenzo, which the other cannot bring himself to believe, he sends for him, as if the murder had been committed, and places the incredulous personage behind the arras, that he may overhear their conversation. Here follows a master-stroke of the address of the traitor. He catches the last words of Sciarrha, as he enters, and seeing no one, immediately suspects the truth; and when the other informs him that the duke is slain, pretends to be overwhelmed with grief. The prince, of course, is thus confirmed in his confidence, whilst Sciarrha, enraged at Lorenzo’s dissimulation, is only prevented from attacking him, sword in hand, by the interference of the former, who rushes from his concealment to arrest the contest, and insists upon their being reconciled on the spot. This they apparently become, but Sciarrha, as soon afterwards as possible, makes his appearance at Lorenzo’s residence, to wreak his vengeance on its object. The scene between them we transcribe, as affording an admirable specimen of the art of Lorenzo:—

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sciarrha, my lord desires to speak with you.

*Lor.* Sciarrha! come near—[*whispers him.*]—you understand!  
admit him. [Exit Serv.]

*Enter SCIARRHA.*

Welcome, my noble lord;  
You were not wont to visit me.

*Sci.* Nor mean  
Ever to do't again.

*Lor.* You bring frowns,  
I can be sullen too: what is your pleasure?

*Sci.* You have abused me.

*Lor.* You have injured me.

*Sci.* In what?

*Lor.* Betrayed me basely to the duke.

*Sci.* You denied then you were a traitor.

*Lor.* Yes,  
I was no fool to run my neck upon  
The axe, and give you such a cause of triumph.  
Were it again in question—

*Sci.* You are a villain, sir.  
And I

Must have it certified under your own hand,  
To show the duke.

*Lor.* You shall be humbled to  
Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe  
That I am honest, and desire my pardon.  
Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigour;  
Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a whirlwind,  
Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,  
And kill thee without scruple; such a strength  
Is innocence.

*Sci.* Innocence! dost not fear a thunderbolt?  
I shall be charitable to the world, an I  
Cut thee in pieces; and yet then I fear  
Thou wilt come together again; the devil does  
Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,  
And has a fear, when thou art dead, he shall not  
Be safe in hell; thou wilt conspire with some  
Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.  
Didst not thou rail upon the duke?

*Lor.* I grant it.

*Sci.* Call him a tyrant?

*Lor.* More, I do confess  
I did exasperate you to kill or murder him;  
Give it what name you please; with joy I brought him  
Under the colour of your guest, to be  
The common sacrifice: all this I remember;  
But is heaven's stock of mercy spent already,  
That sins, though great and horrid, may not be  
Forgiven, to the heart that groans with penitence?  
Are the eternal fountains quite sealed up?  
I was a villain, traitor, murderer,  
In my consenting to his death, but hope  
Those stains are now washed off.

*Sci.* Hast thou repented?

*Lor.* Trust me, I have.

*Sci.* The devil is turned religious!  
Augment not thy damnation.

*Lor.* As he was  
A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.  
In his return to piety, he commanded  
My prayers, and fresh obedience to wait on him;  
He's now my prince again.

*Sci.* This is but cunning  
To save your life.

*Lor.* My life!—Within there! Ha! welcome.

*Enter divers GENTLEMEN armed.*

*1st Gent.* My gracious lord.

*2d Gent.* Wilt please your honour  
Command my service?

*3d Gent.* Or me?

*4th Gent.* Or any?

*5th Gent.* Our swords and lives are yours.

*Sci.* Perhaps your lordship hath some business with  
These gentlemen, I'll take some other time.

*Lor.* By no means, good Sciarrha:  
You visit seldom; those are daily with me,  
Men that expect employment, that wear swords,  
And carry spirits, both to be engaged,  
If I but name a cause.—Gentlemen, draw.

*Sci.* My providence has betrayed me.

[*Aside.*

*Lor.* Now, Sciarrha,  
You that with single valour dare come home  
To affront me thus; know, but too late, thy heart  
Is at the mercy of my breath: these swords  
Can fetch it when I please; and, to prevent  
Your boast of this great daring—I beseech  
As you do honour and love your Lorenzo,  
No hand advance a weapon, sheath again,  
And leave us; I owe service to your loves,  
But must not so dishonour you.

*All Gent.* We obey.

[*Exeunt.*

*Sci.* They're gone: this is some nobleness.

[*Aside.*

*Lor.* You see  
I do not fear your sword; alone, I have  
Too much advantage; yet you may imagine  
How easily I could correct this rashness:  
But in my fear to offend gracious heaven,  
With a new crime, having so late obtained  
My peace, I give you freedom.

*Sci.* Do I dream?

*Lor.* Pray chide me still, I will be patient  
To hear my shame.

*Sci.* Is this to be believed?  
Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue?  
He does: it is impossible he should repent.

*Lor.* Why? tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue awhile  
In cooler blood; did you not once resolve  
To kill the duke too!

*Sci.* I confess—

*Lor.* To give him death with your own hand?  
Methinks it should be the same parricide

In you, if not a greater; yet you changed  
Your purposes; why did you not go through,  
And murder him?

*Sci.* He was converted.

*Lor.* Good!

That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance  
For your intent.

*Sci.* It did.

*Lor.* Why should not, sir,  
The same conversion of the duke possess  
My heart, with as much piety to him  
And sorrow for myself? If I should say  
You are but cunning in this shape of honesty,  
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,  
Might you not blame my want of charity?

*Sci.* He says but right, we are both men, frail things. [*Aside.*  
'Tis not impossible.

*Lor.* I am reconciled  
To heaven already, and the duke: if you  
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir,—

*Sci.* The circumstance considered, I incline  
To think this may be honest.

*Lor.* Come, Sciarrha,  
We are both hasty: pardon my rash language  
In the beginning, I will study service  
Shall make you love me; I have been too wicked,  
Too full of passion, inexorable:  
My nature is corrected; at this minute  
I'm friends with all the world, but in your love  
Shall number many blessings.

*Sci.* I am converted."

Here one of Lorenzo's creatures enters, and communicates to him the intelligence that Pisano, who had been betrothed to Amidea, has broken his faith to her, and is about to marry another bride, a circumstance which he well knew, as it was through his intrigues that it was brought about, in order that Sciarrha might be impelled by it to some desperate act, and thus be placed entirely within his power. His anticipations are not deceived. The enraged brother hastens to meet Pisano on his way to the altar, and stabs him to the heart. Lorenzo follows with a guard, and when the deed is perpetrated, orders the murderer to be seized and disarmed; then, pretending to commiserate his situation, offers to procure his pardon, if he will consent to sacrifice his sister to the passion of the duke, threatening, if he refuses, that she shall be compelled to submission after he has been executed for his crime. At first, Sciarrha furiously rejects the proposal, but, on hearing this menace, affects to comply, and being released, returns to his house, where, Virginus like, he puts Amidea to death, to preserve her honour from stain. The scene in which this harrowing deed is committed, is replete with power and pathos; we regret we have only space for the

following extract from it, in which Sciarrha is speaking to his sister:

“Death’s a devouring gamester,  
And sweeps up all: what thinkst thou of an eye?  
Could’st thou spare one, and think the blemish recompensed,  
To see me safe with t’other? Or a hand?  
This white hand, Amidea, that hath so often,  
With admiration, trembled on the lute;  
Till we have prayed thee leave the strings awhile,  
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,  
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded  
From their own motion, without the need  
Of any dull or passive instrument.  
No, Amidea, thou shalt not bear one scar  
To buy my life; the sickle shall not touch  
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk.”

In the meanwhile Lorenzo informs the duke of Sciarrha’s supposed compliance, and soon afterwards Florio brings the body of Amidea to the dwelling of the former, and places it in a bed in one of the chambers. How beautiful and affecting is the following soliloquy of the heart-broken brother over the corpse:

“—Let me look upon  
My sister now; still she retains her beauty,  
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.  
Thus in a morning have I oft saluted  
My sister, in her chamber, sate upon  
Her bed, and talked of many harmless passages;  
But now, ’tis night, and a long night with her,  
I ne’er shall see these curtains drawn again  
Until we meet in heaven.”

The duke enters, and being left alone, approaches the bed, where he beholds the fearful spectacle which has been prepared for him. He utters an exclamation of horror; Lorenzo rushes in with an attendant, and murders him; and Florio, almost at the same moment, re-appears with Sciarrha, who, telling his brother to be a “spectator only,” engages with the author of all his misery in a desperate contest, which results in the death of both. Well may one of the persons who is attracted by the tumult to the scene of blood, utter the exclamation, “here is a heap of tragedies!”

*Love’s Cruelty*, a tragedy, is too gross to admit of an analysis, and moreover is a composition of an inferior order, on the whole, meriting comparatively little attention, even in a literary point of view. The “want of decency” is doubly the “want of sense,” when it leads to scenes of such absurdity as some which disgust the reader in this play. Passages, however, occur, whose excellence would preserve it from utter condemnation were it even more open to criticism than it really is. We

doubt whether the devotion of love could be more forcibly expressed than by these words:

“There's not a thought that I dare keep from you,  
No sigh but you may know from whence it breaks,  
I have not had a tear, but you have searched  
The very spring.”

And what an attractive face must be one with a “cheek that hath both cream and strawberries in it, and a lip with cherries that say, come eat me.” The following account of the amusements of the Madame de Pompadours of the day, furnishes a curious picture:

“*Hip*. You do not know what it is to be a duke's mistress, to enjoy the pleasures of the court, to have all heads bare, all knees bow to you, every door fly open as you tread; with your breath to raise this gentleman, pull down that lord, and new-mould the t'other lady; wear upon a tire the wealth of a province, have all the fashions brought first to you, all courtiers sue to you, tilts and tournaments for you; to have the air you live in, nay, your very breath, perfumed, the pavement you tread upon, kissed, nay, your dog or monkey, not saluted without an officious leg, and some title of reverence. Are you melancholy? a masque is prepared, and music to charm Orpheus himself into a stone; numbers presented to your ear that shall speak the soul of the immortal English Jonson; a scene to take your eye with wonder, now to see a forest move, and the pride of summer brought into a walking wood; in the instant, as if the sea had swallowed up the earth, to see waves capering about tall ships, Arion upon a rock, playing to the dolphins, the tritons calling up the sea nymphs, to dance before you: in the height of this rapture, a tempest so artificial and sudden in the clouds, with a general darkness and thunder, so seeming made to threaten, that you would cry out with the mariners in the work, you cannot escape drowning: in the turning of an eye, these waters vanish into a heaven; glorious and angelical shapes presented, the stars distinctly with their motion and music so enchanting you, that you would wish to be drowned indeed, to dwell in such a happiness.

*Eub*. Fine painted blessings!

*Hip*. Will you feast? the water shall be summoned to bring in her finny and shell inhabitants, the air shall be unpeopled, and the birds come singing to their sacrifice; banquets shall spread like wildernesses, and present more variety than men can possibly take in surfeits. Are you sick? all the court shall take physic for you; if but your finger ache, the lords shall put on night-caps, and happiest that courtier that can first betray how much he suffers with you. Doth not this palace please? the court removes to-morrow: doth the situation distaste? new palaces are built, and pyramids to put down the Egyptians. Will you hunt to day? the game is provided and taught new ways to delight you: will you take the pleasure of the river? the barge attends, music and the mermaids go along, swans die along the shores, and sing their own dirges. Will you spend? the exchequer is yours, all honour and offices yours, and, which is the crown of all, the duke himself is yours, whose ambition shall be to make those pleasures lasting, and every day create new ones to delight his mistress.”

The reply of the lady to whom this tempting description is given, deserves also to be extracted:



"Is chastity and innocence no treasure?  
 Are holy thoughts and virgin purity  
 Of so small value? where is your religion?  
 Were we created men and women to  
 Have a command and empire o'er the creatures,  
 And shall we lose our privilege, our charter,  
 And wilfully degrade ourselves of reason  
 And piety, to live like beasts, nay, be such?  
 For what name else can we allow ourselves?  
 Hath it been held in every age a virtue  
 Rather to suffer death than stain our honour?  
 Does every sin strike at the soul and wound it,  
 And shall not this, so foul, as modesty  
 Allows no name, affright us? Can the duke,  
 Whose wicked cause you plead, with justice punish  
 Those by his laws that in his kind offend,  
 And can he think me innocent, or himself,  
 When he has played the foul adulterer?  
 Princes are gods on earth, and as their virtues  
 Do shine more exemplary to the world,  
 So, they strike more immediately at heaven,  
 When they offend."

We must also transcribe the following admirable verses for the benefit of bachelors:

"A wife is man's best piece, who, till he marries,  
 Wants making up; she is the shrine to which  
 Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;  
 She is a scion taken from that tree,  
 Into which, if she have no second grafting,  
 The world can have no fruit; she is man's  
 Arithmetic, which teaches him to number  
 And multiply himself in his own children:  
 She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's  
 First step to heaven; a treasure, which who wants,  
 Cannot be trusted to posterity,  
 Nor pay his own debts; she is a golden sentence,  
 Writ by our Maker, which the angels may  
 Discourse of, only men know how to use,  
 And none but devils violate."

*Love in a Maze* seems to have been written for the purpose of illustrating the old phrase, "how happy I could be with either, if t'other were away." It turns upon the quandary of an unfortunate gentleman, who is desperately smitten with two damsels, both of whom, to increase his distraction, return his passion with equal ardour. "When I have," says the poor swain,

"The happiness to speak with one alone,  
 There's so much sweetness in her, such a troop  
 Of graces waiting on her words and actions,  
 I love her infinitely, and think it blessing  
 To see her smile; but, when t'other comes  
 In presence, in her eye she brings a charm

To make me doat on her: I am divided,  
And, like the trembling needle of a dial,  
My heart 's afraid to fix; in such a plenty,  
I have no star to sail by."

The fair ones are also thus described by him:

"All other women  
Are but like pictures in a gallery,  
Set off to the eye, and have no excellency  
But in their distance; but these two, far off,  
Shall tempt thee to just wonder, and drawn near,  
Can satisfy thy narrowest curiosity:  
The stock of woman hath not two more left,  
To rival them in graces."

His extrication from his difficulty is finally accomplished, after various incidents, by neglecting one of his flames, to whom another lover pays his court, and who is thus induced to receive the addresses of the latter.

Among the characters of this *bizarre* play, is a poetaster named Caperwit—a capital specimen of that illustrious tribe "whose palates are parched with Pierian thirst." "If now and then," he says, "my brains do sparkle, I cannot help it, raptures will out; my motto is, *quicquid conabar*—the midwife wrapt my head up in a sheet of Sir Philip Sidney; that inspired me: and my nurse descended from Chaucer." We must transcribe a dialogue between this worthy and the father of the heroines, concerning two of the parts of speech, which well deserves the attention of both grammarians and versifiers.

"*Golds.* Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me, have your verses any adjectives?

*Cap.* Adjectives! would you have a poem without adjectives! They are the flowers, the grace of all our language: A well chose epithet doth give new soul To fainting poesy; and makes every verse A bride; with adjectives we bait our lines, When we do fish for gentlewomen's loves, And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear Of amorous ladies; with the music of These ravishing nouns, we charm the silken tribe, And make the gallant melt with apprehension Of the rare word: I will maintain it against A bundle of grammarians, in poetry The substantive itself cannot subsist Without an adjective.

*Golds.* But, for all that, Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are not So larded, and if I might counsel you, You should compose a sonnet clean without them: A row of stately substantives would march Like Switzers, and bear all the field before them;

Carry their weight, show fair, like deeds enrolled,  
 Not writs, that are first made, and after filed.  
 Thence first came up the title of blank verse;  
 You know, sir, what blank signifies? when the sense  
 First framed, is tied with adjectives like points,  
 And could not hold together without wedges:  
 Hang it, 'tis pedantic, vulgar poetry;  
 Let children, when they versify, stick here  
 And there these piddling words for want of matter.  
 Poets write masculine numbers."

*The Bird in a Cage* is another whimsical production, full of extravagance and vivacity. It takes its name from the circumstance of the hero obtaining entrance into a palace, where the heroine has been secluded by her royal father, to separate them from each other, by concealing himself in a curious cage of birds of all sizes and kinds, which are sent to her to solace her imprisonment. The reflections of the princess on receiving the gift are in a beautiful vein:

"Yet can't I say I am alone, that have  
 So many partners in captivity.  
 Sweet fellow prisoners, 'twas a cruel art,  
 The first invention to restrain the wing,  
 To keep the inhabitants of the air close captive,  
 That were created to sky freedom! surely  
 The merciless creditor took his first light,  
 And prisons their first models, from such bird-loops;  
 I know yon nightingale is not long lived;  
 See how that turtle mourns, wanting her mate!  
 And doth the duke my father think I can  
 Take comfort either in restraint, or in  
 The sight of these, that every moment do  
 Present it to me? why were these tendered me?  
 They shall no more be prisoners to please me,  
 Nor shall the woods be robbed of so much music."

A diamond, with which the lover vainly tries to bribe the captain of the guard to give him ingress into the palace, is worthy of being immortalized in conjunction with Belinda's famous cross.

"Does it not sparkle most divinely, signior?  
 A row of these stuck in a lady's forehead,  
 Would make a Persian stagger in his faith,  
 And give more adoration to this light  
 Than to the sun-beam."

The *auri sacra fames* may find abundant excuse for its universal prevalence in the following description of the potency of wealth:

"What star so high, but I will measure by this Jacob's staff, divine money, the soul of all things sublunary? What lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with silver? and will not money with a judge make it a plain case? Does not gouty greatness find ease with *aurum palpabile*? and he's a slight

physician cannot give a golden glister at a dead lift. Money, I adore thee: it comes near the nature of a spirit, and is so subtle it can creep in at a cranny, be present at the most inward councils, and betray them. Money! it opens locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty, keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches, and builds almshouses."

*Hyde Park* and *The Ball* are comedies replete with interest, not only on account of their elegance, spirit and point, but from the picture which they afford of the manners of the period at which Shirley wrote. It may be gathered from them, that the English of that day were quite as fond of imitating their neighbours on the other side of the channel, in various particulars, as they have been since; and we may also perceive how immense was the reverence then attached to rank—an illusion now rapidly on the decline. In the first-named piece there is a delightful portraiture of a virtuous woman, a character which Shirley always draws *con amore*; though his fondness for displaying it in the strongest light, is often the cause of a resort to means which are more calculated to do harm than the end is to do good. It is a pity that he did not pursue the course recommended by Cervantes, of exhibiting truth, "not naked, but *en chemise*"—*verdades non nudas, pero en camisas*.

*The Young Admiral* is a romantic tragi-comedy of the description of the *Grateful Servant*, though with less incongruity of plot, and almost entirely free from moral blemish. This praiseworthy circumstance is especially noted, with high commendation, in the license granted for the performance of the piece, by Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Rolls, who at the same time expresses a hope that it will be an "example to all poets that shall write after the date thereof." We have read it with great pleasure. If it contains no very remarkable characters or scenes, and does not offer so many felicitous passages for selection as some of its brethren, it is yet imbued with an interest which is well sustained throughout, and the general tone of the language and sentiments is of an elevated cast. The Young Admiral, Vittori, the hero, is betrothed to Cassandra, a maiden whose charms have also unfortunately made their way into the heart of Cesario, the son of the king of Naples. In consequence of this attachment, the prince had broken off a match with the daughter of the king of Sicily, and involved the two countries in a war. Vittori, having been sent against the enemy's fleet, returns victorious, to the infinite chagrin of Cesario, who was in hopes that his favoured rival would perish; but, determined on obtaining the object of his passion, he prevails upon the old king to treat the triumphant admiral with ignominy instead of rewarding him for his success. The sovereign, however, touched by the hardness of his fate, sends him with Cassandra into banishment,

without the knowledge of his son, and the lovers make their escape in a vessel, before they can be intercepted by the latter. They are soon afterwards, unluckily, overtaken by a tempest, which casts their ship on shore, where the king of Sicily had just before disembarked with his army for the purpose of attacking Naples. Being made prisoner, Vittori discloses who he is, and is offered by the Sicilian monarch the command of his forces, with the promise of the highest honours, if he accepts it, whilst the death of Cassandra is threatened as the punishment of his refusal. At first the idea of fighting against his country fills his soul with horror, but the danger which hangs over the head of his idolized bride finally wrings from him his consent. Before he has occasion, however, to be guilty of actual patricide, circumstances occur that eventuate in the restoration of general happiness and tranquillity. Rosinda, the daughter of the king of Sicily, whom Cesario had rejected, has followed her father in the expedition, impelled by her love for the Neapolitan prince. Having treated Cassandra with the utmost kindness, and made her the confidant of her feelings, the latter, through gratitude, offers to obtain an interview for her with Cesario, by writing him a letter in her own name, soliciting the meeting for herself, which the other joyfully accedes to her doing. The note is accordingly despatched, and the enraptured lover hastens to the camp of the enemy, at the time appointed, but owing to the treachery of the person to whom the communication was entrusted, he is surprised and made prisoner. He imprecates curses upon Cassandra, as the cause of his capture, and shows her letter to Vittori, who is prostrated by the apparent evidence which it affords of her infidelity. Rosinda, however, causes him to accompany her secretly, in disguise, to Naples, where she resigns herself as a hostage for the life of Cesario, relating to the Neapolitan monarch the circumstances which led to his son's captivity. When she has concluded, Vittori hastily throws off his disguise, in the plenitude of his joy, exclaiming, "again those words, dear lady, that concerned Cassandra,"—a touch of nature of admirable effect. Envoys are then sent to the king of Sicily, peace is concluded, Cesario can no longer withstand the heroism and beauty of Rosinda, and Vittori and Cassandra are made happy in each other and the favour of their sovereigns.

The finest scene of this play is that between Vittori and Cassandra, in which the struggle between the patriotism and love of the former is forcibly depicted.

*"Re-enter HORATIO with VITTORI."*

*Vit.* I wait, sir, your command.

*K. of S.* She will instruct you.—*Horatio.*

*[Exeunt K. of S. and Horatio.]*

*Vit.* Enjoys my best Cassandra perfect health ?  
The king is just, and I have not enough  
With this poor life to satisfy—

*Cas.* Vittori,  
We now begin our happiness ; the king  
Has been so gracious—

*Vit.* All that's good reward him !  
To see thee safe and smile, I write my ambition.

*Cas.* When you peruse that paper, you will find  
How much we owe to providence ; it was  
The king's command I should deliver it.  
The words were of such comfort that came with it,  
I must be confident you'll thank him for it.

*Vit.* What should this be ?

[*Reads.*

‘ Noble Vittori, we know you are a soldier, and present you not with  
naked pity of your fortune ; what some prince would take away, we have  
purpose to cherish, your life : enjoy yourself, and with it the command of  
all our forces. Naples' ingratitude, if you have put no false shape upon  
your injuries, may be argument enough to your revenge and justice. Be  
our soldier, fight against your country, so with one valour, you punish  
them, and make us satisfaction : we have pledge for this trust in Cassan-  
dra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.’

Sure I have lost my understanding. Ha !  
Does it not bid me fight against my country ?  
I prithee read, Cassandra, and repent,  
Thou hast thought him merciful.

*Cas.* [*reads.*]—‘ We have pledge for this trust in Cassandra,  
whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.’

The language is too clear.

*Vit.* It carries more  
Darkness than e'er the night was guilty of,  
And I look black already to have read it.  
Does he call treason justice ? such a treason  
As heathens blush at ; nature and religion  
Tremble to hear : to fight against my country !  
'Tis a less sin to kill my father, there,  
Or stab my own heart ; these are private mischiefs,  
And may in time be wept for ; but the least  
Wound I can fasten on my country makes  
A nation bleed, and myself too ; blasts all  
The memory of former actions,  
And kills the name we live by.—Oh Cassandra,  
Thou didst not well to praise the king for this.

*Cas.* His words did sound more comfort.

*Vit.* Prithee tell me,  
How canst thou hope I should preserve my faith  
Unstained to thee, and break to all the world ?

*Cas.* Naples has been injurious, and we made  
No solemn vow to love what hath betrayed us.

*Vit.* Take heed, and do not grieve the saints to hear thee.  
If Naples have forgot Vittori's service,  
I must not make a desperate shipwreck of  
My piety ; what greater vow ? It was  
Articled in the creation of my soul  
I should obey, and serve my country with it,  
Above myself ; death is a brave excuse for't.  
No, he shall see I am a soldier,

And dare be just; say he should torture me,  
 Shall wickedness be strong in punishment,  
 And we not be as valiant in our suffering?

*Cas.* Can then Vittori be content to leave his  
 Cassandra to the misery of life,  
 Alone? for in the number of mankind,  
 I ne'er shall find another, in whose love  
 I can place any comfort.

*Vit.* Do not say so?

Princes will court thee then, and at thy feet  
 Humble their crowns, and purchase smiles with provinces.  
 When I am dead the world shall doat on thee,  
 And pay thy beauty tribute; I am thy  
 Affliction, and when thou art discharged  
 From loving me, thy eyes shall be at peace;  
 A sun more glorious shall draw up thy tears,  
 Which gracing heaven in some new form, shall make  
 The constellations blush, and envy 'em.—

Or if thy love  
 Of me be so great, that when I am sacrificed  
 Thou wilt think of me, let this comfort thee,  
 I die my country's martyr, and ascend  
 Rich in my scarlet robe of blood; my name  
 Shall stain no chronicle, and my tomb be blest  
 With such a garland time shall never wither:  
 Thou with a troop of wives, as chaste as thee,  
 Shall visit my cold sepulchre, and glory  
 To say, This doth enclose Vittori's dust,  
 That died true to his honour, and his country.—  
 Methinks I am taking of my leave already,  
 And, kissing the wet sorrows from thy cheek,  
 Bid thee rejoice Vittori is a conqueror,  
 And death his way to triumph.

*Cas.* This is all

A new disguise for grief, to make it show well.

*Vit.* To make it show indeed! I have talked idly,  
 And miserably forgot myself; I am checked,  
 This tells me another tale;—if I refuse  
 To obey the king's directions, he is not  
 So kind to take the forfeit of my life,  
 But he will make the price of my neglect,  
 Cassandra's innocent blood; if I obey not  
 To do an act injurious to virtue,  
 Thy soul must be divorced.

*Cas.* Sir, I have read it,

And were not worthy of Vittori's love  
 To value this poor life above his honour;  
 Keep your high thoughts, preserve all peace within you,  
 You shall not buy my breath with your own shame;  
 I'll die with that devotion I have prayed for you;  
 Which, trust me, was most heartily, and I'll shed  
 No tears for my own funeral; if any  
 Unruly drop break forth, when we are parting,  
 'Tis more to leave Vittori than the world.  
 Yet, if thou wilt give me leave, I'll confess to thee,  
 Before my head fall from this other piece,  
 I would deceive the hangman; for ere thou



Go from me, with a sigh into thy bosom  
I would convey my spirit, and leave him  
But a pale ghost, to mock his execution.

*Vit.* I cannot hold, this conflict is more fierce  
Than many thousand battles ; canst thou die ?

*Cas.* If you will have it so ; you have taught me  
To be in love with noble thoughts : I shall  
Have some weep o'er my hearse, and when I'm gone,  
Sealed by my blood, a martyr for thy love,  
The world shall praise me for it, and the virgins  
And wives, if I obtain no other monument,  
Build me a tomb within their hearts, and pay  
Their yearly songs and garlands to my memory,  
That died, to save Vittori's life and honour.

*Vit.* How ? should Cassandra die to save Vittori !

*Cas.* Allow it,  
So you be happy ; and although my wishes  
Are rather for the punishment of Naples,  
More cruel than our enemies, yet if you  
Think it dishonour to oppose that country,  
I have a heart most willing to preserve,  
By any death, your fame : lose not a scruple  
Of yourself for me ; I carry thy love with me,  
And prophecy my story shall throw more  
Disgrace on Naples, than all thy revolt  
Can bring upon thy name.

*Vit.* I am in a tempest,  
And know not how to steer ; destruction dwells  
On both sides.

*Cas.* Come, resolve.

*Vit.* I must—to let  
Thee live.—I will take arms ;—forgive me then,  
Great Genius of my country, that, to save  
Her life, I bring my honour to the grave.

[*Exeunt.*"]

The indignation of Vittori's father at his treason, is a piece  
of "fine phrenzy:"

" Look into the tombs  
Of all our ancestors, and see their ashes  
Look paler than before ; the marble sweats,  
The ebony pillars, that so many years  
Sustained our titles, shake, and sink beneath 'em :  
The Genius of our house groans at this treason."

Was ever compliment more gracefully turned, than the ob-  
servation of Horatio, a courtier, upon Rosinda's reply to her  
father's inquiry how she relished the ocean?

" *K. of S.* Has not the sea  
Impaired thy health ? I was too rash to allow  
Thy travail, and expose thy tenderness  
To this rude voyage.

*Ros.* It appears to me  
A pleasant change of air ; I have heard men talk  
Of many horrors that attend the seas,  
Of tempests, and of dangers : I have seen  
Nothing to fright me ; if the waves put on

No other shape, I could exchange, methinks,  
My dwelling on the land.

*Hor.* We owe this happiness  
To you, fair princess, for whose safer passage  
The breath of heaven did gently swell our sails,  
The waves were proud to bear so rich a lading,  
And danced to the music of the winds."

Another conversation, between the same personages, contains some equal felicities of expression:

"*K. of S.* I know not what to think; no sooner landed,  
But such a storm pursues us! does not this  
Affright Rosinda into paleness? dost  
Not feel an ague?"

*Ros.* I have rather cause,  
Sir, to rejoice, it overtook us not  
Upon the sea, the fury of it there  
Might have been fatal.

*Hor.* Be not troubled, sir,  
My soul doth from this omen prophecy  
The victory you wish upon this kingdom;  
Nor is it superstition to believe  
That heaven doth point us out the scourge to Naples,  
By seconding our coming with a tempest.  
The waves were proud to entertain our navy,  
The fish in amorous courtship danced about  
Our ship, and no rude gale from any coast  
Was sent to hang upon our linen wings,  
To interrupt our wishes: not a star  
Muffled his brightness in a sullen cloud,  
Till we arrived, and then observe how heaven  
Threatens the fall of this proud enemy  
By this prodigious tempest, which but gives  
Them warning of a greater!"

The hope expressed by the Master of the Revels, that the applause bestowed upon the purity of the foregoing play would "encourage Mr. Shirley and other poets to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry," does not seem to have made much impression upon him, as the next effusion of his pen, *The Gamester*, is perhaps the most indecent of all his works, and the one for whose *moral* the least can be said. It is a domestic comedy, and is written with a power which it may be regretted was not employed upon a worthier subject. We can scarcely imagine it possible that the general tone of conversation, at the period designated, was such as we might suppose it to have been from this and other professed portraits of the manners of the day, unless we believe in the prevalence of a degree of licentiousness incompatible almost with the existence of a civilized society.

Two pictures, the first of a lord, and the other of a knight, are admirably hit off, and doubtless had more than one original a-piece:

*Haz.* He wears good clothes, you see, and in the street  
More looked at than the pageants; he will talk little.

*Wild.* To purpose.

*Haz.* Right; he cannot walk  
Out of his cinquepace, and no man carries  
Legs more in tune; he is danced now from his sempstress.

*Wild.* A man much bound to his tailor.

*Haz.* And his barber:  
He has a notable head.

*Wild.* Of hair, thou mean'st."

\* \* \* \*

*Wild.* Where be his spurs?

*Haz.* Hung in  
His mistress's petticoat, for which he pawned  
His knighthood, too, till a good hand redeem it;  
He will talk you nothing but postilions,  
Embroideries for his coach, and Flanders mares;  
What several suits for the twelve days at Christmas,  
How many ladies doat upon his physnomy:  
That he is limited but a hundred pound  
A month for diet, which will scarce maintain him  
In pheasants' eggs and turkey. For his motion,  
Now does his barge attend him, if he came  
By water; but if the dice chance to run counter,  
He stays till twelve in anger, devours smoke,  
And desperately will shoot the bridge at midnight,  
Without a waterman."

We extract also the following scene as furnishing a glowing portrait of a favourite character with our author—a chivalrous martyr to constancy in love. Beaumont, the betrothed of Violante, has had the misfortune, it is supposed, to kill his friend Delamore in a duel, and has been committed to prison—Hurry is the father of Leonora, the mistress of Delamore, and is desirous of marrying his daughter to Beaumont, on account of his rank and wealth.

*“ Enter Beaumont and Gaoler.*

*Gaol.* The gentleman that was yesterday to speak with you,  
Is come again to visit you.

*Beau.* Sir Richard Hurry?

*Gaol.* The same, sir.

*Beau.* You may admit him.— *[Exit Gaoler.*

Men of his quality  
Do seldom court affliction; this, I must  
Allow, is a most noble gratitude  
For those good offices my father did him.

*Enter Sir Richard Hurry.*

*Hur.* Sir, the respects I owe you, make me again  
Solicitor for your safety; and although,  
On the first proposition, it appear  
Strange to you, and perhaps incredible,  
Which might dispose you to the slow embrace  
Of what I tender; yet again brought to you,

After a time, to examine and consider  
What most concerns you, I am confident  
You will accept, and thank me.

*Beau.* Noble sir,  
You do express so rare a bounty, men  
Will slowly imitate; I am not so  
Lost in my wild misfortune, but my reason  
Will guide me to acknowledge and pay back  
My service and myself, for so much charity  
As you have pleased to show me.

*Re-enter Gaoler behind, with Violante.*

*Vio.* Here's for thy pains;—[*gives him money*—they are the  
same: make good  
Thy word, and place me where I may unseen  
Hear their discourse.

*Gaol.* This way.

[*Retires with Violante.*

*Beau.* But with your pardon,  
I would desire to hear again how much  
I shall be obliged, that knowing the extent  
Of your desert, I may pay back a duty,  
That may in every circumstance become  
My fortune and the benefit.

*Hur.* Then thus.

You are a prisoner; that alone is misery;  
But your's the greater, in that, guilt of blood,  
Not sums that may be recompensed, detains you.  
I'll not dispute the circumstance; Delamore  
Slain by your hand—

*Beau.* I have confessed;  
The first jury having found it murder.

*Hur.* His blood  
Calls to the law for justice, and you cannot,  
Left to yourself, and looking on the fact,  
Expect with any comfort what must follow:  
Yet I, in pity of your sufferings,  
In pity of your youth, which would be else  
Untimely blasted, offer to remove  
Your sorrows, make you free and right again, with  
Clear satisfaction to the law.

*Beau.* Good sir,  
Pray give me leave to doubt here. I see not,  
How'er your will and charity may be active  
In my distress to save me, that you can  
Assure my life and freedom; since in causes  
Of such high nature, laws must have their course,  
Whose stream, as it were wickedness to pollute,  
It were vanity for any private man  
To think he could resist. I speak not this  
To have you imagine I despise my life,  
But to express my fears your will does flatter you  
'Bove what your power can reach.

*Hur.* For that I urge not  
My being a commissioner alone,  
To do you service; I have friends in court,  
And great ones, when the rigour of the law  
Hath sentenced you, to mediate your pardon:

Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,  
Where provocation, and not malice, makes  
Guilty, to save, whom the sharp letter dooms  
Sometimes to execution. I am so far  
From doubting your discharge, that I dare forfeit  
My life, if I secure not your's from any  
Danger for this offence.

*Beau.* You speak all comfort:  
Which way can I deserve this?

*Hur.* That I'll show you.  
I had an obligation to your father,  
Whose love, when all my fortunes were i' the ebb,  
And desperately, relieved me with large sums;  
By whose careful manage I arrived at what  
I am; and I should be a rebel to  
Nature and goodness not to love the son  
Of such a friend, by his misfortune made  
Ripe for my gratitude.

*Beau.* You speak your bounty;  
But teach not all this while how to deserve it.

*Hur.* 'Tis done by your acceptance of my daughter,  
To be your bride.

*Beau.* To be my bride! pray tell me,  
Is she deformed, or wanton? what vice has she?

*Hur.* Vice, sir? she will deserve as good a husband—  
She is handsome, though I say't, and shall be rich too.

*Beau.* She is too good, if she be fair or virtuous.  
Pardon, I know she is both; but you amaze me:  
I did expect conditions of danger;  
A good wife is a blessing above health.  
You teach me to deserve my life first from you,  
By offering a happiness beyond it.

*Hur.* If you find love to accept, 'tis the reward  
I look for; Leonora shall obey,  
Or quit a father.

*Beau.* Ha! goodness defend!  
I know you do but mock me, and upbraid  
My act, that killed her servant: wound me still,  
I have deserved her curse; I see her weep,  
And every tear accuse me.

*Hur.* May I never  
Thrive in my prayers to heaven, if what I offer,  
I wish not heartily confirmed!

*Beau.* I now  
Suspect you are not Leonora's father;  
'Twere better you dissembled, than made her  
So past all hope of being cured again:  
I marry Leonora! can her soul  
Think on so foul a rape? she cannot, sure.

*Hur.* She shall; I command.

*Beau.* By virtue, but  
She shall not; nor would I, to grasp an empire,  
Tempt her to so much stain: let her tell down  
Her virgin tears on Delamore's cold marble,  
Sigh to his dust, and call revenge upon  
His head whose anger sent him to those shades,  
From whence she ne'er must see him; this will justify

She loved the dead : it were impiety  
One smile should bless her murderer ; and howe'er  
You are pleased to complement with my affliction,  
I know she cannot find one thought within her  
So foul to look upon me.

*Hur.* Let it rest

On that : will you consent, and timely make  
Provision for your safety ?

*Beau.* For my life,  
You mean, now on the chance : then I may live,  
You are confident, and think it not impossible  
Your daughter may affect me ? there's at once  
Two blessings, are they not, and mighty ones,  
Considering what I am, how low, how lost  
To the common air ?

*Hur.* Now you are wise.

*Beau.* But if  
Your daughter would confirm this, and propound  
Herself, my victory—

*Hur.* What then ?

*Beau.* I should condemn her, and despise the conquest :  
These things may bribe an atheist, not a lover.  
But you perhaps are ignorant I have given  
My faith away irrevocably ; 'tis  
The wealth of Violante, and I will not  
Basely steal back a thought ; and yet I thank you :  
I am not so inhuman.

*Hur.* Will you not  
Prefer your life to honour and religion ?

*Beau.* For shame, be silent. Could you make me lord  
Of my own destiny, and that Leonora  
Had empires for her dower, and courted me  
With all the flatteries of life, to quit  
My vows to Violante, I would fly  
Upon her bosom to meet death.

*Hur.* And death  
You must expect, which will take off this bravery.

*Beau.* And I will kiss it, kiss it, like a bride.

*Hur.* So resolute !

*Beau.* And if I cannot live  
My Violante's, I will die her sacrifice.  
Good sir, no more ; you do not well to trouble  
The quiet of a prisoner thus, that cannot  
Be a too careful steward of those minutes  
Left him to make his peace : tempt me no further ;  
The earth is not so fixed as my resolves,  
Rather to die than in one thought transplant  
My love from Violante.

*Hur.* Be undone !

And this contempt shall hasten the divorce  
Of soul and love ; die, and be soon forgotten !

[*Exit.*"]

*The Example* is another domestic comedy, which certainly does not deserve to be held up as what its name expresses, on the score of decorum. It is, however, far from being one of the least remarkable of Shirley's productions ; the story is well

told, and several of the characters are spiritedly executed, though we must confess we do not particularly relish a prominent one, in which an imitation is attempted of Ben Jonson's characters of humour, and which seems to have been laboured with considerable care—we mean that of Sir Solitary Plot, a worthy who thinks of nothing but plots and conspiracies, and sees “no faith in man nor woman.” It is a conceit in which there is more of effort than success. The author has been happier in the delineation of a rhapsodist and pretended wit, some of whose speeches contain a quantity of magnificent sound. Few poets, in fact, have been able to sail among the clouds around Parnassus in a balloon, so safely as Shirley. His command of language and felicity of expression are almost unrivalled, and his fustian and nonsense are sometimes, in consequence, so delectable in their way, that one would hardly exchange them for substantial excellence. How could an imaginative lady resist such delicious phraseology as this?

“Patience, noble madam ;  
 The message that I bring is more calm and gentle  
 Than the cool wind that breathes upon the flowers  
 Soft kisses in the spring ; the woollen feet  
 Of time do move with a less noise, than mine  
 Beneath this happy roof : vouchsafe your ear,  
 And words shall meet your sense, and court it with  
 Swifter delight than apprehension  
 Knows how to reach ; and when I have let fall  
 Love, which doth make all language rich, and told you  
 His name that gives his life up in my breath,  
 To be made blest by being your's, you'll wish  
 I were all voice, and to that harmony  
 Chain your own soul for ever.”

*The Opportunity* and *The Coronation* are tragi-comedies of the romantic order, or what may be called dramatized romances, like several of which we have already spoken. The first is especially interesting and amusing, although it would require the credulity of Apella himself to put faith in a tissue of improbabilities such as it presents. We transcribe from the second a graphic delineation of a dandy, for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

“Arcadius  
 Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,  
 More fit to drill a lady than expose  
 His body to such dangers : a small wound  
 I' the head may spoil the method of his hair,  
 Whose curiosity exacts more time  
 Than his devotion ; and who knows but he  
 May lose his riband by it in his lock,  
 Dear as his saint, with whom he would exchange  
 His head, for her gay colours ! then his band



May be disordered, and transformed from lace  
 To cutwork; his rich clothes be discomplexioned  
 With blood, beside the unfashionable slashes;  
 And he at the next festival take physic,  
 Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches:  
 His hands, cased up in gloves all night, and sweet  
 Pomatum, the next day may be endangered  
 To blisters with a sword. How can he stand  
 Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,  
 To which his feet must ever be a dancing?  
 Besides, a falsify may spoil his cringe,  
 Or making of a leg, in which consists  
 Much of his court perfection."

Also another of Shirley's inimitable hyperboles on the other sex:

"Give me leave to think  
 There is no harmony but in your voice,  
 And not an accent of your heavenly tongue  
 But strikes me into rapture. I incline  
 To think the tale of Orpheus no fable;  
 'Tis possible he might enchant the rocks,  
 And charm the forest, soften hell itself,  
 With his commanding lute; it is no miracle  
 To what you work, whose very breath conveys  
 The hearer into heaven, while at your lips  
 Winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,  
 To disperse sweetness round about the world.

*Sel.* Fine stuff!

*Soph.* You cannot flatter!

*Arc.* Not if I should say  
 Nature had placed you here, the creature's wonder,  
 And her own spring, from which all excellence  
 On earth's derived, and copied forth; and when  
 The character of fair and good in others  
 Is quite worn out and lost, looking on you  
 It is supplied; and you alone made mortal,  
 To feed and keep alive all beauty."

How fresh a common idea may appear in beautiful attire:—

"A king's name  
 Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance,  
 And those who cannot penetrate beyond  
 The bark and out-skin of a commonwealth,  
 Or state, have eyes but ravished with the ceremony  
 That must attend a prince, and understand not  
 What cares allay the glories of a crown;  
 But good kings find and feel the contrary."

The *Lady of Pleasure* is a highly finished comedy, and might be pronounced, comparatively, an unexceptionable one, were it not for a single blemish, as unnecessary as it is gross. Mr. Dyce remarks, that of Shirley's purely comic dramas, it is, perhaps, the most brilliant; and the encomium is just. There is a vein of fine philosophy running through it, mingled with

poignant but delicate satire, on the fashionable fools and follies of the day, and curious pictures of prevailing manners and sentiments, drawn with a racy pencil. The story turns upon the abandonment of a country-life by a lady of rank and wealth, to plunge into the dissipation of the gay world of the metropolis, to the infinite chagrin of her husband, and the means that he employs to cure her of her mania, which are ultimately crowned with success. The scene in which Lady Bornwell meets her nephew, who is just from college, affords a good insight into her ladyship's character:

*Enter Lady Bornwell, Kickshaw, and Littleworth.*

*"Fred.* My most loved aunt!

*Lady B.* Support me, I shall faint.

*Little.* What ails your ladyship?

*Lady B.* Is that Frederick,  
In black?

*Kick.* Yes, madam; but the doublet's satin.

*Lady B.* The boy's undone!

*Fred.* Madam, you appear troubled.

*Lady B.* Have I not cause? Was I not trusted with  
Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee  
Home like a very scholar.

*Kick.* 'Twas ill done,  
Howe'er they used him in the university,  
To send him to his friends thus.

*Fred.* Why, sir? black,  
(For 'tis the colour that offends your eye-sight,)  
Is not, within my reading, any blemish;  
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.

*Kick.* 'Tis coming from the college thus, that makes it  
Dishonourable. While you wore it for  
Your father, it was commendable? or were  
Your aunt dead, you might mourn, and justify.

*Lady B.* What luck I did not send him into France!  
They would have given him generous education,  
Taught him another garb, to wear his lock,  
And shape, as gaudy as the summer; how  
To dance, and wag his feather a-la-mode,  
To complement, and cringe; to talk not modestly,  
Like *ay forsooth*, and *no forsooth*; to blush  
And look so like a chaplain! There he might  
Have learned a brazen confidence, and observed  
So well the custom of the country that  
He might, by this time, have invented fashions  
For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom;  
Preserved our tailors in their wits, and saved  
The charge of sending into foreign courts  
For pride and antic fashions. Observe  
In what a posture he does hold his hat now!

*Fred.* Madam, with your pardon, you have practised  
Another dialect than was taught me when  
I was commended to your care and breeding.  
I understand not this; Latin or Greek  
Are more familiar to my apprehension:

Logic was not so hard in my first lectures  
As your strange language.

*Lady B.* Some strong waters; oh!

*Little.* Comfits will be as comfortable to your stomach, madam.  
[Offers his box.

*Lady B.* I fear he's spoiled for ever! he did name  
Logic, and may, for aught I know, be gone  
So far to understand it. I did always  
Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.  
Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge  
The mercer? or is Latin a fit language  
To court a mistress in?—Master Alexander,  
If you have any charity, let me  
Commend him to your breeding. I suspect  
I must employ my doctor first, to purge  
The university that lies in his head;  
It alters his complexion.

*Kick.* If you dare  
Trust me to serve him—

*Lady B.* Master Littleworth,  
Be you joined in commission.

*Little.* I will teach him  
Postures and rudiments.

*Lady B.* I have no patience  
To see him in this shape; it turns my stomach.  
When he has cast his academic skin  
He shall be your's. I am bound in conscience  
To see him bred; his own state shall maintain  
The charge, while he's my ward. Come hither, sir.

*Fred.* What does my aunt mean to do with me?

*Stew.* To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you  
Out of your learned language, sir, into  
The present Goth and Vandal, which is French.

*Born.* Into what mischief will this humour ebb?  
She will undo the boy; I see him ruined.  
My patience is not manly; but I must  
Use stratagem to reduce her: open ways  
Give me no hope."

Kickshaw and Littleworth are worthies whose species may  
be inferred from the following apostrophe of Lady B.:

"You, gentlemen, are held  
Wits of the town, the consuls that do govern  
The senate here, whose jeers are all authentic.  
The taverns and the ordinaries are  
Made academies, where you come, and all  
Your sins and surfeits made the time's example.  
Your very nods can quell a theatre,  
No speech or poem good without your seal;  
You can protect scurrility, and publish,  
By your authority believed, no rapture  
Ought to have honest meaning."

The *Royal Master* is a king of Naples, whose favourite,  
Montalto, an arch villain and hypocrite, of course, aspires to the  
hand of Theodosia, his sister. As she is, however, betrothed to

the Duke of Florence, who is on a visit at Naples, for the purpose of effecting the alliance, he throws into the latter's way another maiden of superior attractions, who makes the desired impression upon his heart, and disposes him to lend a willing ear to the fiction of Montalto, confided to him under a promise of silence, that Theodosia and himself have secretly plighted their faiths. He accordingly breaks off the match, but the imposture being at length discovered, after the usual series of misunderstandings and afflictions and fury of tragi-comedies, the villain is punished, and every thing "comes right." The character of the favourite exhibits a masterly hand at times, especially where he exercises his subtlety upon Theodosia, after having deceived the duke:

*"Enter Montalto and Theodosia."*

*Mont.* Is it possible the day should be so old,  
And not a visit from the duke?

*Theo.* While he  
Enjoys health, I shall easily forgive  
A little ceremony.

*Mont.* And a lover!  
Your grace must chide him; other men may have  
Excuse for their neglect of time, but he  
That loves deserves no pardon.

*Theo.* Judge with charity,  
My lord; the case may be your own. You would  
Think her a cruel mistress that should doom  
Your life to exile, for not payment of  
One ceremonious visit.

*Mont.* Not where such  
Perfection were to engage my service madam;  
Pardon the bold comparison, death were not  
Enough to punish that rude thought could start from  
Your bright idea, or converse with praters  
That did not first concern your excellence!  
I would not be ambitious of a blessing,  
But from reflex of your's.

*Theo.* You would express  
A most officious servant to that lady  
Were honoured in your thought; but the Duke of Florence  
And I shall make no such severe conditions.

*Mont.* If he do love you, madam, that will teach him  
Above what ceremony prescribes to honour you.

*Theo.* If he do love!

*Mont.* Your grace's pardon; I  
Speak from an honest freedom, taken from  
The assurance of your goodness, that know better  
How to distinguish truth. I am not judge  
Of his breast, madam.

*Theo.* I suppose you are not.

*Mont.* And yet being a man, another may  
His passions are but such as have  
human nature.

*Theo.* What infer you  
From hence, my lord?

*Mont.* Nothing, but that a prince  
May be no saint in love.

*Theo.* How's that?

*Mont.* 'Twas in my fear I should displease.

*Theo.* Your will?

*Mont.* Not for the empire of the world; I shall  
Repent I live, with your suspicion  
Upon my humbled soul.

*Theo.* Pray, sir, be free,  
Touching the duke; I must know all. What is it  
Makes him no saint?

*Mont.* Madam, he is not dead;  
And in his life I see no miracles.

*Theo.* You talked of love.

*Mont.* No miracles of love;  
He loves as other men, that have professed  
Devotion to a mistress; but—

*Theo.* What? speak,  
I charge thee, by the memory of what  
Thou dost affect most.

*Mont.* Though it wound myself,  
Be armed, and hear it. How I blush within me,  
'To tell your highness France has transplanted  
His heart, and all his active thoughts are placed—

*Theo.* On whom?

*Mont.* On Domitilla.

*Theo.* Ha?

*Mont.* I did  
Observe them, madam, at her mother's house,  
Where we were lately feasted after hunting,  
How strangely he was taken; how his eyes  
Did wanton with her face, and on her hair  
Tie many golden knots, to keep love chained.  
But these are but suspicions; he since  
Confessed to me, in hope to win me to  
Negotiate his affair, how, at first sight,  
He took in desperate flames, and that she rules  
The intelligence of his soul. I hear the king  
Hath sent for her to court, which must give, madam,  
A dangerous opportunity to actuate  
His ends, with your dishonour. I was unwilling  
To speak this knowledge of his hasty change,  
But all my bonds of piety and faith  
Would have been forfeit to a longer silence.

*Theo.* Shall I be thus affronted?

*Mont.* We see princes,  
Whom we call gods on earth, in the affairs  
Of love turn men again.

*Theo.* For Domitilla?—

*Mont.* That's the dishonour, madam, and infects  
My brain to think on't; and as much beneath  
Your grace in all the ornaments of soul  
And person, as she is in blood, if my  
Impartial thoughts may take so bold commission  
To judge between your beauties.

*Theo.* Is it possible?

*Mont.* It is too certain, madam; I should be  
A villain to accuse the duke unjustly,  
Or bring but shadows of a truth; for though  
He be unworthy of your love, that dares  
Thus value your perfections below  
That phantom Domitilla, let not passion  
Make you too rash in managing a cause  
On which depends your fame; compared to which,  
Ten thousand lives, added to mine, were nothing.  
Observe him at next visit.

*Theo.* I'll study thanks, sir.

*Mont.* You pay me with a blessing, if my name  
But live within your memory.

[*Exit.*

*Theo.* This troubles me."

There are various detached passages in this play worthy of being extracted, some of which we give:

"This is an honest, easy nobleman,  
Allowed to wear some court formality,  
Walk on the terrace, pick his teeth, and stroke,  
Upon a festival, some golden sentence  
Out of his beard, for which the guard admire him,  
And cry him up a statesman: he's sent off,  
When he is troublesome, to a phlegmatic clime,  
A dull ambassador!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Have you never  
Looked from the prospect of your palace window,  
When some fair sky courted your eye to read  
The beauties of a day; the glorious sun  
Enriching so the bosom of the earth,  
That trees and flowers appeared but like so much  
Enamel upon gold; the wanton birds,  
And every creature but the drudging ant,  
Despising providence, and at play; and all  
That world you measure with your eye, so gay  
And proud, as winter were no more to shake  
His icy locks upon them, but the breath  
Of gentle zephyr to perfume their growth,  
And walk eternally upon the spring!  
When, from a coast you see not, comes a cloud  
Creeping as overladen with a storm,  
Dark as the womb of night, and with her wings  
Surprising all the glories you beheld,  
Leaves not your frightened eyes a light to see  
The ruins of that flattering day."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Those eyes  
Are able to create another Indies;  
All the delights that dwell in blessed Tempe  
Divinely bud and blossom in your cheek;  
The treasure of Arabia's in your breath.  
Nor Thebes alone, as to Amphion's lute,

Stoops to the heavenly magic of your voice,  
But all the world."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What a brave armour is  
An innocent soul! How like a rock it bids  
Defiance to a storm, against whose ribs  
The insolent waves but dash themselves in pieces,  
And fall and hide their heads in passionate foam!  
How would a guilty person tremble now,  
Look pale, and with his eyes chained to the ground,  
Betray his fear of justice!"

The *Duke's Mistress* might be deemed a very captivating lady from the raptures into which she throws his highness:

"Speak again,  
And at thy lips the quires shall hang, to learn  
New tunes, and the dull spheres but coldly imitate;  
I am transformed with my excess of rapture.  
Frown, frown, Ardelia, I shall forget  
I am mortal else; and when thou hast thrown down  
Thy servant, with one smile exalt again  
His heart to heaven, and with a kiss breathe in me  
Another soul fit for thy love: but all  
My language is too cold."

Those, however, who do not behold her with a lover's eyes, may not be tempted to such an excess of admiration, and we must confess we do not consider her so fascinating a being, notwithstanding her virtue and her heroism, as some of the other damsels of our author. This tragedy also hinges upon the villainy of a favourite, but it is by no means one of Shirley's most inspired efforts.

The *Doubtful Heir* is a tragi-comedy whose absurdities are unfortunately not altogether counterbalanced by its merits. *St. Patrick for Ireland* may be called a dramatic fantasy, to use a musical phrase. It is an extraordinary jumble of the grave and the gay, of scenes of the utmost seriousness and the most nonsensical buffoonery, certainly not in the best taste. We are no sticklers, in general, for that species of unity which forbids the conjunction of a laugh and a tear in the same piece, but in a drama, like the one in question, whose main object is religious in the highest degree, being nothing less than the conversion of an idolatrous nation to Christianity by miraculous means, any mixture of the kind, at least in the excess to which it is here carried, is productive of a most injurious effect. The author seems to have been half afraid that in venturing beyond the flaming bounds of the world, and invoking the assistance of supernatural agency, he was taking the step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous, and in consequence, to have made a desperate resort unequivocally to the latter, in order to render the line of demarcation perfectly distinct; but we apprehend that he has only



confused it the more by the course which he has pursued, and thrown a ludicrous cast over the whole piece. He evidently, also, treads with more confidence upon the earth than the air. It is rather with a faltering foot that he walks amid the realms of æther, evincing that he is never wholly removed from the influence of gravitation, and his descent to the ground is always made with extreme good will—in other words, the supernatural portions of the play are by no means the most admirable, and give little cause for regret that he has only availed himself of such machinery in this single instance.

At the time that he commenced this drama, Shirley must have been in the same predicament as Byron, when he exclaimed, "I want a hero, 'tis no common want," for nothing, surely, but necessity, could have driven him to the calendar for a personage of that description. It cannot be denied, however, that the renowned patron of Ireland has received no injustice at his hands, so far as his own immediate character is concerned; he has invested him with attributes at once imposing and attractive, and the part which he causes him to perform is most impressive and solemn. The injury done is by connecting with transactions of so elevated and affecting a nature as those in which he is concerned, such farcical incidents as are brought into contact with them, and which seem to tinge them with their own ridiculous hue, especially as, somehow or other, there is always a strong disposition excited by any Irish story to indulge in a smile.

If we may credit our author—no irrefragable authority, we confess, in the matter—the following is the mode in which the true faith was introduced into the Emerald Isle. The advent of St. Patrick had been foretold in this prophecy:

"A man shall come into this land  
With shaven crown, and in his hand  
A crooked staff; he shall command,  
And in the East his table stand:  
From his warm lips a stream shall flow,  
'To make rocks melt, and churches grow,  
Where, while he sings, our gods shall bow,  
And all our kings his law allow."

And the intelligence of his landing upon the Irish shore is communicated to Archimagus, the chief priest of the false gods, and a magician, by one of the spirits under his command. It is also imparted to the king Leogarius, in a fearful dream, which the wily priest interprets so as to give the royal personage the assurance, that the presumptuous stranger just arrived will be forthwith destroyed by the infernal powers, whom he has set at work to effect that object. St. Patrick, however, makes his appearance, escorted by Victor, his guardian angel,

and followed by a procession of priests, singing a Latin hymn. He solicits, from the king, permission to remain in the country, telling him that he has "a commission for his stay:"

"I came not hither  
Without command, legate from him, before  
Whose angry breath the rocks do break and thaw;  
To whose nod the mountains humble their proud heads."

But his request is contumeliously refused, and one of the nobles, Dichu, raises his spear to give him a blow. The sacrilegious attempt is arrested by a sudden paralysis of all the limbs of the ruffian, who becomes converted when the holy man restores him to health by touching his hand. The king, in a rage at his apostasy, orders his two sons to be thrown from a rock unless he recants, but his faith has been implanted too firmly by the miracle of which he was the subject to quail even before that horrible infliction, and he follows the saint.

Archimagus then counsels the king to feign a desire to receive instruction from Patrick, in order to cajole him to his ruin. Accordingly at their next meeting Leogarius pretends to be repentant, and offers the saint a cup of wine as "the seal of reconciliation," in which poison has been mingled. He drinks, but no bad effect being produced upon him, the king, in order to test the nature of the draught, causes one of his attendants to swallow a similar one, who soon falls senseless on the ground. When, however, the man is apparently dead, he is resuscitated by the saint—a miracle which, while it confounds the enemies of the latter, induces the conversion of the queen. Maddened by this second discomfiture, the king orders his consort to be imprisoned in the dwelling of Milcho, a great officer, where she is visited by the saint, and thus encouraged by him to fortitude.

"Oh, madam, if you knew  
The difference betwixt my faith and your  
Religion, the grounds and progress of  
What we profess; the sweetness, certainty,  
And full rewards of virtue, you would hazard,  
Nay lose, the glory of ten thousand worlds  
Like this, to be a Christian; and be blest  
To lay your life down, (but a moment, on  
Which our eternity depends,) and through  
Torture and seas of blood contend, to reach  
That blessed vision at last, in which  
Is all that can be happy, and perfection."

The dwelling is set on fire for the purpose of consuming them both, but the guardian angel conducts them safely through the flames. Foiled again, Archimagus consoles the king with a last hope:

"This island, sir, is full of dangerous serpents,  
Of toads, and other venomous destroyers:

I will from every province of this kingdom  
 Summon these killing creatures, to devour him;  
 My prayer, and power of the gods, fear not,  
 Will do 't, by whom inspired, I prophesy  
 Patrick's destruction."

The saint, on escaping from the fire, repairs with the royal dame to the cell of the penitent Dichu. On their way they are joined by her youngest son Conallus, who is also converted by the rescue of his mother from the flames—an event which occasions the following prediction:

"You are, sir, reserved  
 To bless this kingdom with your pious government:  
 Your crown shall flourish, and your blood possess  
 The throne you shall leave glorious: this nation  
 Shall in a fair succession thrive, and grow  
 Up the world's academy, and disperse,  
 As the rich spring of human and divine  
 Knowledge, clear streams to water foreign kingdoms;  
 Which shall be proud to owe what they possess  
 In learning, to this great, all-nursing island."

Dichu appears, and they take their seats near the cell, when soft music is heard in the air, and a deep sleep soon settles upon all their eyelids. Victor and other angels then descend, and sing these lines:

"Down from the skies,  
 Commanded by the Power that ties  
 The world and nature in a chain,  
 We come, we come, a glorious train.  
 To wait on thee,  
 And make thy person danger-free:  
 Hark, whilst we sing,  
 And keep time with our golden wing,  
 To show how earth and heaven agree,  
 What echo rises to our harmony!

"Holy Patrick, sleep in peace,  
 Whilst I, thy guardian, with these  
 My fellow angels, wait on thee,  
 For thy defence: a troop, I see,  
 Of serpents, vipers, and whate'er  
 Doth carry killing poison, here  
 Summoned by art, and power of hell;  
 But thou shalt soon their fury quell,  
 And by the strength of thy command,  
 These creatures shall forsake the land,  
 And creep into the sea; no more  
 To live upon the Irish shore.

"Patrick, sleep; oh, sleep awhile,  
 And wake the patron of this isle!"

The heavenly tribe disappear, and the king, Archimagus and other magicians come with their reptile host:

"St. P. (*waking.*) In vain is all your malice, art, and power  
 Against their lives, whom the great hand of heaven  
 Deigus to protect. Like wolves, you undertake  
 A quarrel with the moon, and waste your anger;  
 Nay, all the shafts your wrath directeth hither,  
 Are shot against a brazen arch, whose vault  
 Impenetrable sends the arrows back,  
 To print just wounds on your own guilty heads.  
 These serpents (tame at first and innocent,  
 Until man's great revolt from grace released  
 Their duty of creation) you have brought,  
 And armed against my life; all these can I  
 Approach, and without trembling, walk upon;  
 Play with their stings, which, though to me not dangerous,  
 I could, to your destruction, turn upon  
 Yourselves, and punish with too late repentance.  
 But you shall live; and what your malice meant  
 My ruin, I will turn to all your safeties,  
 And you shall witness.—Hence, you frightful monsters!  
 Go hide, and bury your deformed heads  
 For ever in the sea! from this time be  
 This island free from beasts of venomous natures.  
 The shepherd shall not be afraid hereafter  
 To trust his eyes with sleep upon the hills;  
 The traveller shall from hence have no suspicion,  
 Or fear, to measure with his wearied limbs  
 The silent shades; but walk through every brake,  
 Without more guard than his own innocence.  
 The very earth and wood shall have this blessing,  
 (Above what other Christian nations boast,)  
 Although transported where these serpents live  
 And multiply, one touch shall soon destroy them.

[*The reptiles creep away.*"]

The power of Archimagus is now at an end; he sinks into the earth, cursing them all; and the king, terrified at the catastrophe, submits to the saint. Here the drama ends, but very abruptly, as a love story, which is interwoven with it, is not brought to a conclusion; and the submission of the king is a hypocritical one, "out of fear, not love," which causes Patrick to "suspect him still," so that the triumph is incomplete. It is stated, indeed, both in the prologue and epilogue, that a continuation was designed, but why it was not executed no intimation is given.

To the extracts already made we must add two more—one an admirable homily of the saint, and the other a lover's rhapsody.

"Many self-loving natures,  
 Prisoned in mists and errors, cannot see  
 The way abroad that leads to happiness,  
 Or truth, whose beamy hand should guide us in it.  
 What a poor value do men set on heaven!  
 Heaven, the perfection of all that can  
 Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,  
 Health, beauty, and all these not subject to

The waste of time, but in their height eternal,  
 Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,  
 Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure :  
 As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,  
 Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm."

\* \* \* \*

"*Cor.* In this garden, when you seemed most solitary,  
 Madam, you had many fair and sweet companions.

*Em.* Not I, sir.

*Cor.* Yes, and my rivals too, Emeria ;  
 And now they court thy beauty in my presence,  
 Proud erring things of nature ! Dost not see,  
 As thou dost move, how every amorous plant  
 Doth bow his leavy head, and beckon thee ?  
 The wind doth practise dalliance with thy hairs,  
 And weave a thousand pretty nets within  
 To catch itself. That violet drooped but now,  
 Now 'tis exalted at thy smile, and spreads  
 A virgin bosom to thee. 'There's a rose  
 Would have slept still within its bud, but at  
 Thy presence it doth open its thin curtains,  
 And with warm apprehension looking forth,  
 Betrays its love in blushes : and that woodbine,  
 As it would be divorced from the sweet-brier,  
 Courts thee to an embrace. It is not dew,  
 That, like so many pearls, embroiders all  
 The flowers, but tears of their complaint, with fear  
 To lose thee, from whose eye they take in all  
 That makes them beautiful, and with humble necks  
 Pay duty unto thee, their only spring."

The comic parts are not deficient in genuine drollery, especially a scene where Rodamant, a half-knave, half-fool, gets possession of a magic bracelet, which has the virtue of rendering the person invisible around whose arm it is clasped, and makes use of his prerogative to play some laughable pranks. Several of the observations, by the way, of this worthy, prove that more than one of the favourite *bulls* of the day, which are indiscriminately attributed to any and every of the sons of Erin in existence, can trace their origin to a very respectable antiquity.

The hero of *The Gentleman of Venice* is a youth who from being, apparently, the son of an humble gardener, becomes the heir of the duke, in consequence of the confession of his pretended mother, that she changed her real offspring for him when an infant, he having in the mean while highly distinguished himself by his valour in the field. His aspirations and propensities are always above the station in which he is reared, as the ensuing dialogue between him and the duke's niece, when she encounters him working in the garden, may indicate.

"*Bell.* Why, how now, Giovanni ! you frequent,  
 I hear, the Academies ?

*Giov.* When I can dispense,

Madam, with time, and these employments, I  
Intrude, a glad spectator, at those schools  
Of wit and action; which, although I cannot  
Reach, I am willing to admire, and look at,  
With pity of myself, lost here in darkness.

*Bell.* By this expression I may conceive  
How much you have improved, and gained a language  
Courtly, and modest.

*Giov.* Madam, you are pleased  
To make my uneven frame of words your mirth.  
I profess nothing but an humble ignorance;  
And I repent not, if by any way  
(My duty and manners safe) it may delight you.

*Bell.* Indeed, Giovanni, I am pleased; but not  
With your suspicion, that my praises are  
Other than what become my ingenuous meaning:  
For, if I understand, I like your language;  
But with it I commend your modest spirit.

*Giov.* It is an honour, madam, much above  
My youth's ambition; but if I possess  
A part of any knowledge you have deigned  
To allow, it owes itself unto this school.

*Bell.* What school?

*Giov.* This garden, madam; 'tis my academy,  
Where gentlemen and ladies (as yourself,  
The first and fairest, durst I call you mistress,)   
Enrich my ear and observation  
With harmony of language, which at best  
I can but coldly imitate.

*Bell.* Still more courtly!

Why, how now, Giovanni, you will be  
Professor shortly in the art of compliment;  
You were best quit the garden and turn courtier.

*Giov.* Madam, I think upon the court with reverence;  
My fate is to adore it afar off.

It is a glorious landscape, which I look at  
As some men with their narrow optic glasses  
Behold the stars, and wonder at those vast  
(Though unknown) habitable worlds of brightness.

But were my eye a nearer judge, and I  
Admitted to a clearer knowledge, madam,  
Of the court life, there I might find the truth of  
Man's best ideas, and enjoy the happiness,  
Now only mine by naked speculation.  
I think how there I should throw off my dust,  
And rise a new creation.

*Bell.* The court  
Is much beholding to you, Giovanni.

*Giov.* It is a duty, madam, I owe truth.

*Bell.* A truth in supposition all this while.

*Giov.* I should be sad if my experience should  
Betray an error in my faith; and yet  
So soft and innocent a trespass, madam,  
Might well expect a pardon.

*Bell.* Some that have  
Freely enjoyed the pleasures, or what else  
You so advance in court, have at the last

Been weary, and accused their gay condition,  
Nay, changed their state, for such an humble life  
As you profess, a gardener.

*Giov.* I despise not  
What I was born to, madam ; but I should  
Imagine the disease lay in the mind,  
Not in the courtier, that would throw away  
So spacious a blessing to be servile.

*Bell.* You know not, Giovanni, your own happiness,  
Nor the court sins ; the pride and surfeits there  
Come not within your circle ; there are few  
Pursue those noble tracks your fancy aims at ;  
It is a dangerous sea to launch into,  
Both shelves and rocks you see not, aye, and mermaids.

*Giov.* What are they, madam ?

*Bell.* You have heard of mermaids ?

*Giov.* You mean not women, I hope, madam ?

*Bell.* Yes.

*Giov.* Oh, do not, by so hard an application,  
Increase the poet's torment, that first made  
That fabulous story to disgrace your sex.  
You're firm, and the fair seal of the great maker,  
A print next that of angels.

*Bell.* We are bound t'ye :  
If our cause want a flourish, you have art  
To make us show fair.

*Giov.* And you are so ;  
'Tis malice dares traduce you, or blind ignorance,  
That throws her stains, which fall off from your figures ;  
For those which weaker understandings call  
Your spots, are ermines ; and can such as these  
Darlings of heaven and nature, women, shoot  
At court an influence like unlucky planets ?  
They cannot, sure ; why, you live, madam, there,  
That are enough to prove all praise a truth ;  
And by a sweet example, make them all  
Such as you are, objects of love and wonder :  
Oh, then how blest are they that live at court,  
With freedom to converse with so much virtue  
As your fair sex embraceth !"

*The Politician* is nearly as abandoned a reprobate in reality, as most of the persons of his class are affirmed to be by their opponents. He commits atrocities enough to gratify the most insatiate amateur of horrors ; but such as are not particularly delighted with these, will have slight reason to regret that we accord him but a passing notice.

The tragi-comedy of *The Imposture* seems to have occupied a high place in the estimation of the author. He says, in the dedication prefixed to it, that he "may with modesty affirm it had a fair reception when it was personated on the stage, and may march in the first rank of his compositions." Authors, however, are seldom allowed to be competent judges of their own works, and we cannot think that this instance of paternal



criticism is calculated to entitle them to a reversal of the opinion. The remark is just, as far as the management of the story is concerned, which is skilfully executed, but certainly in interest and force of character and beauty of sentiment, the play in question is much inferior to several of its companions. It furnishes comparatively little matter for quotation. There is genuine humour, however, in this picture of a coward:

“ He'll ne'er give up the ghost without a feather bed.  
He was sick last night at the report we were  
But three leagues off the enemy, and called  
For a hot caudle. I, that knew his cold  
Disease, persuaded him to drink, which he  
Did, fiercely as I could wish, in hope to see him  
Valiant, and walk the round; but, quite against nature,  
His ague shook him more, and all the drink,  
Which was the full proportion of a gallon,  
Came out at's forehead in faint sweat; he had  
Not moved ten paces, but he fell down backward,  
And swore he was shot with a cold bullet. How  
They rolled him, like a barrel, back to his tent,  
For levers could not raise him to make use  
Of's feet again, I know not, nor since saw him.”

And some true philosophy in the reflections of this valorous gentleman, when, having been induced to suppose that he has killed a person whom he was spirited up to strike, he is running from the pursuit of justice:

“ Oh, for a tenement under ground to hide me!  
This wood will hardly do't. If I can lurk  
Here but till night, I am furnished well with ducats.  
Your melancholy mole is happy now;  
He fears no officers, but walks invisible.  
Would I were chamber-fellow to a worm!  
The rooks have princely lives that dwell upon  
The tops of trees; the owls and bats are gentlemen,  
They fly, and fear no warrants; every hare  
Outruns the constable; only poor man,  
By nature slow and full of phlegm, must stay,  
And stand the cursed law. I do not think  
'Tis so much penance to be hanged indeed,  
As to be thus in fear on't.”

A hymn sung by a community of nuns is a gem of purest ray serene.

“ O, fly my soul! What hangs upon  
Thy drooping wings,  
And weighs them down  
With love of gaudy mortal things?  
The sun is now i' the east; each shade  
As he doth rise  
Is shorter made,  
That earth may lessen to our eyes:

Oh, be not careless then, and play  
Until the star of peace  
Hide all his beams in dark recess.  
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,  
When all the shadows do increase."

Our author has also expressed his opinion in the same way, in reference to the next piece, *The Cardinal*, and although it be a much more tenable one than the foregoing, we must take the liberty of dissenting also from it, in a measure. We cannot bring ourselves to agree that this tragedy is "the best of the flock," without some qualification. As a whole, it may doubtless be pronounced to be freer from defects than any of the others; the structure of the story is more simple and compact, the interest advances with a steadier march; the language and sentiments are more equably sustained, with fewer blemishes from carelessness or extravagance; and on the score of propriety, little objection can be made. But it does not, in our humble opinion, exhibit beauties of so high an order as are to be found in *The Traitor*. It is evidently the composition of a maturer mind and more chastened taste—the latter furnishing sufficient evidence, at times, of a comparatively youthful and undisciplined imagination—but it does not manifest as much native vigor of intellect. *The Cardinal*, in a word, as it seems to us, is a work of more skill, but the *Traitor* of more genius. Chords are ever and anon struck with a successful boldness and energy in the latter, which are but faintly touched in the former; although it is true that in more than one instance, where they are made to vibrate strongly in the *Traitor*, it is rather in consequence of a "rude clash," like that with which Anger is depicted as sweeping the strings of the lyre of the heavenly maid, than of their being swayed by "a master's hand and poet's fire." The same remark, however, may be ventured in regard to what was designed, of course, to be the most affecting portion of the other drama—the conclusion—when a sentiment of disgust almost is produced by the accumulation of horrors, instead of the profound sensations of terror and pity which were intended.

If we compare the situations of the two pieces, it will be acknowledged, we think, that there are no scenes in *The Cardinal* wrought with the thrilling power of that between Amidea and the duke, and the last one between the sister and the brother, or with the ingenuity and effect of some of those in which the arch-hypocrite displays his address. The chief characters are very much of the same species in both—a subtle favourite, a hot-headed youth, and a distressed damsel—but surely Lorenzo, and Sciarrha, and Amidea, are beings of a loftier order than the Cardinal, Columbo, and Rosaura. How much more

varied and potent are the faculties of the Italian intriguer; how much grander is the object for which he toils; and how much more exciting are the means which he employs! His aim is to snatch a despotic sceptre, and in the pursuit of it he manifests a combination of qualities, a multiplicity and fertility of resources, in the contemplation of which, and of the grandeur of his aspirations, we escape the revolting effect of his bloody ingratitude; so that while we are made to detest the treason, our hatred of the traitor is qualified to a certain extent, by a feeling of admiration and of awe. The ends of the Cardinal are comparatively petty, and of a nature so sordid as to awaken not the shadow of that sympathy which we are tempted to bestow upon vaulting ambition, however reckless. The engrossing wish of his soul is the marriage of his nephew with a duchess, on account, chiefly, of her wealth; and whilst we thus experience contempt for the grovelling motives of his wickedness, our disgust at his inhuman persecution of a lovely woman, and the fiendish malignity with which he compasses her destruction, are but slightly relieved by the vividness and reality of the colours in which he is portrayed.

It is far from our design, in these remarks, to undervalue *The Cardinal*; on the contrary, we fully coincide in the opinion of Mr. Dyce, that, on the whole, it is a very powerful and affecting play. It is not that we like it less, but that we like *The Traitor*, in many respects, more. One observation may be made in reference to both the compositions, that, although they abound in passion, and passion effectively contrasted in the different characters, they are destitute of those conflicts of feeling in the same individual, the successful painting of which constitutes the noblest triumph of the tragic pencil. The various personages of *Shirley* are never distracted by the fearful agonies of contending emotions, such as tear the bosoms of some of the creations of the omnipotent genius of Shakspeare, rendering them the objects of the most absorbing interest of the reader and the spectator. They are hurried on by but one strong impulse at a time, which, "like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest," and obey all its dictates implicitly. To ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm of passion, when, as in the tempest of the Roman poet, the winds are blowing with equal fury from opposite quarters of the clouds, is an attribute of prepotency which does not belong to our author. If, for instance, the fierce Sciarrha, when on the point of immolating his idolized sister, were depicted as hesitating to plunge the fatal weapon into that lovely bosom which he knew to be so imbued with the tenderest affection for himself, which had so often overflowed with joy at his happiness, and been swollen with grief for his misfortunes; if the memory of the days of

their childhood, when their young hearts were mingled together alike in their sports and their griefs, had flashed across his mind, and arrested his arm for a moment, in its murderous descent, keeping her fate in thrilling suspense, until the maddening image of her violated honour presenting itself again to his vision, had forced the reluctant steel into her breast; how much more rending would have been the pathos, how much more awful would have been the terror of the scene! As it stands, it is, doubtless, wrought with uncommon power, but in the other case, there would have been touches beyond the reach of art, which might have entitled it to an admiration inferior to none that is bestowed upon any effort of the dramatic muse. Our pity, then, would have been as profound for the executioner as for his victim; even the appearance of cruelty would have been washed away by his tears; and her blood, untainted, as it streamed from the wound, would have seemed to cry to heaven with double earnestness for blessings on him as the preserver of its purity.

The story of *The Cardinal* bears so strong a resemblance to Webster's famous tragedy of the *Duchess of Malfy*, that Shirley must have had it in his eye, although there are no scenes or passages in his work which can be indicated as plagiarism. The opening dialogue is skilfully contrived, for the purpose of disclosing what is requisite for the comprehension of the subsequent incidents. From it we learn that Rosaura, erst married to

"The young Duke Mendoza, whose timeless death  
At sea left her a virgin and a widow,"

has been contracted by the King of Navarre to the nephew of his prime minister and favourite, the Cardinal, although her affections are planted upon the young Count d'Alvarez; that the unhappy lovers are obliged to submit to their fate, the Cardinal being all-powerful, and bent upon the nuptials; and that Columbo, the nephew, has just been appointed to command the army, about to march against the Arragonians, who have "violated their confederate oath and league." The characters of the several personages are also artfully interwoven in the dialogue. The intriguing spirit of the principal one is graphically conveyed by the phrase, that "he holds intelligence with every bird i' the air," and his power by the assertion, that it is more dangerous to displease him than "to wrestle with the king." Columbo is represented as "a gallant gentlemen, a man of a most daring and most exalted spirit," and the heroine as a lady of a sweet and noble nature, whose attachment sufficiently "commends Alvarez." In the second scene, which is worthy of being extracted, we are introduced to her in person:

*A room in the Duchess's House.*

*Enter Duchess, Valeria, and Celinda.*

*Val.* Sweet madam, be less thoughtful; this obedience  
To passion will destroy the noblest frame  
Of beauty that this kingdom ever boasted.

*Cel.* This sadness might become your other habit,  
And ceremonies black, for him that died  
The times of sorrow are expired; and all  
The joys that wait upon the court, your birth,  
And a new hymen, that is coming towards you,  
Invite a change.

*Duch.* Ladies, I thank you both;  
I pray excuse a little melancholy  
That is behind; my year of mourning hath not  
So cleared my account with sorrow, but there may  
Some dark thoughts stay, with sad reflections,  
Upon my heart, for him I lost. Even this  
New dress, and smiling garment, meant to show  
A peace concluded 'twixt my grief and me,  
Is but a sad remembrance; but I resolve  
To entertain more pleasing thoughts; and if  
You wish me heartily to smile, you must  
Not mention grief, not in advice to leave it.  
Such counsels open but afresh the wounds  
You would close up, and keep alive the cause,  
Whose bleeding you would cure. Let's talk of something  
That may delight. You two are read in all  
The histories of our court: tell me, Valeria,  
Who has thy vote for the most handsome man?  
Thus I must counterfeit a peace, when all  
Within me is mutiny.

[*Aside.*

*Val.* I have examined  
All that are candidates for the praise of ladies,  
But find—may I speak boldly to your grace?  
And will you not return it in your mirth,  
To make me blush?

*Duch.* No, no; speak freely.

*Val.* I will not rack your patience, madam; but  
Were I a princess, I should think Count d'Alvarez  
Had sweetness to deserve me from the world.

*Duch.* Alvarez! she's a spy upon my heart.

[*Aside.*

*Val.* He's young and active, and composed most sweetly.

*Duch.* I have seen a face more tempting.

*Val.* It had then  
Too much of woman in it: his eyes speak movingly  
Which may excuse his voice, and lead away  
All female pride his captive; his hair, black,  
Which, naturally falling into curls—

*Duch.* Prithee, no more, thou art in love with him.  
The man in your esteem, Celinda, now?

*Cel.* Alvarez is, I must confess, a gentleman  
Of handsome composition; but with  
His mind, the greater excellence, I think  
Another may delight a lady more,  
If man be well considered, that's Columbo,  
Now, madam, voted to be yours.

*Duch.* My torment.

[*Aside.*

*Val.* She affects him not.

*Cel.* He has person, and a bravery beyond  
All men that I observe.

*Val.* He is a soldier,  
A rough-hewn man, and may show well at distance.  
His talk will fright a lady; War, and grim  
Faced honour are his mistresses; he raves  
'To hear a lute; love meant him not his priest.  
Again your pardon, madam. We may talk,  
But you have art to choose, and crown affection.

[*Cel. and Val. walk aside.*

*Duch.* What is it to be born above these ladies,  
And want their freedom! they are not constrained,  
Nor slaved by their own greatness, or the king's;  
But let their free hearts look abroad, and choose  
By their own eyes to love. I must repair  
My poor afflicted bosom, and assume  
'The privilege I was born with, which now prompts me  
'To tell the king, he hath no power nor art  
'To steer a lover's soul."

Columbo enters to bid adieu, and as he is not supposed to be aware of her repugnance to the union, her apprehensions of the Cardinal preventing her, as yet, from revealing to him the nature of her sentiments, she feigns to be deeply affected at his departure. He proceeds accordingly to the camp, under the impression of possessing her affections, but soon afterwards, whilst engaged at a council of war, before the walls of a city which has been captured by the enemy, he receives an epistle from her, praying him "to release under his hand, what he dares challenge in her love and person." Astounded, or rather infuriate, at what he deems the insult conveyed by the request, he is about to shoot her messenger, when he hears from him, as an excuse for his employment, that he could have no suspicion of the character of the letter, as at the moment she gave it to him "her grace ne'er showed more freedom from a storm," being, in his metaphorical language,—which, by the way, however beautiful, is somewhat out of place in the mouth of a man with a pistol at his head:

"Serene as I  
Have seen the morning rise upon the spring,  
No trouble in her breath, but such a wind  
As came to kiss and fan the smiling flowers."

He imagines, in consequence, that it is only a device to hasten his return, laying the flattering unction to his soul, that "love has a thousand arts," and hugs himself in the delightful belief of having obtained a fresh proof of her devotion. In this idea, he writes an answer "beyond her expectation," as he fancies, complying with the demand, in order still further to test her soul; which, when she receives, with not less astonishment than rap-

ture, at its calmness and completeness, she shows to the king, and conjures him to sanction, in consequence of it, her marriage with Alvarez. His amazement at the circumstance, is, of course, extreme, but presuming the release to be gratuitous on the part of Columbo, he acquiesces in the other match. This stratagem of the duchess, it may be observed in passing, seems to be almost as impolitic as it is disingenuous, for it is scarcely credible that she could hope, when it was discovered, to escape the vengeance of those whom she cheated; some more artful contrivance might certainly have been employed, as well as one more calculated to enlist our sympathy by its freedom from deceit, and more consistent with the character of the person concerned. It succeeds, so far, however, that the day for her nuptials with Alvarez is fixed by the monarch, the Cardinal not knowing how to prevent it, as he cannot deny the hand-writing of his nephew, and is not in the secret of the transaction. He is somewhat perplexed, as well as fiercely incensed at it, as may be supposed, and vents his spleen upon the duchess in no measured terms. He accuses her of duplicity in her treatment of Columbo, to which she answers, that "if all his actions had no falser lights about them, the people would not talk and curse so loud."

*Car.* I'll have you chid into a blush for this.

*Duch.* Begin at home, great man, there's cause enough:  
You turn the wrong end of the perspective  
Upon your crimes, to drive them to a far  
And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right,  
What giants would your pride and surfeit seem!  
How gross your avarice, eating up whole families!  
How vast are your corruptions and abuse  
Of the king's ear, at which you hang a pendant,  
Not to adorn, but ulcerate, while the honest  
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,  
Serve only for court ornament. If they speak,  
'Tis when you set their tongues, which you wind up,  
Like clocks, to strike at the just hour you please.  
Leave, leave, my lord, these usurpations,  
And be what you were meant, a man to cure,  
Not let in, agues to religion:  
Look on the church's wounds.

*Car.* You dare presume,  
In your rude spleen to me, to abuse the church?

*Duch.* Alas, you give false aim, my lord; 'tis your  
Ambition and scarlet sins that rob  
Her altar of the glory, and leave wounds  
Upon her brow; which fetches grief and paleness  
Into her cheeks, making her troubled bosom  
Pant with her groans, and shroud her holy blushes  
Within your reverend purples."

The time appointed for the wedding arrives, the guests are all assembled, and the ceremony is about to commence, when



five men, in rich habits and vizards, enter, dance, and beckon to Alvarez, as if desirous to speak with him. He follows them out of the apartment, and in a few moments afterwards his dead body is brought in, concealed in one of their habits, and having laid it down, all of them make their exit, save one. The king asks for Alvarez, and the mask points to the object before him, on uncovering which, the bleeding corpse is presented to the horror-struck eyes of the assembly. "Who durst commit this horrid act?" exclaims the monarch. The mask throws off his disguise, and Columbo avows himself the perpetrator of the crime, having come from a field of victory for the purpose. He is ordered to be seized, but boldly justifies himself, on the ground of the injury done to him by the deceit of the duchess, and exhibits her letter. The king, however, affects to be deeply incensed at the insult offered to his sacred person, by the execution of the bloody deed, "where his eyes must be affrighted and affronted with it,"—"this contempt of majesty," he says, "transcends my power to pardon." The murderer is taken to the castle by the guard, but his services are too valuable, and the influence of the Cardinal too potent, to detain him there long. An avenger, however, of the wrongs of the duchess, arises in the person of Hernando, an officer, whom Columbo had grossly insulted. He tenders to her the aid of his sword, which she eagerly accepts, and she even gives him hopes of obtaining her hand, if he succeeds in sacrificing to the "hovering ghost" of her lover, the life of his assassin. He then challenges the other; they fight, and Columbo is slain. Previously to this event, the Cardinal had endeavoured to conciliate the duchess, in order to get her completely into his toils, with what effect the following soliloquy, which she pronounces after their conference, will show:

"How would this cozening statesman bribe my faith  
With flatteries, to think him innocent!  
No; if his nephew die, this Cardinal must not  
Be long-lived. All the prayers of a wronged widow  
Make firm Hernando's sword! and my own hand  
Shall have some glory in the next revenge.  
I will pretend my brain with grief distracted,  
It may gain easy credit; and beside  
The taking off examination  
For great Columbo's death, it makes what act  
I do in that believed want of my reason,  
Appear no crime, but my defence. Look down  
Soul of my lord, from thy eternal shade,  
And unto all thy blest companions boast,  
Thy duchess' busy to revenge thy ghost."

In pursuance of this plan, she feigns to lose her reason, and the king appoints the Cardinal her guardian. Goaded by the

idea, that in consequence of her "loss of brain, she is not capable to feel his anger," he resolves upon a diabolical mode of gratifying his revenge for the death of his nephew, as he suspects her of being accessory to it,—that of dishonouring and then poisoning her. He attempts to carry his design into effect, but is prevented by Hernando, who just before his entrance had sought and obtained an interview with her, and on hearing his approach had concealed himself behind the arras of the room. He first runs his sword into the Cardinal's body, telling him, "to vex his parting soul," that "it was the same engine that pierced Columbo's heart," and then kills himself. The cries of the wounded minister bring in his attendants, who give the alarm to the court, and the king and suite soon arrive at the scene of blood. The Cardinal, pretending to feel the deepest compunction for his wickedness, makes a full confession of his crimes, and among them, mentions that of having mixed a slow but sure poison with the "last meat" of the duchess. Deceived by his apparent penitence, she swallows some powder dissolved in wine, which he gives to her as a sovereign antidote, in proof of his repentance, and which he takes himself first, to inspire confidence, saying, in reply to a pertinent remark of one of the bystanders—"strange he should have a good thing in readiness!"—that he had always carried it in consequence of predictions at his birth, that he would die by poison. When the potion is drunk by her, he re-assumes his natural character, and exults with infernal glee in being now certain of his victim, the powder being of the most deadly influence, and intended by him to destroy her when he was surprised by Hernando. The wily monster, however, overreaches himself; he had partaken of the dose in the supposition that his death was inevitable, but his wounds are discovered to be not mortal, and he thus expires by his own act a few moments before the duchess breathes her last.

We must here bid adieu to these plays, although some of them remain unnoticed. Shirley was one of the most prolific of the English dramatic poets, having bequeathed thirty-three regular five-act pieces to posterity, a greater number than has been left by any of the early writers for the stage, with the exception of Shakspeare. We shall conclude by transcribing a specimen of his prose, so beautiful that he might be deemed to have possessed almost as much ability for this species of composition, as for that which a matter-of-fact old gentleman called "the next best thing to it,"—verse. The works of Beaumont and Fletcher are the subject of the extract.

"Poetry is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who

must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition, nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

"And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall now be looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

"You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent, and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand admiring the subtle tracts of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

"Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself; and, but by reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins."

**ART. V.—***The Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States, from the signing of the Definitive Treaty of Peace, September 10th, 1783, to the adoption of the Constitution, March 4th, 1789.* Published under the direction of the Secretary of State, from the original manuscripts in the Department of State, conformably to an Act of Congress, approved May 5th, 1832. 7 vols. 8vo. Washington, 1833.

On the 27th of March, 1818, Congress passed a resolution, directing that the foreign correspondence of the Congress of the United States, from its first meeting, down to the date of the ratification of the peace of 1783 with Great Britain, should be published under the direction of the President, with certain exceptions, left discretionary with that officer. It is known to our readers, that Mr. Jared Sparks was selected to take charge of the publication, and the manner in which he performed the task assigned him, while it reflected high credit on himself, ef-

fectuated most fully the praiseworthy design of Congress to add to the stock of materials for American history and biography, and to exalt the diplomatic character of our statesmen. To this production we, in a former number,\* directed the attention of the public; and have much satisfaction in being able to notice a continuation of that correspondence, to which every American can turn with pride, as proof of the talents, the virtues, and the patriotism of his fathers.

With a spirit similar to that which had provided for the printing of the revolutionary correspondence, Congress inserted in the appropriation bill for the year 1832, a clause enabling the Secretary of State to publish the work which we have made the subject of this article. This the Secretary has done in a very creditable mode, and seven volumes are the result of his labours. These, with the twelve previously edited by Mr. Sparks, constitute a mass of interesting information which no student of his country's history should neglect.

The present work is a continuation of the former, on the same liberal plan of excluding nothing from the contents which could shed any light on the diplomatic history of the period designated by the law. The interest attached to the first series may be considered, perhaps, as exceeding any which we can claim for the present. During the period embraced by the resolution of 1818, we were struggling for our liberty—to gain and sustain a name among the nations of the earth; and the correspondence of our ministers is, of course, intimately connected with the history of that contest whose minutest details command our lively sympathy. While our patriots at home, sustained by the noble efforts of a high-minded people, were defending their firesides from the assaults of arbitrary power, which sought to plant its foot even upon our domestic altars, our patriots abroad in the service of their country, no less worthy of our lasting gratitude, were, with a firmness and perseverance never surpassed, straining every nerve in the same glorious cause of human freedom. Their success is known to the world; but Americans also know how utterly fruitless all their labours would eventually have proved, had not our present happy Constitution placed its seal upon the efforts of a seven year's war, and thereby rendered our liberties secure, we humbly trust, from the assaults of disloyalty and of time.

To this later era of our eventful history, the volumes under review conduct us. The revolution left us free, indeed, from the immediate assaults of foreign aggression, but exposed to the no less dangerous inroads of domestic violence, which always ultimately lead to interference and conquest from abroad.

\* No. 20, Dec. 1831, Art. VIII.

The pressure of the war of independence being removed, which had served as a powerful means of union, all those causes of dissipated national strength, and scattered resources, which flow from an inefficient confederation of republics, commenced their baneful operations. With this vital defect in our government at home, which fortunately in heaven's own good time was remedied, and with the superadded disadvantages of a heavy debt, ruined navigation and commerce, and a credit not the loftiest, our statesmen had the arduous duty to perform of maintaining our national character, and providing for the payment of the foreign and domestic debt which weighed upon the country. No less difficult was the task committed to our diplomats, of forming commercial connexions with the different powers of Europe—connexions essential to our national growth, and rendered almost impossible by the known inability of Congress to enforce her stipulations upon the individual states of the confederacy.

The first Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Robert R. Livingston, had resigned his situation just prior to the commencement of this second series of correspondence. The vacancy was not filled until the 21st day of December, 1784, when Mr. Jay entered on the duties of the office. In the interval the duty devolved upon the President of Congress, (at that time Elias Boudinot), of giving instructions to our ministers, and receiving the communications of foreign envoys. It is in the letters of this officer that some details of much interest will be found; we allude particularly to an occurrence now not much adverted to, but fruitful of painful reflection, and which placed in such powerful light the weakness of the then national government—mutiny of some troops at Philadelphia, where Congress sat, and the consequent forced removal of that august body to Trenton.

This collection, also, embraces important points in our history, which are still unsettled. We would specify the correspondence on the subject of our North-Eastern boundary, and the projects of commercial treaties with foreign nations. The extent of the correspondence, embracing seven large volumes, and the variety of topics discussed in the letters, prevent our giving any thing like an abstract of the whole work; we must content ourselves with referring merely to those parts which would be most likely to engage an American reader's attention, and invite a desire to repair to the work itself. There is the more difficulty in presenting any connected view of the topics, as the communications are not classified according to the subjects treated of, but merely to a certain extent, with reference to the country with which the correspondence was held.

Before turning to the work itself, we cannot refrain from the expression of our warm approval of the spirit which prompted

its publication. The characters and the fame of our revolutionary fathers, are national property. As such they should be fostered and cherished; as such no effort should be spared to present them in bold relief, and to cast upon them all the light which the national archives can furnish. We are convinced, the more we read of them and their labours, that there is nothing in their lives and conduct—(we speak of the mass)—that has relation to the struggle in which they were engaged, which will not serve to exalt their characters as men, and, with their own, that of their country. We assert this as well of the individual acts and sentiments of the men, as of the principles upon which our country first started to assume her place among the nations, and which she put boldly forward when compromise with principle might, perhaps, have served her immediate interests. We hail, therefore, with pleasure and pride, every publication which is contributory to the history of our land.

The mutiny of a part of the Pennsylvania troops, at the Capitol of that State, was an event pregnant with important consequences, not only as evincing the total incapacity of Congress to defend the honour of the government, but also as calculated to lower that government in the eyes of foreign powers, with whom she was exceedingly anxious to form proper alliances. Fortunately, owing to the exalted patriotism of our soldiery, suffering, as they were, under the most pinching want, no repetition of insult to the federal head occurred, and no dreams of ambition ever induced them, Cromwell-like, to attempt the mastery of their country by the sword. The revolt alluded to was the work of a few unworthy spirits, who deceived for a time the suffering troops; but the very fact, that so small a number, with arms in their hands, could thus fright the government from its propriety, was all-sufficient to excite the worst fears of the lovers of their country's repose and dignity. The details are given in a despatch from Mr. Boudinot to our Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, under date, at Princeton, of July 15th, 1783:

“GENTLEMEN:

“As Congress have not yet elected any Minister for Foreign Affairs, and knowing the importance of your being fully informed of every public transaction relative to these States, I have concluded that you would not think it amiss to hear from me on the subject of the removal of Congress to this place, though I cannot consider this communication as official, but merely for your information in my individual capacity.

“The state of our finances making it indispensably necessary to abridge the public expenses in every instance that would not endanger the Union, we concluded to reduce the army by discharging all the soldiers enlisted for the war, with a proportionate number of officers, on condition that the discharge should operate no otherwise than in a furlough, until the ratification of the definitive treaty. This not only eased us of a heavy disburse-



ment of ready cash for subsistence, money, and rations, but gratified many of the army, who wished to be at home in the early part of the summer, to provide for the following winter. Three months pay was ordered, which could no otherwise be complied with, but by a paper anticipation of the taxes, payable in six months.

“By an inevitable accident, the notes did not arrive at the army till six days after the soldiers were discharged and had left the camp. This, together with some difficulty in settling their accounts, created an uneasiness among the troops; but by the general's address, and good conduct of the officers, they all retired peaceably to their different States, though without a single farthing of cash to buy themselves a meal of victuals.

“In the barracks at Philadelphia and at Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania, there were a number of new recruits, who had been enlisted since the months of December and January last, and who had not yet taken the field; these soldiers, not having been brought under any regular discipline, made many objections against accepting their discharges, and gave their officers reason to fear some difficulty in getting rid of them; but the Secretary at War thought he had satisfied them by assuring them of the like pay with the rest of the army. On the 15th of June, a petition was received from the sergeants, requiring a redress of their grievances, in a very turbulent and indecent style, of which no notice was taken; but on the 18th we received the letters No. 1 and 2. A committee was immediately appointed to confer with the Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and to endeavour to get them to call out the militia, to stop the mutineers; but to no purpose; the Council thinking that the citizens would not choose to risk themselves, when fair means might do.

“The first report of the committee, contained in No. 3, will show their proceedings. On the 19th the troops arrived and joined those at the barracks in the city, who had been increased in number by a few companies of old soldiers, arrived the day before from Charlestown. The whole being very orderly and quiet, Congress adjourned on Friday the 20th as usual, till Monday morning. On the 21st, one of the committee called on me, and informed, that the soldiers at the barracks were very disorderly, and had cast off the authority of their officers—that it was suspected they had a design, the following night, against the bank; and advised me to call Congress without delay. This I did—to meet in half an hour. The soldiers by accident hearing of it, very fortunately hastened their designs a day or two sooner than was intended. The members of Congress had just got together, except one, when the State House (in which, also, the President and Supreme Executive Council were then sitting) was surrounded by about three hundred armed men with fixed bayonets, under the command of seven sergeants. Congress immediately sent for General St. Clair, and demanded the reason of this hostile appearance, who informed of his having just arrived in town from his seat in the country, in obedience to the orders of Congress of the day preceding; that he had received information from the commanding officer of the mutinous disposition of the troops, who had marched from the barracks, contrary to the orders of their officers; and that the veteran troops from Charlestown had been unwillingly forced into the measure. The President of the State then appeared, and produced the insolent paper, of which No. 4 is a copy, which had been sent to him by the sergeants.

“Congress determined they would enter on no deliberations while thus surrounded; but ordered General St. Clair immediately to endeavour to march the mutineers back to the barracks, by such means as were in his power.

“After several prudent and wise measures, the General prevailed on the sergeants to return to their barracks, convincing them that if they were



aggrieved, they had a right to make it known in a decent manner, through any persons they might think proper to appoint. But previous to this, after waiting, surrounded by this armed force for near three hours, Congress broke up, and we passed through the files of the mutineers without the least opposition, though at times, before our adjournment, the soldiers, many of whom were drunk, threatened Congress by name.

“The mutineers had taken possession of the powder-house, and several public arsenals in this city, with some field pieces from the public yard. In the evening Congress met and made a house, and came to the resolutions contained in No. 5, and broke up without adjournment. The committee, not being able to meet the Council till Sunday morning, were then prevailed on to wait for an answer till Monday morning, and then received the answer contained in the second report No. 6. However, hoping that the Council would change their sentiments, the committee did not think proper to give me their advice till Tuesday, at two o'clock in the afternoon. In the meantime the mutineers kept in arms, refusing all obedience to their officers, and in possession of the powder-house and magazines of military stores. On Tuesday morning the officers reported to me that the preceding evening the sergeants, notwithstanding some talk of a submission and return to their duty, had presented six officers with a commission each, as in No. 7, and on one refusing to accept it, they threatened him with immediate death. And that at the time of the report, they were getting drunk, and in a very riotous state. By a second report of the committee, you will be acquainted with the particulars of the transaction, with the addition, that the behaviour of the six officers was very mysterious and unaccountable. At two o'clock, agreeably to the advice of the committee, I summoned Congress to meet at this place on Thursday the 26th of June, issued the proclamation No. 8, and left the city.

“As soon as it was known that Congress was going, the Council were informed that there was great reason to expect a serious attack on the bank the night following; on which the President of the State collected about one hundred soldiers, and kept guard all night. On Wednesday it was reported that Congress had sent for the commander-in-chief, with the whole northern army, and the militia of New Jersey, who were to be joined by the Pennsylvania militia, in order to quell the mutiny; which was no otherwise true than ordering a detachment of a few hundred men from the North River. The sergeants being alarmed, soon proposed a submission, and the whole came in a body to the President of the State, making a most submissive acknowledgment of their misconduct, and charging the whole on two of the officers, whom they had commissioned to represent their grievances—a Captain Carbery and Lieutenant Sullivan, who were to have headed them, as soon as they should have proceeded to violence. The officers immediately escaped to Chester, and there got on board of a vessel bound to London. The sergeants describe the plan laid by these officers, as of the most irrational and diabolical nature, not only against Congress and the Council, but also against the city and bank. They were to be joined by straggling parties from different parts of the country; and after executing their horrid purposes, were to have gone off with their plunder to the East Indies. However incredible this may appear, the letters from Sullivan to Colonel Moyland, his commanding officer, from Chester and the Capes, clearly show that it was a deep laid scheme. It appears clearly to me, that next to the continued care of Divine Providence, the miscarriage of this plan is owing to the unexpected meeting of Congress on Saturday, and their decided conduct in leaving the city, until they could support the federal government with dignity.

It is mentioned in the above extract, that General Washing-

ton had been addressed, for the purpose of procuring a detachment of the soldiers under his command to defend the Congress from insult. We insert a part of the answer of Washington to this communication, as it exemplifies strongly his decision and energy of character, and his quick sense of the respect due to the national representatives:

“SIR:

“It was not until three o'clock this afternoon, that I had the first intimation of the infamous and outrageous meeting of a part of the Pennsylvania troops; it was then I received your Excellency's letter of the 21st by express, and agreeable to the request contained in it, I instantly ordered three complete regiments of infantry and a detachment of artillery to be put in motion as soon as possible. This corps (which you will observe, by the returns, is a large proportion of our whole force,) will consist of upwards of 1500 effectives. As all the troops who composed this gallant little army, as well those who were furloughed as those who remain in service, are men of tried fidelity, I could not have occasion to make any choice of corps; and I have only to regret that there existed a necessity they should be employed on so disagreeable a service. I dare say, however, they will on this, and all other occasions, perform their duty as brave and faithful soldiers.

“While I suffer the most poignant distress in observing that a handful of men, contemptible in numbers, and equally so in point of service, (if the veteran troops from the southward have not been seduced by their example,) and who are not worthy to be called soldiers, should disgrace themselves as the Pennsylvania mutineers have done, by insulting the sovereign authority of the United States, and that of their own. I feel an inexpressible satisfaction, that even this behaviour cannot stain the name of the American soldiery; it cannot be imputable to, or reflect dishonour on, the army at large; but, on the contrary, it will, by the striking contrast it exhibits, hold up to public view the other troops, in the most advantageous point of light. Upon taking all the circumstances into consideration, I cannot sufficiently express my surprise and indignation at the arrogance, the folly, and the wickedness of the mutineers; nor can I sufficiently admire the fidelity, the bravery and the patriotism which must forever signalize the unsullied character of the other corps of our army; for when we consider that these Pennsylvania levies, who have now mutinied, are recruits and soldiers of a day, who have not borne the heat and burden of the war, and who can have, in reality, very few hardships to complain of; and when we at the same time recollect, that those soldiers who have lately been furloughed from this army, are the veterans who have patiently endured hunger, nakedness, and cold, who have suffered and bled without a murmur, and who, with perfect good order, have retired to their homes, without the settlement of their accounts, or a farthing of money in their pockets; we shall be as much astonished at the virtues of the latter, as we are struck with horror and detestation at the proceedings of the former; and every candid mind, without indulging ill-grounded prejudices, will undoubtedly make the proper discrimination.”

The General Assembly of Pennsylvania passed resolutions, soon after, expressive of their opinion of the outrage, and their determination to guard against a recurrence of the kind, which were satisfactory to the members of Congress.

We have adverted, above, to the desire of our statesmen, at

that early day, to form treaties of commerce and alliance with the European powers, as a necessary adjunct to the establishment of an independent nation. It will be seen, upon a recurrence to the instructions given to our ministers, and communicated to the ambassadors of the different courts of Europe, that our country, at the very outset of her negotiations as an independent power, assumed those principles of perfect equality and reciprocity, which have been the basis of all her subsequent treaties. She put forth, also, those honourable maxims of humanity and justice, worthy of all imitation, which serve to mitigate the horrors of war, and to subtract, as much as possible, from the load of misery which it so generally inflicts upon individuals. In the summer of 1784, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were appointed joint commissioners for the formation of treaties of amity and commerce with foreign powers; and in the discharge of their functions, they prepared a draft of a treaty with Prussia, in which the liberal principles we have alluded to, now become familiar to us all, were first proposed. We have never seen these views more concisely and forcibly stated than in the reasons rendered to the Prussian minister, Thulemeier, by our plenipotentiaries, in support of their propositions. We shall therefore present this document to our readers:

“By the original law of nations, war and extirpation were the punishment of injury: humanizing by degrees, it admitted slavery instead of death; a farther step was, the exchange of prisoners instead of slavery; another, to respect more the property of private persons under conquest, and be content with acquired dominion. Why should not this law of nations go on improving? Ages have intervened between its several steps: but as knowledge of late increases rapidly, why should not those steps be quickened? why should it not be agreed as to the future law of nations, that in any war hereafter, the following descriptions of men should be undisturbed, have the protection of both sides, and be permitted to follow their employments in surety? viz.

“1st. Cultivators of the earth, because they labour for the subsistence of mankind.

“2d. Fishermen, for the same reason.

“3d. Merchants and traders in unarmed ships, who accommodate different nations by communicating and exchanging the necessaries and conveniences of life.

“4th. Artists and mechanics inhabiting and working in open towns.

“It is hardly necessary to add that the hospitals of enemies should be unmolested; they ought to be assisted.

“It is for the interest of humanity in general, that the occasions of war, and the inducements to it, should be diminished.

“If rapine is abolished, one of the encouragements to war is taken away, and peace therefore more likely to continue and be lasting.

“The practice of robbing merchants on the high seas, a remnant of the ancient piracy, though it may be accidentally beneficial to particular persons, is far from being profitable to all engaged in it, or to the nation that authorizes it. In the beginning of a war, some rich ships, not upon their

guard, are surprised and taken; this encourages the first adventurers to fit out more armed vessels, and many others to do the same; but the enemy, at the same time, become more careful, arm their merchant ships better, and render them not so easy to be taken; they go also more under the protection of convoys; thus, while the privateers to take them are multiplied, the vessels subject to be taken, and the chances of profit, are diminished, so that many cruises are made, wherein the expenses overgo the gains, as it is the case in other lotteries; though individuals have got prizes, the mass of adventurers are losers, the whole expense of fitting out all the privateers during a war being much greater than the whole amount of goods taken. Then there is the national loss of all the labour of so many men, during the time they have been employed in robbing; who, besides, spend what they get in riot, drunkenness, debauchery, lose their habits of industry, are rarely fit for any sober business after peace, and serve only to increase the number of highwaymen and house-breakers. Even the undertakers who have been fortunate, are by sudden wealth led into expensive living, the habit of which continues when the means of supporting it cease, and finally ruins them. A just punishment for their having wantonly and unfeelingly ruined many honest, innocent traders and their families, whose substance was employed in serving the common interests of mankind."

We were struck, in reading the report of Mr. Secretary Jay, to whom Congress referred the draft of a treaty of amity and commerce, prepared by the commissioners, with his early attention to the encouragement of domestic manufactures. His report was made on the 17th of May, 1785, nearly four years before the adoption of the Constitution; but even then, his clear sight opened to him the prospect which has since been realized. He objected to the clause, in which it was agreed absolutely, that any foreign nation should be at liberty to bring and vend in the United States all or any of their productions and manufactures, without exception. He remarked, that it might be necessary, either for the purpose of checking the progress of luxury, or for the purpose of *promoting our own manufactures*, to prohibit the importation of certain merchandise. He was in favour, also, of adopting a system for regulating the trade of the United States before entering into treaties of commerce; thinking it more wise that such treaties should be accommodated to their system, than that their system should be accommodated to such treaties.

We may mention here, in connexion with what we have just stated, that Congress, immediately after the peace, saw plainly the propriety of being invested by the States with authority to regulate commerce, and to prohibit the introduction of merchandise from any countries with which the United States had not treaties of commerce, except in vessels belonging to, or navigated by, citizens of the United States. On the 30th of April, 1784, a recommendation, of this character, to the States was agreed to and directed to be transmitted to the legislatures thereof respectively. This was principally aimed at Great

Britain, on account of her regulations destructive of our commerce with her West India islands.

The strong, common-sense views of John Adams coincided fully with the wisdom of Jay, in predicting the utility, or rather necessity, of encouraging our own manufactures. When minister to England in 1785, in writing home to the Secretary for foreign affairs, he drew a vivid picture of the effects of the English system of prohibitions and navigation laws upon the prosperity of our country. After detailing some points of commercial history, he added: "The law prohibiting the exportation of tools and the emigration of workmen is to prevent us from setting up manufactures in America, and to prevent any other nation from setting them up in order to supply us. When we see them thus in every way attack our manufactures of all sorts, especially of ships, our nurseries of seamen, our merchants and every thing within their reach, and seem to be determined to force their goods upon us at their own prices, we have no choice but to counteract them by navigation acts, prohibitions, protecting duties and bounties." He perceived manifestly the selfish aim of the system adopted by Great Britain, and warned his countrymen to be on their guard against its ill consequences to themselves. He remarked in another letter: "I hope the States will be cool and do nothing precipitately; but I hope they will be firm and wise; confining our exports to our own ships, and laying heavy duties upon all foreign luxuries, and encouraging our own manufactures, appear to me to be our only resource, although I am very sensible of the many difficulties in the way, and of the danger of their bringing on, in the course of a few years, another war. Nothing but our strength and their weakness will, in my opinion, protect us from such a calamity."

We could easily fill this article with extracts from the fervid and patriotic letters of John Adams, enforcing the same views, with all the energy of his strong good sense. Our limits, however, will only permit one further quotation, in which the reader will perceive the exalted ideas entertained by him of the future grandeur of our republic. Writing to Mr. Jay, on the 8th of May, 1785, he says:

"We ought to attend to considerations of strength and defence. Our situation is different from some of the powers of Europe, who have neglected their own defence. Switzerland is situated so that if she should be attacked by one neighbour, she would infallibly be defended by two others. If attacked by Sardinia, she would be defended by France and the Emperor; if by the Emperor, France and Sardinia would support her; and if by France, the Emperor and Sardinia would unite to protect her. This is so fully known to her and all her neighbours, that she fears nothing and is at no expense. Holland, attacked by France, found a friend in England; when attacked by England, France supported her; when the Emperor threatened her, she found a friend in France too, and she will for-

ever be sure that neither of these three great powers can ever suffer her to fall a prey to any of the others. She has relied so much upon this, as to neglect her defence, to her great regret at present. But what are Switzerland and Holland? small powers, limited by nature, so that they never can be great, to the United States of America, destined beyond a doubt to be the greatest power on earth, and that within the life of man. This is so well known, that instead of being overlooked among the powers, like Holland and Switzerland, we shall be more an object of jealousy than any other upon earth. All the powers know that it is impossible for any, the proudest of them, to conquer us; and therefore, if we should be attacked by any one, the others will not be fond of undertaking our defence; knowing we can defend ourselves, they will leave us to do it, and if they assist us at all, it will not be until we have done the work, and then it will be feebly, and only with a view of deriving more benefit and reputation from it than they do us good. They will be pleased to see us weakened and our growth a little retarded. It behoves the United States, then, to knit themselves together in the band of affection and mutual confidence, search their own resources to the bottom, form their foreign commerce into a system, and encourage their own navigation and seamen, and to these ends their carrying trade; and I am much afraid we shall never be able to do this, unless Congress are vested with full power, under the limitations prescribed for fifteen years, and the concurrence of nine States, of forming treaties of commerce with foreign powers.

“With great esteem, &c.

“JOHN ADAMS.”

Some of the maritime governments of Europe, who thought they would derive advantage from commerce with our ports, made advances to us with that object. None, however, approached us in so humble a strain as the free and imperial city of Hamburg. The missive of the Burgomasters and Senate is so ludicrous a mixture of obsequiousness and unfeigned gratification at the achievement of our independence, that we are tempted to transcribe it. The spirit of the greedy merchant, anxious to secure the gains of a new market, is awkwardly blended with the language of rulers of a flourishing city:

“FROM THE CITY OF HAMBURG TO CONGRESS.

“*Right Noble, High, Mighty, Most Honourable Lords:*

“Since by the preliminary articles of peace lately between the high belligerent powers concluded, and the illustrious United States of North America have been acknowledged free, sovereign, and independent, and now, since European powers are courting in rivalry the friendship of your High Mightinesses,

“We, impressed with the most lively sensations on the illustrious event, the wonder of this, and the most remote future ages, and desirous fully to testify the part which we take therein, do hereby offer your High Mightinesses our service and attachment in the cause.

“And in the most sincere disposition of the heart, we take the honour to wish, so far as from Omnipotent Providence we do pray, that the most illustrious Republic of the United States of America may, during the remotest centuries, enjoy all imaginable advantages to be derived from that sovereignty which they gained by prudence and courage. That, by the wisdom and active patriotism of your illustrious Congress, it may forever flourish and increase, and that the High, Mighty Regents of these free



United States may with ease and in abundance enjoy all manner of temporal happiness; and, at the same time, we most obsequiously recommend our city to a perpetual friendly intelligence, and her trade and navigation, in matters reciprocally advantageous, to your favour and countenance.

“In order to show that such mutual commerce with the merchant houses of this place may undoubtedly be of common benefit, your High Mightinesses will be pleased to give us leave to make out some advantages of this trading city.

“Here governs a free, unrestrained republican commerce, charged with but few duties.

“Hamburg’s situation upon the river Elbe is as if it were in the centre of the Baltic and the North Sea, and as canals are cut from the river through the city, goods may be brought in ships to the magazines in town, and from thence again to all parts of the world.

“Hamburg carries on its trade with economy; it is the mart of goods of all countries where they can be purchased, not only of good quality, but sometimes cheaper than at first hand.

“Here linen, woolen goods, calicoes, glass, copper, and all other numerous produce, manufactured and context wares of the whole German empire, are brought in by Portuguese, Spaniards, the English, Dutch, French and other nations, and from hence further transported, in exchange whereof considerable quantities of North American goods, much wanted in Germany, may be taken.

“Mr. Penet, who, in your country, is honoured with several offices, has sojourned here for some time, and with all who had the honour of his acquaintance, bore the character of an intelligent, skilful, and, for reciprocally advantageous commerce, well disposed and zealous man, who will certainly have the complaisance to give your High Mightinesses further explanation of the advantages of this trading place, which we have but briefly touched upon.

“We now intercessionally and most obsequiously request your High Mightinesses to favour and countenance the trade of our merchants, and to suffer them to enjoy all such rights and liberties as you allow to merchants of nations in amity, which in gratitude and with zeal we will in our place endeavour to retribute, not doubting that such mutual intercourse may be effected, since a good beginning thereof is already made on both sides by the friendly reception of the vessels that have arrived in either countries.

“In further testimony of our most attentive obsequiousness and sincere attachment, we have deputed our citizen, John Abraham De Boor, who is charged with the concerns of a considerable merchant house, who, like several other merchant houses of good report and solidity in this city, are desirous of entering with merchants of your countries into reciprocal commerce. He is to have the honour of presenting to your High Mightinesses this our most obsequious missive. Wherefore we most earnestly recommend him to your favourable reception. He has it from us in express charge most respectfully to give your High Mightinesses, if required, such upright and accurate accounts of our situation and constitutions as may be depended upon, and at the same time in person to testify the assurance of the most perfect respect and attachment, with which attentively we remain, right noble, high, mighty, most honourable lords, your

“Most obsequious and devoted,

“BURGOMASTERS AND SENATE

“Of the imperial free city of the Empire.

“Given under our City Seal, }

“March 29th, 1783.” }

To this, Congress, by Mr. Boudinot, their President, returned a kind and dignified answer.



We have dwelt sufficiently upon the subject of commerce, and will now turn our reader's attention to some other matters of interest furnished by these volumes.

On the 23d of December, 1783, Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, and took a solemn leave of public life. It is known that the gratitude of his countrymen called him, a few years after, from his retirement, and placed him again at the helm. The sincerity, however, of his sentiments, on the interesting occasion referred to, cannot be questioned. The Journals of Congress, of that date, (part of which have been published in the book before us,) supply the following account of the affair. The eloquent language of General Mifflin, then the President of Congress, in responding to the address of the retiring commander-in-chief, can scarcely even now be perused without emotion.

*"Extract from the Journals of Congress, December 23d, 1783.*

"According to order, his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, was admitted to a public audience, and being seated, the President, after a pause, informed him, that the United States, in Congress assembled, were prepared to receive his communications: Whereupon, he arose and addressed the chair as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT:

"The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honour of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States, of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence, a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task; which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

"While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate.

"Permit me, Sir, to recommend in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of Congress.

"I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body,

under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

“He then advanced and delivered to the President his commission, with a copy of his address, and having resumed his place, the President returned him the following answer :

“SIR :

“The United States, in Congress assembled, receive with emotions too affecting for utterance, the solemn resignation of the authorities under which you have led their troops with success through a perilous and doubtful war. Called upon by your country to defend its invaded rights, you accepted the sacred charge before it had formed alliances, and whilst it was without funds, or a government to support you. You have conducted the great military contest with wisdom and fortitude, invariably regarding the rights of the civil power through all disasters and changes. You have, by the love and confidence of your fellow citizens, enabled them to display their martial genius, and transmit their fame to posterity. You have persevered, till these United States, aided by a magnanimous king and nation, have been enabled, under a just Providence, to close the war in freedom, safety and independence ; on which happy event we sincerely join you in congratulations.

“Having defended the standard in this new world ; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action, with the blessings of your fellow-citizens ; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, it will continue to animate remotest ages.

“We feel, with you, our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers who have attended your person in this affecting moment.

“We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them, of becoming a happy and respectable nation, and for you we address to him our earnest prayers, that a life so beloved, may be fostered with all his care ; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious ; and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give.”

Meeting the name of Lafayette in the list of the foreign correspondents of the United States, cannot fail, at the present moment, to excite painful emotions. Even as we write, the long funeral procession attests the grief of the citizens of his adopted country for his loss. He lived to see the nation, in whose behalf he jeoparded his life and fortune, fast rising in the scale of grandeur and of power, and in the full enjoyment of the blessings of liberty, while that to which he was additionally bound by the ties of birth, after passing through two revolutions, one of which had caused an ocean of blood to flow, still appeared to his dying eyes to be grasping at a phantom. We mean not to discuss the career of Lafayette, nor to say that all his acts were the result either of great energy of character, or the highest political wisdom ; but we think, that no one who reads the correspondence of the Marquis, which is found in these volumes, can stop short of the conviction, that an ardent and disinterested love of America animated his breast. They prove him to have been her early and her constant friend.

He laboured to the extent of his influence in France, (and it was by no means inconsiderable,) to place the commerce of the United States on the most favoured footing. The ministers of our country in France found in him, at all times, a zealous and efficient coadjutor; and they have fully and warmly acknowledged this in their communications. He took a deep interest in the progress of the Convention which framed our Constitution, believing its establishment essential to our happiness. The gratitude which all Americans felt for his services, is fully manifested by the language of the journals of Congress, and the letters of their President to him, at the time of his departure hence in 1781. On the 11th of December of that year, a committee, consisting of one member from each State, received him in the chamber of Congress, and in their name took public leave of him. They were instructed to assure him "that Congress continue to entertain the same high sense of his abilities and zeal to promote the welfare of America, both here and in Europe, which they have frequently expressed and manifested on former occasions, and which the recent marks of his attention to their commercial and other interests have perfectly confirmed. That as his uniform and unceasing attachment to this country has resembled that of a patriotic citizen, the United States regard him with particular affection, and will not cease to feel an interest in whatever may concern his honour and prosperity, and that their best and kindest wishes will always attend him."

A letter was also written in their name to his most Christian Majesty, recommending Lafayette to his favour and patronage. We shall extract a letter which he wrote in February, 1786, from Paris, to John Jay, with a part of the answer of the latter gentleman; they will amply repay the trouble of a perusal, and will exemplify some of the remarks we have made:

"Sir

"I have not for a long time had the honour to address you, either in public or private letters. This has been owing to a tour I made through several parts of Europe, and to a derangement in the packets, which, to my great concern, I found to have taken place during my absence.

"In the course of a journey to Prussia, Saxony, the Austrian dominions, and back again to Berlin, I could not but have many opportunities to improve myself by the inspection of famous fields of battle, the review of the greatest generals, and the sight of excellent troops: those of Prussia particularly exceeding my expectations. I had occasion not less to become due to almost the folly of nations, who can bear a deep and government, and pay a new tribute of respect and attachment to the constitutional principles we had the happiness to establish. Wherever I went, America was of course a topic to the conversation. Her efforts during the contest are universally admired, and in the transactions which have so gloriously taken place, there is a large field of enthusiasm for the soldier, of love and applause for the politician, and to the philosopher and philanthropist, they are a matter of unspeakable delight, and I could say of admiration.

Those sentiments I had the pleasure to find generally diffused. But to my great sorrow (and I will the more candidly tell it in this letter, as it can hurt none more than it hurts myself) I did not find, that every remark equally turned to the advantage of my pride, and of that satisfaction I feel in the admiration of the world for the United States.

“In countries so far distant, under constitutions so foreign to republican notions, the affairs of America cannot be thoroughly understood, and such inconveniences as we lament ourselves are greatly exaggerated by her enemies.

“It would require almost a volume to relate how many mistaken ideas I had the opportunity to set to rights. And as it has been painful for me to hear, so it is now disagreeable to mention the bad effect which the want of federal union, and of effective arrangements for the finances and commerce and a general establishment of militia have had on the minds of European nations. It is foolishly thought by some, that democratical constitutions will not, cannot last, that the States will quarrel with each other, that a king, or at least a nobility, are indispensable for the prosperity of a nation. But I would not attend to those absurdities, as they are answered by the smallest particle of unprejudiced common sense, and will, I trust, be forever destroyed by the example of America. But it was impossible for me to feel so much unconcerned, when those points were insisted upon, for which I could not but acknowledge within myself there was some ground; although it was so unfairly broached by the enemies of the United States. It is an object with the European governments to check and discourage the spirit of emigration, which, I hope will increase among the Germans, with a more perfect knowledge of the situation of America. And while I was enjoying the admiration and respect of those parts of the world for the character of the United States; while I was obliged to hear some remarks, which, although they were exaggerated, did not seem to me quite destitute of a foundation, I heartily addressed my prayers to heaven, that by her known wisdom, patriotism, and liberality of principles, as well as firmness of conduct, America may preserve the consequence she has so well acquired, and continue to command the admiration of the world.

“What I now have the honour to write, is the result of conversations with the principal characters in the countries I have visited; and particularly the Austrian and Prussian ministers, the Emperor, Duke of Brunswick, Prince Henry, a man equally great and virtuous, the Prince Royal, and the King of Prussia. With the last I have often dined in the company of the Duke of York, second blood-son to his Britannic Majesty, when American affairs past and present were brought on the carpet, and sometimes not a little embarrassing for an English prince. My stay at Vienna was short, but I had a very long conference with the emperor, in which we spoke much of the American trade, and I found he had imbibed British prejudices. The next day Prince de Kaunitz introduced the subject to me, and expressed some astonishment that the United States did not make some advances towards the emperor. I answered, advances had been made formerly, and more than were necessary on the part of America, whom there was as much occasion to court, as for her to seek for alliances. But that my attachment to his Imperial Majesty made me wish he would address on that business the Ministers of Congress now at Paris and London, through the medium of his ambassadors. I answered, that the best measure to be taken immediately, was to open the Italian ports to American fish. But I do not think the United States will ever find a very extensive commercial benefit, in her treaties with that court.

“In every thing that concerns France, my respected friend Mr. Jefferson, will give you sufficient information.

"The affair of American commerce, wears a better prospect than it has hitherto done; so far at least that a committee has been appointed, to hear what we have to say on the trade between this kingdom and the United States.

"The King of Prussia is very unwell, and cannot live many months. His nephew is an honest, firm military man. From the emperor's temper a war could be feared; but our system is so pacific, and it will be so difficult for England to involve us in a quarrel without acting a part which she has no interest to do, that I do not think the tranquillity of Europe will be deranged. Holland is checking Stradtholderian influence, but no further. The King of Naples and his father are quarrelling on account of a minister's leaning to the House of Bourbon, and being devoted to other powers, whom the son wants to keep. I had lately an opportunity to know that the last revolt in Peru has cost a hundred thousand lives; but from the same account I find that those people are far remote from the ideas which lead to a sensible revolution.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"LAFAYETTE."

"SIR:

"During your absence from France, I omitted being so regular in my correspondence as I should otherwise have been.

"I have been honoured with your letters of the 18th April, and 6th September in the last year, and with one of the 11th February last; they were all communicated to Congress.

"The account of your German excursion is concise and interesting: the sentiments and opinions respecting the United States and American affairs, which you found there prevailing, appear to me very natural. Successful revolutions and victorious arms, have always a degree of splendour about them, which shines at a great distance, and excites admiration whether well or ill founded. Few have been at the pains of examining and understanding the merits of the case between Britain and us, and nine-tenths of that few have taken their sides, less from conviction and opinion of right, than from some of the many other more common and more stimulating motives, which usually govern the declarations and conduct of the mass of mankind. It is equally natural that reports to our disadvantage, composed of such portions of truth and falsehood, as might render them probable and palatable, should be generally diffused and believed. There are very few States, and very few ministers in them who think it convenient to magnify America either by word or deed. Politicians, like critics, are often more disposed to censure, than to commend the works of others; and patriotic manœuvres, *pro bono publico*, like pious frauds, *pro salute animarum*, were never uncommon. As there is, and always was, and will be, an actual, though involuntary coalition, between the men of too much art and the men of too little; so they, who either officially or from choice, fabricate opinions for other people's use, will always find many to receive and be influenced by them. Thus errors proceeding from the invention of designing men, are very frequently adopted and cherished by others, who mistake them for truths. It must be easy for the maritime nations to make the rest of Europe believe almost what they please of this country, for some years yet to come; and I shall be much mistaken, if Fame should soon do us justice, especially as her trumpet is in many places employed and hired for other purposes.

"Whence it happens I know not, but so the fact is, that I have scarcely met with six foreigners in the course of my life, who really understood American affairs. The cause of truth will probably be little indebted to their memoirs and representations; and when I consider what mistakes are committed by

writers on American subjects, I suspect the histories of other countries contain but very imperfect accounts of them.

"I easily conceive that at the German courts you visited, you have done us service; because I know how able, as well as how willing, you are to do it. I wish all who speak and write of us, were equally well informed and well disposed. It is a common remark in this country, that wherever you go, you do us good; for my part, I give you credit, not merely for doing us good, but also for doing it uniformly, constantly and upon system."

The letters of Dr. Franklin, while Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, form the commencement of the second volume of the correspondence. He remained nearly two years, accredited to the Court of France, after the signature of the definitive treaty of peace. The letters are not very numerous, which were transmitted by him to this country in his capacity of Envoy to the Court of Versailles; the greater part of his communications being those which, in conjunction with Adams and Jefferson, were penned in the discharge of their duties as joint-commissioners, before mentioned. Still there are a few which exemplify the doctor's peculiar style of composition, a mixture of playful wit with deep political sagacity and consummate wisdom. All that came from the pen of that illustrious man are worthy of careful preservation and frequent perusal. Under date of October 16, 1783, from Passy, we find the following to David Hartley, the minister of England:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have nothing material to write to you respecting public affairs, but I cannot let Mr. Adams, who will see you, go without a line to inquire after your welfare, to inform you of mine, and assure you of my constant respect and attachment.

"I think with you, that your Quaker article is a good one, and that men will, in time, have sense enough to adopt it; but I fear that time is not yet come.

"What would you think of a proposition, if I should make it, of a compact between England, France, and America? America would be as happy as the Sabine girls, if she could be the means of uniting in perpetual peace, her father and her husband. What repeated follies are those repeated wars! You do not want to conquer and govern one another. Why then should you be continually employed in injuring and destroying one another? How many excellent things might have been done to promote the internal welfare of each country; what bridges, roads, canals, and other useful public works and institutions, tending to the common felicity, might have been made and established with the money and men foolishly spent during the last seven centuries by our mad wars, in doing one another mischief! You are near neighbours, and each have very respectable qualities. Learn to be quiet, and to respect each other's rights. You are all Christians. One is the *Most Christian King*, and the other, *Defender of the Faith*. Manifest the propriety of these titles by your future conduct. 'By this,' says Christ, 'shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' Seek peace, and ensure it.

"Adieu, yours, &c.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

On the 25th of December, of the same year, he wrote thus to his friend, Robert Morris:



"SIR,

"The remissness of our people in paying taxes is highly blameable, the unwillingness to pay them is still more so. I see in some resolutions of town meetings, a remonstrance against giving Congress a power to take, as they call it, *the people's money* out of their pockets, though only to pay the interest and principal of debts duly contracted. They seem to mistake the point. Money justly due from the people, is their creditor's money, and no longer the money of the people, who, if they withhold it, should be compelled to pay by some law. All property, indeed, except the savage's temporary cabin, his bow, his matchuat, and other little acquisitions absolutely necessary for his subsistence, seems to me to be the creature of public convention. Hence the public has the right of regulating descents, and all other conveyances of property, and even of limiting the quantity and uses of it. All the property that is necessary to a man for the conservation of the individual, and the propagation of the species, is his natural right, which none can justly deprive him of; but all property superfluous to such purposes, is the property of the public, who, by their laws, have created it, and who may, therefore, by other laws, dispose of it whenever the welfare of the public shall desire such a disposition. He that does not like civil society on these terms, let him retire, and live among the savages! He can have no right to the benefits of society, who will not pay his club towards the support of it.

"The Marquis de Lafayette, who loves to be employed in our affairs, and is often very useful, has lately had several conversations with the Ministers, and persons concerned in forming new regulations, respecting the commerce between our two countries, which are not yet concluded. I thought it, therefore, well to communicate to him a copy of your letter, which contains so many and just observations on that subject. He will make a proper use of them, and perhaps they may have more weight, as appearing to come from a Frenchman, than they would have if it were known that they were the observations of an American. I perfectly agree with you in all the sentiments you have expressed on this occasion.

"I am sorry for the public's sake, that you are about to quit your office, but on personal considerations I shall congratulate you, for I cannot conceive of a more happy man than he, who, having been long loaded with public cares, finds himself relieved from them, and enjoying private repose in the bosom of his friends and family.

"With sincere regard, &c.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

Franklin quitted France universally esteemed and beloved. The services he rendered us, while in Europe, can never be over-estimated by a grateful people. His winning manners and engaging conversation made him universally popular; and he well knew how to turn his individual influence to the account of his country's interests. His great wisdom, and calm, sound judgment, always secured him from the influences of passion or prejudice; and where, as in the case of the Court of France, his judgment was convinced of the sincerity of another's friendship and professions, he gave his entire confidence. His wisdom and foresight were fully proved by the success of his course through life—for he was never deceived.

Mr. Adams was sent minister to Holland, prior to his embassy to England, which we shall presently notice. While at the Hague, in the year 1784, an application was made to him by an American gentleman then in London, a candidate for



orders in the Episcopal Church, desiring to know if American candidates might have orders from Protestant bishops on the continent, and complaining that he had been refused by the bishop of London, and the archbishop of Canterbury, unless he would take the oaths of allegiance, &c. Mr. Adams inquired of the Danish Minister for information upon the point, and it was laid formally before the privy council of his Danish Majesty. What Mr. Adams intended merely to be current conversation, was made the subject of deliberation by the government of Denmark, and their faculty of theology. He received the following extract of a letter communicated by M. de St. Saphorin, Danish Envoy to the States General:

“SIR:

“The opinion of the theological faculty having been taken on the question made to your Excellency, by Mr. Adams; if American Ministers of the Church of England, can be consecrated here by a bishop of the Danish Church? I am ordered by the king to authorize you to answer, that such an act can take place according to the Danish rights, but for the convenience of the Americans, who are supposed not to know the Danish language, the Latin language will be made use of on the occasion. For the rest, nothing will be exacted from the candidates but a profession conformable to the articles of the English Church, omitting the oath called *test*, which prevents their being ordained by the English bishops.”

Mr. Adams felt himself called upon to communicate this to Congress, when the following proceedings were had thereupon:

“*Extract from the Secret Journal of Foreign Affairs, March 21, 1785.*

“On the report of a committee, consisting of Mr. Holton, Mr. W. C. Houston, Mr. Read, Mr. Bedford, and Mr. Hardy, to whom were referred sundry letters from the ministers of the United States at Foreign Courts.

“*Resolved*, That the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the States General of the United Netherlands, be instructed to communicate to Monsieur De St. Saphorin, Envoy Extraordinary from his Danish Majesty to the States General, the high sense the United States, in Congress assembled, entertain of the liberal decision made by his Majesty, on the question proposed to his Majesty’s Minister at the Hague, by Mr. Adams, Minister from the United States, respecting the ordination of American candidates for holy orders in the Episcopal Church, commonly called the Church of England.

“*Ordered*, That the Secretary for Foreign Affairs transmit to the Executives of the several States, copies of Mr. Adams’s letter of the 22d day of April, 1784, as well as of the papers therein enclosed, relative to Episcopal ordination.”

We have alluded to this matter as of interest to a numerous religious denomination among us, and also because it appeared somewhat singular that a subject of the kind should have engaged the special attention of our Congress.

On the 24th of February, 1785, Mr. Adams was elected minister plenipotentiary to represent the United States of America at the court of Great Britain. The circumstance was

one of great interest, as he was the first envoy from our country to that court, since she had acknowledged our existence as an independent nation. Matters, too, of most pressing moment to us, some of which still remain almost as unsettled as they were at that early period, demanded the presence in London of an energetic and, at the same time, an adroit envoy. The affairs of the posts and territories within our limits, held, notwithstanding the peace, by British garrisons; the deportation of slaves and other property in violation of the treaty; the north-eastern boundary, and the trade with the English colonies on the Continent and in the West Indies; all required adjustment; and, by their complicated character, demanded great skill and information in the diplomatist. The negotiation was further complicated by the claims of British subjects for the payment of debts due them in the United States, and other pretensions of the English government. It is well known that Mr. Adams performed his arduous task to the entire satisfaction of his country. We do not intend to discuss here any of the abovementioned topics; but shall confine our notice to a few subjects, less dry in their nature, and possessing more general interest for our readers.

The presentation of the first minister to the court of St. James, in the person of Mr. Adams, might well have engaged his anxious curiosity; and we can easily pardon his entering into details upon the point. There will be discovered in his account no lurking vanity nor sense of self-importance, nor what is far less excusable, a want of the proper self-respect and appreciation of the dignity of his station, which should distinguish every representative of the proud republic of America. Happy should we feel, tenacious as we wish all Americans to be of the honour of their country, if there were no publications of our envoys to foreign courts, which subject their authors to the imputation of having lost sight of this all-important consideration in the child-like admiration of what was splendid to the eye or gratifying to the taste.

*“ Bath Hotel, Westminster, June 2, 1785.*

“DEAR SIR:

“During my interview with the Marquis of Carmarthen, he told me that it was customary for every foreign Minister, at his first presentation to the King, to make his Majesty some compliments conformable to the spirit of his credentials, and when Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer, the master of the ceremonies came to inform me that he should accompany me to the Secretary of State, and to Court, he said that every foreign Minister whom he had attended to the Queen, had always made a harangue to her Majesty, and he understood, though he had not been present, that they always harangued the King.

“On Tuesday evening, the Baron de Lynden called upon me, and said

he came from the Baron de Nolken, and had been conversing upon the singular situation I was sent in, and agreed in opinion that it was indispensable that I should make a speech, and that it should be as complimentary as possible; all this was parallel to the advice lately given by the Count de Vergennes to Mr. Jefferson, so that finding it was a custom established at both these great courts, and that this court and the foreign Ministers expected it, I thought I could not avoid it, although my first thought and inclination had been to deliver my credentials silently and retire.

“At one, on Wednesday, the first of June, the Master of Ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State’s office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me and introduced me to his under secretary, Mr. Frazier, who has been, as his lordship said, uninterrupted in that office through all the changes in administration for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness. After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my effects from Holland and France free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to court. When we arrived in the antichamber, the *Oeil de Boeuf*, of St. James’s, the Master of the Ceremonies met me and attended me, while the Secretary of State went to take the commands of the King. While I stood in this place, where it seems all Ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the Master of Ceremonies, the room very full of Ministers of State, Bishops and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the King’s bed-chamber, you may well suppose I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it by the Swedish and Dutch Ministers, who came to me, and entertained me in a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments to me, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned and desired me to go with him to his Majesty. I went with his lordship through the levee room into the King’s closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the Secretary of State, alone; I made the three reverences, one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his Majesty in the following words:

“‘SIR—: The United States of America have appointed me their Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honour to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty’s subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty’s health and happiness, and that of your royal family. The appointment of a Minister from the United States to your Majesty’s court, will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens in having the distinguished honour to be the first to stand in your Majesty’s royal presence in a diplomatic character, and shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty’s royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence and affection, or in better words, the old good nature and the old good humour, between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood.

“‘I beg your Majesty’s permission to add, that although I have some

time before been intrusted by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself.'

"The King listened to every word I said with dignity, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said:

"SIR:—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their Minister. I wish you, Sir, to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest, but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural and full effect.'

"I dare not say that these were the King's precise words, and it is even possible that I may have in some particular mistaken his meaning, for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated some time between his periods, and between the members of the same period. He was much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense, and I think that all which he said to me should at present be kept a secret in America, unless his Majesty or his Secretary of State should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his Majesty's meaning as I then understood it, and his own words as nearly as I can recollect them. The King then asked me whether I came last from France, and upon answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, there is an opinion among some people, that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France. I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion and a departure from the dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on the one hand, nor leave him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said, that opinion, Sir, is not mistaken: I must avow to your Majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country. The King replied, as quick as lightning, an honest (man) will never have any other. The King then said a word or two to the Secretary of State, which, being between them, I did not hear, and then turned and bowed to me, as is customary with all Kings and Princes when they give the signal to retire.

"I retreated, stepping backward, as is the etiquette; and, making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went my way.

"The Master of the Ceremonies joined me the moment of my coming out of the King's closet, and accompanied me through the apartments to my carriage. I have been thus minute as it may be useful to others hereafter.

"The conversation with the King, Congress will form their own judg-

ment of. I may expect from it a residence less painful than I once expected, as so marked an attention from the King will silence many grumblers; but we can infer nothing from all this concerning the success of my mission. There are a train of other ceremonies to go through. The Queen, and visits to and from Ministers and Ambassadors, which will take up much time, and interrupt me in my endeavours to obtain what I have at heart, the object of my instructions. It is thus the essence of things is lost in ceremony in every country in Europe. We must submit to what we cannot alter. Patience is the only remedy.

“With great respect, &c.

“JOHN ADAMS.”

For a most interesting account of an argument between himself and Mr. Pitt, then prime minister, upon most of the debated grounds between the two countries, we would refer to Mr. Adams's letter, at page 326 of vol. 4, and also to another, at page 378 of the same volume, for a spirited sketch of a debate in Parliament, on the subject of trade with New Foundland. We can merely refer to these communications, as they are too long to be extracted.

Of the English prime minister, Mr. Adams had not formed any very high estimate. His account of this statesman and of his master, whom Pitt ruled for so many years with undiminished influence, is interesting as the recorded evidence of a contemporary who had himself seen much of the world and of the great men in it.

“*Grosvenor Square, Westminster, Dec. 1785.*

“DEAR SIR:

“I am anxious to convey to you, if I can, in as strong a light as that in which I see it myself, the impossibility of our doing any thing satisfactory with this nation, especially under this ministry, that the States may neither neglect nor delay any measure which they would judge necessary or expedient, upon the certainty that England will not alter her conduct. In order to do this, I must be allowed to write freely, things which Congress ought to know, but to keep *secret*. I know how much I expose myself, but as I have hitherto made it my rule, as much as I could, to conceal nothing which I thought necessary to be known, whatever might be the consequence to myself, I shall not now begin a new system, and shall only request that a reasonable caution may be observed, not to injure a man merely for discharging a disagreeable part of his duty.

The King, I really think, is the most accomplished courtier in his dominions; with all the affability of Charles the Second, he has all the domestic virtue and regularity of conduct of Charles the First. He is the greatest talker in the world, and has a tenacious memory, stored with resources of small talk concerning all the little things of life, which are inexhaustible. But so much of his time is, and has been, consumed in this, that he is in all the great affairs of society and government, as weak, as far as I can judge, as we ever understood him to be in America. He is also as obstinate. The unbounded popularity acquired by his temperance and facetiousness, added to the splendour of his dignity, gives him such a continual feast of flattery, that he thinks all he does is right, and he pursues his own ideas with a firmness which would become the best system of action. He has a pleasure in his own will and way, without which he

would be miserable, which seems to be the true principle upon which he has always chosen and rejected ministers. He has an habitual contempt of patriots and patriotism, at least for what are called in this country by those names, and takes a delight in mortifying all who have any reputation for such qualities, and in supporting those who have a counter character. Upon this principle, only, can I account for the number of Tories which were forced into the administration of the Earl of Shelburne, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Pitt, and for the immoderate attachment to American refugees, which has appeared in all of them.

"Mr. Pitt is very young, Sir; he has discovered abilities and firmness upon some occasions; but I have never seen in him any evidence of greater talents than I have seen in members of Congress, and in other scenes of life in America, at his age. I have not yet seen any decided proofs of principle, or patriotism, or virtue; on the contrary, there are many symptoms of the want of these qualities, without which no statesman ever yet appeared uniformly great, or wrought out any memorable salvation for any country. In American affairs he has vibrated credit as a pendulum, and no one can yet guess when he will have fixed. His attention appears to have been chiefly given to two objects, preserving tranquillity, and raising the stocks. His attention to these would have been laudable, if he had not neglected others equally essential, in the end, though not so urgent for the present period. The discontents of the nation, arising from their late disappointments, disgraces, and humiliations, as well as the pressure of taxes, would have broken out into seditions, if the Ministers had not studiously avoided every thing which could raise a clamour or operate forcibly upon popular passions; and if the stocks could not have been supported, all would have been distraction at once. With all his care he has barely escaped from more furious tumults, at the expense of a few stones thrown at his carriage, and a few executions in effigy. The stocks he has raised, and if he can keep them up, they will support him, and intoxicate the nation to such a degree, that I presume it will be impossible for him to pursue that system towards America and Ireland, which is indispensable for the complete preservation of the remainder of the empire.

"No Briton would deserve the character of a statesman, without a comprehensive view of the interests of the nation relative to their liberties and form of government, relative to their manufactures, commerce, and navigation, relative to their foreign dominions in Asia, Africa, America, and in Europe, relatively to all the other powers in Europe, especially their ancient enemy, who has always endangered their existence, I mean the crown of Bourbon, and their ancient friends, who have assisted in supporting them, and rearing up their wealth and power, I mean the Dutch and the United States of America, and all these relatively to the interest of posterity and future ages. But I have not seen the least appearances of any man in the three kingdoms, among the men in power, who answers this description."

With two more passages from his letters, we shall reluctantly take our leave of John Adams's correspondence. It is so characterized by what should recommend it to us all, and is also prominent in the writings of John Jay—we mean, *Americanism*—that we confess, we linger over his pages, full loath to separate. He thus speaks of the inexpediency of marking out a course of policy for a country, disregarding the peculiar character of her people.

"If all intercourse between Europe and America could be cut off for ever, if every ship we have were burnt, and the keel of another never to be



laid, we might still be the happiest people upon earth, and in fifty years the most powerful. The luxuries we import from Europe, instead of promoting our prosperity, only enfeeble our race of men, and retard the increase of population. But the character of our people must be taken into consideration; they are as aquatic as the tortoises and sea fowl, and the love of commerce, with its conveniences and pleasures, are habits in them as unalterable as their natures. It is in vain, then, to amuse ourselves with the thought of annihilating commerce, unless as philosophical speculations. We are to consider men and things as practical statesmen, and to consider who our constituents are, and what they expect from us; upon this principle we shall find that we must have connexions with Europe, Asia, and Africa, and, therefore, the sooner we form those connexions with a judicious system, the better it will be for us and our children."

And, after alluding to the condition of some of the European powers, he thus apostrophizes his own nation:

"Oh fortunate Americans, if you did but know your own felicity! instead of trampling on the laws, the rights, the generous plans of power delivered down from your remote forefathers, you should cherish and fortify those noble institutions with filial and religious reverence. Instead of envying the rights of others, every American citizen has cause to rejoice in his own. Instead of violating the security of property, it should be as sacred as the commandment "thou shalt not steal." Instead of trampling on private honour and public justice, every one who attempts it should be considered as an impious parricide, who seeks to destroy his own liberty and that of his neighbours. What would have become of American liberty, if there had not been more faith, honour and justice in the minds of their common citizens, than are found in the common people in Europe? Do we see in the Austrian Netherlands, in the United Netherlands, or even in the parliaments in France, that confidence in one another, and in the common people, which enabled the people of the United States to go through a revolution? Where is the difference? It is a want of honesty; and if the common people in America lose their integrity, they will soon set up tyrants of their own, or court a foreign one; laws alone, and those political institutions which are the guardians of them, and a sacred administration of justice, can preserve honour, virtue, and integrity, in the minds of the people."

Congress was, more than once, not a little troubled by the difficulties into which the government was brought, by what were considered, by foreign ambassadors, gross breaches of privilege; committed, most generally, by the arrest of some one of the servants attached to the embassy, owing to the ignorance or inattention of the local magistrates. The embarrassment of Congress was increased, from want of the power of punishing these outrages; being forced to turn the complaining party over to the ordinary criminal justice of the States. Recommendations were made to the States to pass laws providing for the exigency; which were, in some instances, complied with. It was not, however, until the adoption of the Constitution, that the matter was set right by the passage of proper laws upon the subject. The affair of Longchamps is probably familiar to most of our readers; it caused our government much uneasiness.



We were desirous of preserving our consequence and dignity in the eyes of foreign nations, which we could hardly do, without the power of protecting their ministers and families from insult. An affair, less familiar, probably, than the one just referred to, occurred in the city of New York. An alderman, by the name of Wylley, had issued a warrant to arrest a certain Van Antwerp, in a civil suit, ignorant at the time of the defendants being attached, as afterwards appeared to be the case, to the suite of Mr. Van Berckel, the minister of the United Netherlands. The constable behaved himself improperly in the execution of the warrant; and this aggravated the ambassador's sense of the outrage. He complained most grievously to Congress, who referred the matter to the Mayor's Court of the city of New York. The constable was convicted and imprisoned. We refer principally, however, to the affair, for the purpose of introducing to our readers the spirited letter of Alderman Wylley, who was a tailor, and who seemed to be of the opinion, that the situation of an alderman of the city of New York, elected by the people, was on a level with that of any ambassador in the universe. Being requested by Mr. Duane, the Mayor, to give an account of his conduct, he wrote thus to him:

"SIR,

*"New York, January 19, 1788.*

"In answer to your letter of the 7th instant, on the subject of a complaint exhibited against me by the Minister of the United Netherlands, I beg leave to inform you substantially of the whole of my conduct in the business, from which you will be enabled to judge whether I have, in the least, been guilty of the violation of the privilege of an ambassador.

"On Tuesday, the 18th December last, I issued a warrant against a certain James Van Antwerp, at the suit of John Van Gelder, for a debt; which warrant, by a mistake, I dated the 14th, instead of the 13th. That on Tuesday following I received two messages from his Excellency, Mr. Van Berckel, desiring me to wait on him immediately; I accordingly left my business, and went to his Excellency's residence, when, after waiting in a cold room for a quarter of an hour, his Excellency appeared, and asked me my name, I answered John Wylley; he then charged me with having issued a writ against his servant, which I denied; I then asked him the name of his servant, and on his answering Van Antwerp, I said I had issued a warrant against a young man of that name, not knowing him to be an ambassador's servant, but supposing him to be in the service of Mr. Stevens, as I was informed by Mr. Van Gelder, the plaintiff, at the time of issuing the warrant. His Excellency then said I should be made to know his servants; I replied that I did not know that I was obliged to know him or his servants, but in the way that was right. He then directed me to go home, and mind my tailoring, that I had no business to be an alderman. I replied that I had supported myself and family many years by the tailor's business, and hoped for the continuance of the favours of many good friends who had employed me in that way; that as to the office of alderman, the people had been pleased to elect me, and I placed my hope in a higher power than that of his Excellency for support, in the execution of my office. He then said I should be punished, as falling under his notice. I replied, I asked no favour of him; he then asked me if I did not know that his person was sacred; I replied I did, and had done him no injury. He

then repeated the threat, that he would punish me; and I again answered, I asked him no favour, then, setting himself in the window, he asked me if I thought him a fool. I answered, that the people of the States of Holland would be wanting in their duty, if they should send a fool on so important an embassy. I then asked him if he had any further command, and on receiving no answer, I wished his Excellency a good morning. On my leaving the room, he repeated the threat of punishment, and I repeated the answer that I asked no favour. I have the honour to be, &c.,

“JOHN WILLEY.”

The sturdy, Dutch, independence of the epistle is admirable.

We shall conclude this article by a reference, accompanied with extracts, to the letters of Thomas Jefferson. We do not profess ourselves followers of the doctrines in politics, not to mention morality or religion, of this apostle of southern opinions. From many of his notions, on the contrary, we totally dissent. We dissent from his radicalism in all three of the important subjects alluded to. We deny altogether his favourite theory, which we shall see broached in one of the ensuing extracts, of the necessity or even expediency of rebellions. The “Tree of Liberty” will always flourish better under the reign of the laws and of religion, than “when refreshed,” however profusely, “by the blood of tyrants and patriots.” Liberty is seldom the fruit of internal warlike convulsions. We fear more from the power and daring ambition of the successful soldier, with arms in his hands and troops at his command, than we dare hope from a sense of the justice of abstract rights, after the violence of civil discord. The writings, however, of Mr. Jefferson bear such strong evidence of genius, which no one certainly will deny to have belonged to him, that they are always perused with lively pleasure. His opinions on the constitution possess particular interest. He was in France at the time that the convention sat, which discussed and finally framed that instrument; but his sentiments were communicated freely in his despatches to Mr. Jay and his other friends here. It will be seen, that some of his views were very correct, and have been confirmed by being subsequently incorporated into the constitution in the shape of amendments. These views, however, it should be remarked, were those entertained by many of his friends at the south, and were probably not original with Mr. Jefferson. We shall present extracts from his letters in a continued series, for the purpose of exhibiting at one view some of his doctrines and opinions.

“I remain in hopes of great and good effects, from the decision of the assembly over which you are presiding. To make our States one, as to all foreign concerns, preserve them several as to all merely domestic, to give to the federal head some peaceable mode of enforcing its just authority, to organize that head into legislative, executive and judiciary departments, are great desiderata in our federal constitution. Yet with all its

defects, and with all those of our particular governments, the inconveniences resulting from them, are so light, in comparison with those existing in every other government on earth, that our citizens may certainly be considered, as in the happiest political situation which exists."

"I have news from America, as late as July the 19th. Nothing had transpired from the Federal Convention. I am sorry they began their deliberations by so abominable a precedent, as that of tying up the tongues of their members. Nothing can justify this example, but the innocence of their intentions, and ignorance of the value of public discussions. I have no doubt, that all their other measures will be good and wise. It is really an assembly of demigods. General Washington was of opinion that they should not separate till October."

"How do you like our new constitution? I confess there are things in it which stagger all my dispositions to subscribe to what such an assembly has proposed. The house of federal representatives will not be adequate to the management of affairs, either foreign or federal. Their President seems a bad edition of a Polish king. He may be elected from four years to four years, for life. Reason and experience prove to us, that a chief magistrate, so continuable, is an officer for life. When one or two generations shall have proved that this is an office for life, it becomes, on every succession, worthy of intrigue, of bribery, of force, and even of foreign interference. It will be of great consequence to France and England to have America governed by a Galloman or Angloman. Once in office, and possessing the military force of the Union, without the aid or check of a council, he would not be easily dethroned, even if the people could be induced to withdraw their votes from him. I wish that at the end of four years, they had made him forever ineligible a second time. Indeed, I think all the good of this new constitution might have been couched in three or four new articles, to be added to the good, old and venerable fabric, which should have been preserved, even as a religious relique."

"I do not know whether it is to yourself or Mr. Adams, that I am to give my thanks for the copy of the new constitution. I beg leave through you to place them where due. It will yet be three weeks before I shall receive them from America. There are very good articles in it, and very bad. I do not know which preponderate. What we have lately read in the history of Holland, in the chapter of the Stadtholder, would have sufficed to set me against a chief magistrate eligible for a long duration, if I had even been disposed towards one. And what we have always read of the elections of Polish kings, should have forever excluded the idea of one continuable for life."

"Wonderful is the effect of impudent and persevering lying. The British Ministry have so long hired their gazetteers to repeat and model, into every form, lies about our being in anarchy, that the world has at length believed them, the English nation has believed them, the Ministers themselves have come to believe them, and what is more wonderful, we have believed them ourselves. Yet where does this anarchy exist? Where did it ever exist, except in the single instance of Massachusetts? And can history produce an instance of rebellion so honourably conducted? I say nothing of its motives. They were founded in ignorance, not wickedness. God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all, and always, well informed. The part which is wrong will be discontented in proportion to the importance of the facts they misconceive. If they remain quiet under such misconceptions, it is a lethargy, the forerunner of death to the public liberty. We have had thirteen States independent for eleven years. There has been one rebellion. That comes to one rebellion in a century and a half, for each State. What country before, ever existed a century and a half without a rebellion? and

what country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned, from time to time, that the people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of Liberty must be refreshed, from time to time, with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure. Our convention has been too much impressed by the insurrection of Massachusetts; and on the spur of the moment, they are setting up a kite to keep the hen-yard in order. I hope in God, this article will be rectified, before the new constitution is accepted. You ask me, if any thing transpires here on the subject of South America? Not a word. I know that there are combustible materials there, and that they want the torch only. But this country, probably, will join the extinguishers. The want of facts, worth communicating to you, has occasioned me to give a little loose to dissertation. We must be contented to amuse when we cannot inform."

"Our new constitution is powerfully attacked in the American newspapers. The objections are, that its effect would be, to form the thirteen States into one; that proposing to melt down all into one general government, they have fenced the people by no declaration of rights; they have not renounced the power of keeping a standing army; they have not secured the liberty of the press; they have reserved the power of abolishing trials by jury in civil cases; they have proposed that the laws of the federal legislatures shall be paramount to the laws and constitutions of the States; they have abandoned rotation in office; and, particularly, their President may be re-elected from four years to four years, for life, so as to render him a king for life, like a king of Poland; and they have not given him either the check or aid of a council. To these they add calculations of expense, &c. &c. to frighten the people."

"You will perceive that these objections are serious, and some of them not without foundation. The constitution, however, has been received with a very general enthusiasm, and as far as can be judged from external demonstrations, the bulk of the people are eager to adopt it. In the Eastern States, the printers will print nothing against it, unless the writer subscribes his name. Massachusetts and Connecticut have called conventions in January, to consider of it. In New York, there is a division. The Governor (Clinton) is known to be hostile to it. Jersey, it is thought, will certainly accept it. Pennsylvania is divided, and all the bitterness of her factions has been kindled anew on it. But the party in favour of it is strongest, both in and out of the legislature. This is the party anciently of Morris, Wilson, &c. Delaware will do what Pennsylvania shall do. Maryland is thought favourable to it, yet it is supposed Chase and Paca will oppose it. As to Virginia, two of her delegates, in the first place, refused to sign it. These were Randolph, the Governor, and George Mason. Besides these, Henry, Harrison, Nelson, and the Lees, are against it. General Washington will be for it, but it is not in his character to exert himself much in the case. Madison will be its main pillar, but though an immensely powerful one, it is questionable whether he can bear the weight of such a host. So that the presumption is, that Virginia will reject it. We know nothing of the dispositions of the States south of this. Should it fall through, as it is possible, notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which it was received in the first moment, it is probable that Congress will propose, that the objections which the people shall make to it being once known, another convention shall be assembled, to adopt the improvements generally acceptable, and omit those found disagreeable. In this way union may be produced under a happy constitution, and one which shall not be too energetic, as are the constitutions of Europe. I give you these details, because, possibly, you may not have received them all.

The sale of our Western lands is immensely successful. Five millions of acres have been sold at private sale, for a dollar an acre, in certificates, and at the public sales some of them had sold as high as two dollars and forty cents the acre. The sales had not been begun two months. By these means, taxes, &c. our domestic debt, originally twenty-eight millions of dollars, was reduced, by the first day of last October, to twelve millions, and they were then in treaty for two millions of acres more, at a dollar, private sale. Our domestic debt will then be soon paid off, and that done, the sales will go on for money, at a cheaper rate, no doubt, for the payment of our foreign debt. The *petite guerre* always waged by the Indians, seems not to abate the ardour of purchase or emigration. Kentucky is now counted at sixty thousand. Frankland is also growing fast.

"I like much the general idea of framing a government, which would go on of itself, peaceably, without needing continual recurrence to the State legislatures. I like the organization of the government into legislative, judiciary, and executive. I like the power given the legislature to levy taxes, and for that reason solely, I approve of the greater house being chosen by the people directly. For, though I think a house so chosen, will be very far inferior to the present Congress, will be very illy qualified to legislate for the Union, for foreign nations, &c. yet this evil does not weigh against the good of preserving inviolate the fundamental principle that the people are not to be taxed, but by representatives chosen immediately by themselves. I am captivated by the compromise of the opposite claims of the great and little States, of the latter to equal, and the former to proportional influence. I am much pleased too with the substitution of the method of voting by persons, instead of that of voting by States; and I like the negative given to the executive, conjointly with a third of either house, though I should have liked it better had the judiciary been associated for that purpose, or invested separately with a similar power. There are other good things of less moment. I will now tell you what I do not like. First, the omission of a bill of rights, providing clearly and without the aid of sophism for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction against monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land, and not by the laws of nations. To say, as Mr. Wilson does, that a bill of rights was not necessary, because all is reserved in the case of the general government, which is not given, while in the particular ones, all is given which is not reserved, might do for the audience to which it was addressed, but it is surely a *gratis dictum*, the reverse of which might just as well be said; and it is opposed by strong inferences from the body of the instrument, as well as from the omission of the clause of our present confederation, which had made the reservation in express terms. It was hard to conclude, because there has been a want of uniformity among the States, as to the cases triable by jury, because some have been so incautious as to dispense with this mode of trial in certain cases, therefore, the more prudent States shall be reduced to the same level of calamity. It would have been much more just and wise to have concluded the other way, that as most of the States had preserved with jealousy this sacred palladium of liberty, those which had wandered, should be brought back to it; and to have established general right rather than general wrong. For I consider all the ill as established, which may be established. I have a right to nothing, which another has a right to take away; and Congress will have a right to take away trials by jury in all civil cases. Let me add, that a bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth, general or particular, and which no just government should refuse or rest on inference.

"The second feature I dislike, and strongly dislike, is the abandonment,



in every instance, of the principle of rotation in office, and most particularly in the case of the President. Reason and experience tell us, that the first magistrate will always be re-elected, if he may be re-elected. He is then an officer for life. 'This once observed, it becomes of so much consequence to certain nations, to have a friend or a foe at the head of our affairs, that they will interfere with money and with arms. A Galloman or an Angloman, will be supported by the nation he befriends. If once elected, and at a second or third election out-voted by one or two votes, he will pretend false votes, foul play, hold possession of the reins of government, be supported by the States voting for him, especially if they be the central ones, lying in a compact body themselves and separating their opponents; and they will be aided by one nation in Europe, while the majority are aided by another. The election of a President of America, some years hence, will be much more interesting to certain nations of Europe than ever the election of a king of Poland was. Reflect on all the instances in history, ancient and modern, of the elective monarchies, and say, if they do not give foundation for my fears; the Roman Emperors, the Popes while they were of any importance, the German Emperors till they became hereditary in practice, the Kings of Poland, the Deys of the Ottoman dependencies. It may be said that if elections are to be attended with these disorders, the less frequently they are repeated the better. But experience says, that to free them from disorder, they must be rendered less interesting by a necessity of change. No foreign power, nor domestic party, will waste their blood and money to elect a person who must go out at the end of a short period. The power of removing every fourth year by the vote of the people, is a power which they will not exercise, and if they were disposed to exercise it, they would not be permitted. The king of Poland is removeable every day by the Diet, but they never remove him. Nor would Russia, the Emperor, &c. permit them to do it. Smaller objections are, the appeals on matters of fact as well as law; and the binding all persons, legislative, executive, and judiciary, by oath to maintain the constitution. I do not pretend to decide what would be the best method of procuring the establishment of the manifold good things in this constitution, and of getting rid of the bad. Whether by adopting it in hopes of future amendments; or after it shall have been only weighed and canvassed by the people, after seeing the parts they generally dislike, and those they generally approve, to say to them, 'We see now what you wish. You are willing to give to your federal government such and such powers, but you wish, at the same time, to have such and such fundamental rights secured to you, and certain sources of convulsion taken away. Be it so. Send together your deputies again. Let them establish your fundamental rights by a *sacro-sanct* declaration, and let them pass the parts of the constitution you have approved. These will give powers to your federal government sufficient for your happiness.'

"This is what might be said, and would probably, produce a speedy, more perfect, and more permanent form of government. At all events, I hope you will not be discouraged from making other trials, if the present one should fail. We are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth. I have thus told you, freely, which I like, and what I dislike, merely as a matter of curiosity; for I know that it is not in my power to offer matter of information to your judgment, which has been formed after hearing and weighing every thing which the wisdom of man could offer on these subjects. I own I am not a friend to a very energetic government; it is always very oppressive. It places the governors, indeed, more at ease, at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in

thirteen States, in the course of eleven years is but one for each State in a century and a half, no country should be as long without one, nor will any degree of power in the hands of government prevent insurrection. In England, where the hand of power is heavier than with us, there are seldom half a dozen years without an insurrection. In France, where it is still heavier, but less despotic, as Montesquieu supposes, than in some other countries, and where there are always two or three hundred thousand men ready to crush insurrections, there have been three in the course of the three years I have been here, in every one of which greater numbers were engaged than in Massachusetts, and a great deal more blood spilt. In Turkey, where the sole nod of the despot is death, insurrections are the events of every day. Compare, again, the ferocious depredations of their insurgents, with the order, the moderation, and the almost self-extinguishment of ours. And say, finally, whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people; this last is the most certain, and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of this people, enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and good order, and they will preserve them, and it requires no very high degree of education to convince them of this; they are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty. After all it is my principle, that the will of the majority should prevail. If they approve the proposed constitution in all its parts, I shall concur in it cheerfully, in hopes they will amend it, whenever they find it works wrong. This reliance cannot deceive us as long as we remain virtuous, and I think we shall do so, as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case, while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt, as in Europe, and go to eating one another, as they do there. I have tired you, by this time, with disquisitions which you have already heard repeated by others a thousand and a thousand times, and therefore shall only add assurances of the esteem and attachment with which I have the honour to be, &c."

"My latest American intelligence is of the 24th of June, when nine certainly, and probably ten States, had accepted the new constitution, and there was no doubt of the eleventh, (North Carolina), because there was no opposition there. In New York, two-thirds of the State were against it, and certainly if they had been called to the decision in any other stage of the business, they would have rejected it; but before they put it to the vote they would certainly have heard that eleven States had joined in it, and they would find it safer to go with those eleven, than put themselves in opposition with Rhode Island only. Though I am pleased with this successful issue of the new constitution, yet I am more so, to find that one of its principle defects (the want of a declaration of rights) will pretty certainly be remedied. I suppose this, because I see that both people and conventions, in almost every State, have concurred in demanding it. Another defect, the perpetual re-eligibility of the same President, will, probably, not be cured during the life of General Washington. His merit has blinded our countrymen to the danger of making so important an office re-eligible. I presume there will not be a vote against him in the United States. It is more doubtful who will be Vice-President; the age of Dr. Franklin, and the doubt whether he would accept it, are the only circumstances that admit a question but that he would be the man. After these two characters of first magnitude, there are so many which present themselves equally on the second line, that we cannot see which of them will be singled out. John Adams, Hancock, Jay, Madison, Rutledge, will be all voted for. Congress has acceded to the prayers of Kentucky, to become an indepen-



dent member of the Union. A Committee was occupied in settling the plan of receiving them, and their government is to commence on the first day of January next."

Our readers will perceive the dread which some of the above extracts prove Mr. Jefferson to have entertained, from the provisions in the Constitution, which allow the President to be re-eligible during life, and at the same time make him commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the country. Fortunately, no practical proof has been afforded of the reality of Jefferson's fears. But what would be the apprehensions of this statesman now—a man who professed to "snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze"—if he were to contemplate the same hand which wields the *sword*, grasping at the *purse* of the nation? Would not his warning voice be raised to his own Virginia to deprecate acquiescence in the approaches of arbitrary power, however disguised they may appear by appeals to the peculiar prejudices of the South? and would his spirit have rested until the shout of triumph was heard from one end of the old dominion to the other, proclaiming the utter overthrow of tyranny?

The opinion of Paul Jones upon this same point, celebrated, as he is, in the annals of our revolution, may not be unacceptable. He said—

"I am glad that the new constitution will be, as you tell me, adopted by more than nine States. I hope, however, they will alter some parts of it, and particularly that they will divest the President of all military rank and command; for though General Washington might be safely trusted with such tempting power as the chief command of the fleet and army, yet depend on it, in some other hands it could not fail to upset the liberties of America. The President should be only the first civil magistrate; let him command the military *with the pen*; but deprive him of the power to draw his sword, and lead them, under some plausible pretext, or under any circumstances whatever, to cut the throats of a part of his fellow-citizens, and to make him the tyrant of the rest. These are not my apprehensions alone, for I have mentioned them to many men of sense and learning, since I saw you, and I have found them all of the same sentiment."

Jefferson's hatred of the English, and admiration of the French, are known. They are well depicted in the following passages:

"We, I hope, shall be left free to avail ourselves of the advantages of neutrality, and yet much I fear the English, or rather their stupid king, will force us out of it. For thus I reason; by forcing us into a war against them, they will be engaged in an expensive land war, as well as a sea war. Common sense dictates, therefore, that they should let us remain neutral, *ergo*, they will not let us remain neutral. I never yet found any other general rule for foretelling what they will do, but that of examining what they ought not to do."

"He considers the Count de Moustier as forming, with himself, the two end links of that chain which holds the two nations together; and is happy

to have observed in him dispositions to strengthen rather than to weaken it. It is a station of importance, as on the cherishing good dispositions and quieting bad ones, will depend, in some degree, the happiness and prosperity of the two countries. The Count de Moustier will find the affections of the Americans with France, but their habits with England. Chained to that country by circumstances embracing what they loathe, they realise the fable of the living and the dead bound together."

"About the time of sister's conversation with you, similar ones were held with me, by Mr. Eden. He particularly questioned me on the effect of our treaty with France, in the case of a war, and what might be our dispositions? I told him, without hesitation, that our treaty obliged us to receive the armed vessels of France, with their prizes, into our ports, and to refuse the admission of prizes, made on her by her enemies; that there was a clause by which we guaranteed to France her American possessions, and which might, perhaps, force us into the war, if these were attacked. "Then it will be war," said he, "for they will assuredly be attacked." I added, that our dispositions would be to be neutral, and that I thought it the interest of both these powers that we should be so, because it would relieve both from all anxiety, as to their feeding their West India islands, and England would, moreover, avoid a heavy land war on our continent, which would cripple all her proceedings elsewhere. He expected these sentiments from me, personally, and he knew them to be analogous to those of our country. We had often before had occasions of knowing each other; his peculiar bitterness towards us, had sufficiently appeared, and I had never concealed from him, that I considered the British as our natural enemies, and as the only nation on earth who wished us ill from the bottom of their souls. And I am satisfied that were our continent swallowed up by the ocean, Great Britain would be in a bonfire from one end to the other."

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ART. VI.—*A History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present time.*  
By GEORGE BANCROFT, Vol. I. (to the restoration of the Stuarts.) Boston, 1834. 8vo. p.p. 508. Charles Bower.

MR. Bancroft is already known as belonging, in talents, in acquirements, in faithful and successful cultivation of letters, to the first class of our American scholars. With a zeal and comprehension of research worthy of the important end, he has undertaken to supply that great desideratum in our libraries; a complete, classical, authentic, and elaborate history of the United States. What is now published in the volume before us, comprises the early voyages, military expeditions, and colonial enterprizes of the English, French, and Spaniards, to Florida and the Atlantic coast of North America, together with the settlement of Virginia, Maryland, and New England, bringing down the history of the country from the discovery of the continent to the restoration of the Stuarts. In the execution of this vol-

ume, we have an earnest of the quality of three or four others which are to follow it, and a sure pledge of the sterling excellence of the entire work. Mr. Bancroft's arrangement of his matter, is judicious and exact; his language is choice, manly, vigorous, and clear; his illustrations are just and forcible; and his occasional remarks always pertinent, not seldom are novel or profound. Moreover, it will be easy to perceive a multitude of facts in his work, either new to the general reader, or presented under new and attractive aspects. These circumstances, which every reader may verify and appreciate, render the history an attractive book, suited to interest Americans especially, of whatever class or locality. And, in addition to this, it has merits as an authentic representation of events, and of the chief actors in them, derived from critical study of the old authorities, and a comparison of every thing written upon the subject in later times. This quality of Mr. Bancroft's work is not so readily estimated as the more prominent traits of style and disquisition; because a careful citation of authorities does not conclusively prove they were diligently examined. But, from such knowledge as the course of our own studies has enabled us to gain, of the early portion of our national history; we speak with confidence, when we say, that Mr. Bancroft's persevering scrutiny of historical memoirs, and other writings or documents contemporaneous with the subject-matter of his narrative, and the skilful use he has made of them, are calculated to give to his work permanent and universal value, as a classical history of the United States.

That our readers may have opportunity to form their own opinion of the more obvious merits of this volume, we proceed to make some extracts from it, interposing such reflections as occur to us in confirmation or question, of the views of Mr. Bancroft. We begin with the curious parts of the discovery of Florida by Juan Ponce de Leon:

“Extraordinary success had kindled in the Spanish nation an equally extraordinary enthusiasm. No sooner had the new world revealed itself to their enterprize, than the valiant men, who had won laurels under Ferdinand, among the mountains of Andalusia, sought a new career of glory in more remote adventures. The weapons that had been tried in the battles with the Moors, and the military skill that had been acquired in the romantic conquest of Grenada, were now turned against the feeble occupants of America. The passions of avarice and religious zeal were strangely blended, and the heroes of Spain sailed to the West, as if they had been bound on a new crusade, where infinite wealth was to reward their piety. The Spanish nation had become infatuated with a fondness for novelties; the “chivalry of the ocean” despised the range of Europe, as too narrow, and offering to their extravagant ambition nothing beyond mediocrity. America was the region of romance, where the heated imagination will indulge in the boldest delusion; where the simple natives ignorantly wore the most precious ornaments, and by the side of the clear runs of water, the sands

sparkled with gold. What way soever, says the historian of the ocean, the Spaniards are called, with a beck only, or a whispering voice, to any thing rising above water, they speedily prepare themselves to fly, and forsake certainties under the hope of more brilliant success. To carve out provinces with the sword, to divide the spoil of empires, to plunder the accumulated treasures of some ancient Indian dynasty, to return from a roving expedition with a crowd of enslaved captives, and a profusion of spoils, soon became the ordinary dreams in which the excited minds of the Spaniards delighted to indulge. Ease, fortune, life; all were squandered in the pursuit of a game, where, if the issue was uncertain, success was sometimes obtained, greater than the boldest imagination had dared to anticipate. Is it strange that these adventurers were often superstitious? The new world and its wealth, were, in themselves, so wonderful, that why should credit be withheld from the wildest fictions? Why should not the hope be indulged that the laws of nature themselves would yield to the desires of men so fortunate and so brave?

Juan Ponce de Leon was the discoverer of Florida. His youth had been passed in military service in Spain, and, during the wars in Grenada, he had shared in the wild exploits of predatory valour. No sooner had the return of the first voyage across the Atlantic given an assurance of a new world, than he hastened to participate in the dangers and the spoils of adventure in America. He was a fellow-voyager of Columbus in his second expedition. In the wars of Hispaniola he had been a gallant soldier, and Ovido had rewarded him with the government of the eastern province of that island. From the hills in his jurisdiction he could behold, across the clear waters of a placid sea, the magnificent vegetation of Porto Rico, which distance rendered still more admirable, as it was seen through the atmosphere of the tropics. A visit to the island stimulated the cupidity of avarice, and Ponce aspired to the government; he obtained the station. Inured to sanguinary war, he was inevitably severe in his administration; he oppressed the natives, he amassed wealth. But his commission as Governor of Porto Rico conflicted with the claims of the family of Columbus, and policy, as well as justice, required his removal. Ponce was displaced.

"Yet, in the midst of an archipelago and in the vicinity of a continent, what need was there for a brave soldier to pine at the loss of power over a wild though fertile island? Age had not tempered the love of enterprise; he longed to advance his fortunes by the conquest of a kingdom, and to retrieve a reputation which was not without a blemish. Besides, the veteran soldier, whose cheeks had been furrowed by hard service, as well as by years, had heard, and had believed the tale, of a fountain, which possessed virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its stream, or give a perpetuity of youth to the happy man who should drink of its ever-flowing waters. So universal was this tradition, that it was credited in Spain, not by all the people and the court only, but by those who were distinguished for virtue and intelligence. Nature was to discover the secrets for which alchymy had toiled in vain; and the elixir of life was to flow from a perpetual fountain of the New World, in the midst of a country glittering with gems and gold.

"Ponce embarked at Porto Rico, with a squadron of three ships, fitted out at his expense, for his voyage to fairy land. He touched at Guahama; he sailed among the Bahamas; but the laws of nature remained inexorable. On Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, land was seen, (March 27th, 1512.) It was supposed to be an island, and received the name of Florida, from the day on which it was discovered, and from the aspect of the forests, which were then brilliant with a profusion of blossoms, and gay with the fresh verdure of early spring. Bad

weather would not allow the squadron to approach land ; at length the aged soldier was able to go on shore, in the latitude of thirty degrees and eight minutes ; some miles, therefore, to the north of St. Augustine. The territory was claimed for Spain. Ponce remained for many weeks to investigate the coast which he had discovered ; though the currents of the gulf stream, and the islands, between which the channel was yet unknown, threatened shipwreck. He doubled Cape Florida ; he sailed among the group, which he named Tortugas ; and, despairing of entire success, he returned to Porto Rico, leaving a trusty follower to continue the research. The Indians had every where displayed determined hostility. Ponce de Leon remained an old man ; but Spanish commerce acquired a new channel through the Gulf of Florida, and Spain a new province, which imagination could esteem immeasurably rich, since its interior was unknown.

“The government of Florida was the reward which Ponce received from the king of Spain ; but the dignity was accompanied with the severe condition that he should colonize the country which he was appointed to rule. Preparations in Spain, and an expedition against the Caribbee Indians, delayed his return to Florida. When, after a long interval, he proceeded with two ships to take possession of his province and select a site for a colony, his company was attacked by the Indians with implacable fury. Many Spaniards were killed, the survivors were forced to hurry to their ships ; Ponce de Leon himself, mortally wounded by an arrow, returned to Cuba to die. So ended the adventurer, who had coveted immeasurable wealth, and had hoped for perpetual youth. The discoverer of Florida had desired immortality on earth, and gained its shadow.” P. 34—39.

Mr. Bancroft also gives a highly interesting account of the disastrous expedition of Hernando de Soto, who landed in Florida at the head of one of the most splendid armaments of that day, explored the whole of what is now the southern and southwestern territory of the United States, in quest of some rich Peruvian or Mexican realm to conquer, and at length died of a broken heart on the failure of his ambitious hopes. This expedition, like so many of the Spanish enterprises of exploration or conquest, abounded with romantic incidents. Indeed, we think Mr. Bancroft, in his anxiety to shun all possibility of error, is disposed to withhold something of the commendation due to the copious narrative of the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega. We heartily respond to the declaration of Mr. Southey, that Garcilaso's *Historia de la Florida* “is one of the most delightful books in the Spanish language ;”<sup>\*</sup> and that is no slight testimony in its favour, considering the rich fund of history and romance of which the old literature of Spain can boast. Mr. Bancroft, while admitting that as a history it is “not without its value,” and that it is “founded on facts,” yet styles it “an extravagant romance,” in which “numbers and distances are magnified, and every thing embellished with great boldness.” Now it is undeniably true that Garcilaso frequently errs in respect of numbers, whether speaking of persons or of distances ; and there is doubtless an *air* of exaggeration cast about some of

\* Southey's *Roderic*, note, p. 76.

the incidents of the expedition. Regarding the intentions of the good old Inca, however, we repose faith in the solemn asseveration wherewith he closes his account of the sources of his information. "Let this suffice," he says, "to give credence that we write not fictions, since it would not be permitted me to do so, presenting this relation to the whole republic of Spain, the which might with reason be indignant against me, if I had made it perverse and false: neither would the Eternal Majesty, which is that we have most to fear, fail to be heavily offended, if pretending, by the relation of this history, to incite and persuade the Spaniards to gain this land for augmentation of our holy Catholic faith, I should with fables and fictions deceive those who were disposed to employ in such an enterprise their estates and lives; for certainly, confessing all truth, I say, that nothing moved me to the toil of writing it, except the desire that over this land, so large and wide, should be extended the religion of Christ." Garcilaso does not profess to give the history as of his own knowledge. He took down the facts, twenty years after the expedition, from the lips of one of the officers who survived it, "a nobleman and hidalgo, and a good soldier;" interweaving, in the narrative thus drawn up, the manuscript relations of two others of the followers of Soto. These three aged cavaliers would of course fall into mistakes concerning *numbers*; and, recalling to mind, after so many years, the romantic adventures of the six years they had passed in Florida, something of the garrulous pride of age might rest upon the details of their wonderful story. For it was all strange: the naked truth itself was an "extravagant romance." The magnificence of the preparations; the high-wrought adventurousness of the gallant cavaliers who joined in the expedition; the extraordinary perseverance of this handful of men, who for so many years wandered to and fro over an immense region of the continent, environed by thousands of hostile savages, ascending its mountains, penetrating its dismal swamps, crossing and re-crossing its stupendous rivers; the indomitable resolution of their chief, his imposing genius, which by its unaided energy so long swayed the reckless and discontented spirits in his train, and bore up against every disaster, until the sickness of despair undermined his life: all these things perpetually sustain the interest of the narration. The followers of Soto, to preserve his remains from the rage of the Indians, having encased the body in the trunk of a huge oak, launched it into the deep waters of the Mississippi. After his death, anxious only to join their countrymen in Mexico, they attempted to make their way by the upper country of the Red River; but, failing in this, returned to the Mississippi, constructed barks wherein to descend the stream, and thus proceeded by the Gulf of Mexico



to Paimon. A translation of Garcilaso's *Florida*, faithfully prepared with reference to the Portuguese narrative, and with such topographical elucidations of the work as ought to accompany it, would far better deserve publication and popularity in this country, than so much of that mass of the English trash of the day, which now floods the United States.

Mr. Bancroft ascribes due honour to the character of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the following passage:

"The name of Raleigh stands highest among the statesmen of England, who advanced the colonization of the United States; and his fame belongs to American history. No Englishman of his age possessed so various or so extraordinary qualities. Courage which was never daunted, and self-possession and fertility of invention, assisted him glory in his profession of arms, and his services in the conquest of Cadiz, or the capture of Roanoke, were alone sufficient to establish his fame as a gallant and successful commander. In every danger his life was distinguished by valour, and his death was consoled by true magnanimity.

"He was not only admirable in active life as a soldier; he was an accomplished scholar. No statesman in retirement ever expressed the charms of tranquil leisure more beautifully than Raleigh; and it was not entirely with the language of grateful friendship, that Spenser described his 'sweet verse, as sprinkled with nectar,' and rivaling the melodies of the 'summer's nightingale.' With an unjust verdict, contrary to probability and the evidence, 'against law and against equity,' on a charge which seems to have been a pure invention, lost him to his country for years in prison, with the sentence of death suspended over his head, his active genius plunged into the depths of erudition; and he, who had been a soldier, a courtier, and a seaman, now became the elaborate author of a learned history of the world.

"His career as a statesman was honourable to the pupil of Caligny and the contemporary of L'Hopital. In his public policy he was thoroughly an English patriot; jealous of the honour, the prosperity, and the advancement of his country; the inveterate antagonist of the pretensions of Spain. In parliament, he defended the freedom of domestic industry. When, by the operation of unequal laws, taxation was a burden upon industry rather than wealth, he argued for a change; himself possessed of a lucrative monopoly, he gave his vote for the repeal of all monopolies; and, while he pertinaciously used his influence with his sovereign to mitigate the severity of the judgments against the non-conformists, as a legislator he maintained the sweeping enactment of persecuting laws.

"In the career of discovery, his perseverance was never baffled by losses. He joined in the risks of Gilbert's expedition; participated in the discoveries of Davis in the north-west; and himself personally explored 'the singular regions and broken world' of Guyana. The severity of his belief in the wealth of the latter country has been unnecessarily questioned. If Elizabeth had hoped for a hyperborean Peru in the arctic seas of America, why might not Raleigh expect to find the city of gold on the banks of the Orinoco? His lavish efforts in erecting the seat of our republic, his sagacity which enjoined a settlement within the Chesapeake bay, the publications of Harriot and Hakluyt, which he countenanced, if followed by means so himself, diffused over England a knowledge of America, and an interest in its destinies, and sowed the seeds of which the fruits were to ripen during his life-time, though not for him.

"Raleigh had suffered from exile before his last expedition. He re-



and by the death of his oldest son. What shall be said of King James, who would open to an aged paralytic no other hope of liberty but through success in the discovery of mines in Guiana? What shall be said of a monarch, who could, at that time, order a sentence which was originally unjust, and which had slumbered for fifteen years, order the execution of the decrepit man, whose genius and valour shone brilliantly through the ravages of physical decay, and whose English heart, within a paler frame, still beat with an undying love of his country?

"The judgments of the tribunals of the Old World are often reversed at the bar of public opinion in the New. The family of the chief author of early colonisation in the United States, was reduced to beggary by the government of England, and he himself was beheaded. After a lapse of nearly two centuries, the state of North Carolina, by a solemn act of legislation, revived in its capital, THE CITY OF RALEIGH, and thus expressed its confidence in the integrity, and a grateful respect for the memory, of the extraordinary man, whose name is indissolubly connected with the early period of its history." P. 123—127.

In chapters iv. v. and vi. devoted to the early history of the state of Virginia, Mr. Bancroft evinces the necessity of looking beyond the mere *narrative* of the original adventurers and old historians, and exploring the legislative and documentary history of a people, in order to obtain correct views of their institutions and fortunes. By pursuing this course, he has dispelled much obscurity and misconception which previously hung over the colonial policy of that important state, and poured a stream of light upon the early love of liberty of the Virginians, the causes and nature of their loyalty, their commercial freedom, the introduction of negro-servitude among them, the cultivation and commerce of their great staple, and the curious incidents of their history under the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

In the early fortunes of the North American colonies, there are two facts, or classes of facts, of peculiar magnitude and overpowering interest: namely, the democratic spirit of their polity, and their singular moral and religious creed. In these particulars, we see the germ of our own character and institutions, as distinctly as the European form and colour are stamped on our persons. We become aware of the pervading democracy of the colonial institutions as we proceed along the history of Virginia. To appreciate Mr. Bancroft's success in the handling of this topic, it needs to read the work connectedly; but there is one passage in this part of it, which is peculiarly striking as a vivid picture of the physical aspect and social condition of the colony of Virginia, and which admits of separation from the context.

"The genial climate and transparent atmosphere (of Virginia) delighted those who had come from the denser air of England. Every object in nature was new and wonderful. The loud and frequent thunder-storms were phenomena that had been rarely witnessed in the colder summers of the north; the forests, majestic in their growth and free from underwood, deserved admiration for their unrivalled magnificence; the purring streams and the frequent rivers, flowing between alluvial banks, quickened the

ever-pregnant soil into an unwearied fertility; the strangest and the most delicate flowers grew familiarly in the fields; the woods were replenished with sweet barks and odours; the gardens matured the fruits of Europe, of which the growth was invigorated and the flavour improved by the acuity of the virgin world. Especially the birds, with their gay plumage and varied melodies, inspired delight; every traveller expressed his pleasure in listening to the mocking-bird, which carolled a thousand several times, imitating and excelling the notes of all its rivals. The humming-bird, so brilliant in its plumage and so delicate in its form, quick in motion yet not fearing the presence of man, haunting about the flowers like the bee gathering honey, rebounding from the blossoms out of which it sips the dew, and as soon returning 'to renew its many addresses to its delightful objects,' was ever admitted as the smallest and the most beautiful of the feathered race. The rattle-snake, with the terrors of its alarms and the power of its venom; the opossum, soon to become as celebrated for the ease of its offspring as the fabled pelican; the noisy frog, booming from the shallows like the English bittern; the flying-squirrel; the myriads of pigeons, darkening the air with the immensity of their flocks, and, as men believed, breaking with their weight the boughs of trees on which they alighted,—were all honoured with frequent commiseration and became the subjects of the strangest tales. The concurrent relation of all the Indians justified the belief, that, within ten days' journey towards the setting of the sun, there was a country where gold might be washed from the sand, and where the natives themselves had learned the use of the crucible; but definite and accurate as were the accounts, inquiry was always baffled, and the regions of gold remained for two centuries an undiscovered land.

"Various were the employments by which the calmness of life was relieved. One idle man, who had been a great traveller, and who did not remain in America, beguiled the ennui of his seclusion by translating the whole of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. To the man of leisure, the chase furnished a perpetual resource. It was not long before the horse was multiplied in Virginia; and to improve that noble animal was early an object of pride, soon to be favoured by legislation. Speed was especially valued; and the planter's pace became a proverb.

"Equally proverbial was the hospitality of the Virginians. Labour was valuable, land was cheap; competence promptly followed industry. There was no need of a scramble; abundance gushed from the earth for all. The morasses were alive with water-fowl; the forests were nimble with game; the woods rustled with coveys of quails and wood-buckies, while they rung with the merry notes of the singing birds; and hogs, swarming like vermin, ran at large in troops. It was 'the best poor man's country in the world.' 'If a happy peace be settled in poor England,' it had been said, 'then they in Virginia shall be as happy a people as any under heaven.' But plenty encouraged indolence. No domestic manufactures were established, every thing was imported from England. The chief branch of industry, for the purpose of exchange, was tobacco-planting; and the spirit of invention was unaltered by the uniformity of pursuit." P. 242—252.

But, in our judgment, decidedly the most interesting and attractive portions of Mr. Baneroff's volume, are those which relate to the Puritans. They receive, at his hands, that true consideration of motive, that exact analysis of principle, that felicitous apprehension of the hidden springs and under current of action, which none but an American, filled with veneration for the character of his fathers, and thoroughly possessed of their writings, is capable to afford. Those old Puritans were wise

men, addicted to good letters, treasuring up stores of knowledge for praise-worthy uses, founders of schools and colleges, men thoughtful, studious, according to the scholarship of their day and generation; but not in this did they altogether overtop that age of profound and voluminous learning. They were moral and religious men, punctilious in the discharge of every obligation to God or the world, ripe in a life's cultivation of all the lore of theology, and prayerfully versed in the very text-letter of the Scripture; but who may presume to say that in piety or purity of life they surpassed the Whitgifts, the Hookers, the Sandersons, the Taylors, the Stillingfleets, and the Barrows, of the established Church? No; to arrogate for these forefathers of New England exclusive devoutness of spirit or superlative knowledge, in contradiction to the truth of history, would reflect no honour on their memories. That characteristic principle, then, which distinguished the Puritan founders of New England, was not the possession of wisdom or of moral and religious purity exclusive to themselves; but it was the conceiving and the carrying into full effect, the sublime idea of laying the foundations of a grand transatlantic empire, in the government and social organization of which the assiduous cultivation of knowledge should be forever associated with the steady pursuit of an exalted moral aim. This was the one great idea, which stands out in the enterprise of colonizing the Massachusetts Bay; and we may add, that, with difference in the theological, but none in the moral colouring, it was the self-same idea which presided over the settlement of the colony of Pennsylvania.

Scrutinize the lives of the Bradfords, Cottons, and Williams of our own country; peruse what Winthrop, Morton, Hubbard and Mather have recorded of their times; shrink not from the antiquated page; turn not in disgust away from the bigotry of doctrine or intolerance of deed, which too frequently meet your eye. Therein you will see the birth and rearing of a commonwealth baptized in the tears and blood of men doomed unto martyrdom, because of opinion, and by them consecrated in its very infancy, like Samuel of old, to the perpetual service of God. You will discern, in every step of its rise from a feeble colony to a great nation, one dominant purpose ever uppermost, that of combining intellectual improvement with improvement in morals and religion: a conception most original, most noble, almost divine. In the frequent discussion of the character and principles of our forefathers, it has been customary, with laymen at least, to view the subject in its political bearings,—as a question of liberty, of free government,—to the slighting of this its social aspect. — But compare the colony of Massachusetts with certain of the analogous colonial undertakings in Spanish

America, and the pertinence and importance of this view will be clearly manifest.

It is very frequently averred, and is doubtless the current belief, that the Spanish conquest of America was the selfish enterprise of base mercenary adventurers, enriching themselves by the plunder of gold and lands from the slaughtered inhabitants of the New World. True, with many of the first conquerors such was the chief inducement to the extraordinary daring, patience, activity and statesmanship which signalized their career of greatness and glory in the tropical regions of America. But with many others, the leading motive was a religious one,—that of evangelizing the heathen natives of this continent,—and in all of them, a religious motive and a missionary plan were mingled with more worldly ends and schemes. An ardent, enthusiastic, religious feeling was more characteristic of the Spaniards of that day than, if possible, it was of the Puritans; for their protracted struggle with the Arabic invaders of the Peninsula had perpetuated among them a crusading spirit,—the spirit of propagating the Gospel by force of arms,—when it was quite extinct, or was dying away in mere local or sectarian controversies, throughout the rest of Europe. Well, select from out the colonial expeditions of the Spaniards any cases or any individuals, where good motives predominated, as with Las Casas and Zambresano in Venezuela, or the Jesuits on the Paraguay and the Orinoco, and you perceive that the object was simply a missionary object,—to convert heathen tribes into Christians. This design, however laudable, was not a new or singular one; nor was it calculated to impress any peculiar stamp on the institutions of the country. Whereas, what our forefathers undertook was a far-reaching social experiment; not to evangelize heathens; not the converting Pagans to Christianity; but the placing of enlightened Christians themselves in such a situation of local and political independence, and imparting to them such an elevated social aim, as might forever distinguish and characterise the future destinies of the New World.

These and other peculiarities of the Puritans are admirably and eloquently explained by Mr. Bancroft in some of the finest passages of the book; and it will serve, we trust, to remove much of the prejudice, which, in some quarters, still continues to attach itself to the misconstrued purposes and character of the founders of New England. We select two or three striking paragraphs from amid many others of remarkable truth and force of conception and equal beauty of language.

“To the great European world the few tenants of the mud-hovels and log-cabins of Salem might appear too insignificant to merit notice; to themselves they were as the chosen emissaries of God; outcasts from England, yet favourites with heaven; destitute of security, of convenient food and

shelter, and yet blessed beyond all mankind, for they were the depositories of the purest truth, and the selected instruments to kindle in the wilderness the beacon of pure religion, of which the undying light should not only penetrate the wigwams of the heathen, but spread its benignant beams across the darkness of the whole civilized world. The emigrants were not so much a body politic, as a Church in the wilderness, with no benefactor around them but nature, no present sovereign but God. An entire separation was made between state and church; religious worship was established on the basis of the independence of each separate religious community; all officers of the church were elected by its members; and these rigid Calvinists, of whose rude intolerance the world has been filled with malignant calumnies, established a covenant, cherishing, it is true, the severest virtues, but without one tinge of fanaticism. It was an act of piety, not of study; it favoured virtue, not superstition; inquiry, and not submission. The people were enthusiasts, but not bigots. The church was self-constituted. It did not ask the assent of the king, or recognize him as its head; its officers were set apart and ordained among themselves; it used no liturgy, it rejected unnecessary ceremonies, and reduced the simplicity of Calvin to a still plainer standard. The motives which controlled their decisions were so deeply seated in the very character of their party, that the doctrine and discipline, then established at Salem, remained the rule of Puritans in New England."

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"The emigrants were a body of sincere believers, desiring purity of religion, and not a colony of philosophers, bent upon universal toleration; reverence for the peculiarities of their faith led them to a land which was either sterile or overgrown with an unprofitable vegetation. They emigrated to a new hemisphere, where distance might protect them from inquisition, to a soil of which they had purchased the exclusive possession, with a charter of which they had acquired the entire controul, for the sake of reducing to practice the doctrines of religion and the forms of civil liberty, which they cherished more than life itself. They constituted a corporation to which they themselves might establish, at their pleasure, the terms of admission. They held in their own hands the key to their asylum, and maintained their right of closing its doors against the enemies of its harmony and its safety."

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"Massachusetts, resting for its defence on its unity and its enthusiasm, gave all power to the select band of religious votaries, into which the avenues could be opened only by the elders. The elective franchise was thus confined to a small proportion of the whole population, and the government rested on an essentially aristocratic foundation. But it was not an aristocracy of wealth; the polity was a sort of theocracy; the servant or the bondman, if he were a member of the church, might be a freeman of the company. Other states have limited the possession of political rights to the opulent, to freeholders, to the first-born: the colonists of Massachusetts had emigrated for the enjoyment of purity of religion; and, while they scrupulously refused to the clergy even the least shadow of political power, they deliberately entrusted the whole government to those of the laity, over whose minds the ministers would probably exercise an unvarying influence. It was the reign of the church; it was a commonwealth of the chosen people in covenant with God."

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"To the colonists the maintenance of their religious unity seemed essential to their cordial resistance to English attempts at oppression. And why, said they, should we not insist upon this union? We have come to the outside of the world for the privilege of living by ourselves; why

should we open our asylum to those in whom we can repose no confidence? The world cannot call this persecution. We have been banished to the wilderness; is it an injustice to exclude our oppressors, and those whom we dread as their allies, from the place which is to shelter us from their intolerance? Is it a great cruelty to expel from our abode the enemies of our peace, or even the doubtful friend? Will any man complain at being driven from among banished men, with whom he has no fellowship; of being refused admittance to a gloomy place of exile? The whole continent of America invited colonization; they claimed their own narrow domains for 'the brethren.' Their religion was their life; they welcomed none but its adherents; they could not tolerate the scoffer, the infidel, or the dissenter; and the presence of the whole people was required in their congregation. Such was the system inflexibly established and regarded as the only adequate guarantee of the rising liberties of Massachusetts." P. 377, 385, 391, 396.

These instructive views of the civil and religious policy of the settlers of New England are entirely sustained by the facts of history. Much undeserved reproof has been cast upon the Puritans, arising from a total misconception of the motive as well as the object of their seeming intolerance. Religious bigotry was peculiarly characteristic of those times. The Puritans themselves were not without the same qualities which belonged to nearly all other denominations of religion. They differed from the sectaries, with whom they came in conflict after their emigration to America, in this: the Puritans came here for the express purpose of being *by themselves*, and of tranquilly enjoying their own sentiments, undisturbed by adversary opinions. Their object was not to make proselytes from other sects, but to secure an asylum for those of their own peculiar faith. Their collisions with other sectaries grew out of the wild spirit of proselytism of those others, rather than their own intolerance. Englishmen of the established church, Catholics, Quakers, came to New England, insisting upon the conversion of the Puritans; intruding upon the latter a faith they disliked, riotously interrupting their places of public worship, and, as it were, demanding and exacting persecution. Indefensible, therefore, as may be the laws of the New England colonies for the repression of heresy, they were, after all, extorted by the intolerance of others, and were the result of the general infirmity of the times in reference to the propagation or enjoyment of religious belief. Whilst, in these particulars, Mr. Bancroft does ample justice to all parties, and cogently maintains the great principles of religious freedom, he bestows merited encomium on the general character of the Puritans.

Although Mr. Bancroft spares no labour in the pursuit of historic truth, yet his work, it will be seen, is not a naked narrative of events, but a philosophic history, composed in the spirit of modern inquiry, and elucidated by means of all the varied knowledge and reflection of accomplished scholarship. The

untiring research and extensive knowledge requisite for the completion of his task, if they augment the difficulty of performing it, do also enhance the merit of success. In so far as regards the present volume, Mr. Bancroft has the aid of a vast body of historical writings, founded upon the same original authorities which he had so faithfully studied. He is now travelling over familiar ground, which he invests with the charm of novelty by the originality of his own observations and the beauty of style. And the incidents which he describes, however curious and interesting they may be deemed, relate only to feeble communities upon the narrow theatre of detached colonial settlements. But, in the subsequent portions of his work, he will arrive at events of deeper interest, of wider importance, and at the same time less frequently subjected to historical analysis. His materials will be multiplied in number and value: they will demand a proportional exercise of philosophical acuteness and of profound study for their due examination. His undertaking is a patriotic and important one; of his ability to accomplish it, the volume before us furnishes conclusive proof: fulfilling the promise it affords, he will have raised a durable monument of literary fame, and deserved well of his country and his age.

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ART. VII.—*Egypt and Mohammed Ali, or Travels in the Valley of the Nile.* By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. In two vols. London. Longman & Co. 1834.

EGYPT is beyond doubt a land of wonders; wonderful for the early cultivation of the arts of social life; wonderful for the enduring monuments of its ancient civilization; for the mystery which hangs around the existing records of its former history, which remain inscribed and almost imperishable, as if it were to mock inquiry. Nor is it less wonderful for the prolific bounties of Providence, which, after thousands of years of foreign domination, oppression, and misgovernment, still enable it to maintain the character of the garden of the East and the granary of the Mediterranean. In former articles in this Review, we have attempted to exhibit the scanty yet interesting information which the discoveries of Young and Champollion have enabled us to acquire in relation to the ancient history and chronology of Egypt, and to give some idea of the splendours of the architecture first fully disclosed by the labours of the French commission. It is our present object to follow our author in



the examination of its natural scenery, of its actual government, and to notice some of those ancient works of art which, more easily accessible and more familiarly known than those of the Thebais, are not less interesting or less astonishing.

Egypt has now become of comparatively easy access. The rule of Mohammed Pacha has taught its ignorant population the necessity of decent civility to strangers of a different faith from themselves; habits of occasional intercourse have done away many of the prejudices engendered in the time of the Crusades, and handed down from father to son undiminished in bitterness, against the whole body of Franks. Not only adventurous travellers, but delicate and luxurious ladies have visited the vocal statue of Memnon, the sepulchral recesses of the valley of the tombs of the kings, and listened to the roar of the lower cataract. Thebes and Tentyris have become almost too commonplace for the lovers of the arduous, and a French *savant* fled dismayed from his unfinished tour, at the aspect of an English waiting-maid bearing a silken parasol over the terraced portico of Luxor. Nubia is no longer terra incognita; thirty-seven European names have been inscribed upon the cliff which overhangs the second cataract; and Mohammed Pacha guaranteed to our author a safe passage as far as Dóngola.

Mr. St. John, timing his journey for the purpose of proceeding as far south as possible during the earlier part of the year, for winter can hardly be said to invade any part of Egypt, landed in Alexandria early in November, 1832. The modern city of this name occupies a site different from that of the ancient town, of which but few traces remain.

“The ruins of Alexandria are indeed ruins. Babylon itself, which it once nearly rivalled in grandeur, can scarcely be said to have left fewer vestiges of its existence and magnificence; for, beyond the precincts of the modern town, you behold, far and near, upon the plain, nothing but irregular mounds of rubbish or sand, which may probably conceal the substructions or foundations of ancient edifices. Here and there, when the Pacha's workmen have been digging among these mounds for stones, you in fact discover the foundations of various Greek or Roman buildings, in stone or brick, with arched passages, portions of old cisterns, fragments of pillars, or perhaps entire columns of a pale red granite, overthrown or half buried in the sand. Were the whole of these prodigious heaps of rubbish cleared away, private houses, little less entire than those of Pompeii, might perhaps be discovered.”

“In the midst of these prostrate remains of the ancient city, we find, thinly scattered, the modern dwellings of the actual lords of the soil, of which some are large houses, in the Turkish style of architecture, others the meanest cabins, in which poverty and wretchedness ever took shelter.”

“Volney has, with great judgment and vivacity, recapitulated the characteristic features of Alexandria; and his description was this day forcibly brought to my mind by the sight of its motly population, huddled together

in fantastic groups in the bazars and public places. But both the city and its inhabitants are now much less oriental than formerly. The constant intercourse kept up with Europeans, who at present constitute a large proportion of the population, the almost general abandonment of the turban, the absence of articles of national manufacture in the bazars, greatly diminish the romantic interest which, under other circumstances, an Eastern city would be calculated to inspire. But the daily passage of strangers from all countries, in every variety of costume, has produced one exceedingly beneficial effect on the manners of the Egyptians; no description of raiment, however strange or extravagant, excites their curiosity, the half-naked negro from Darfoor, the muslin-clad Hindoo, the pompous Persian, the gorgeous Greek, and the plain Englishman,—all passing unheeded through the streets of Alexandria and Cairo, when the most clownish Fallah, the most impudent sloven, the silliest barber, is never betrayed into an offensive laugh or stare at the stranger. Every variety of costume is tolerated; and this singular circumstance is more honorable to the Arab character than fifty victories obtained over the Turks; since it evinces a susceptibility of self-improvement, a flexibility of temper, and a degree of self-command, (for they are naturally curious,) which belong only to the most gifted and ingenious nations."

From Alexandria our traveller proceeded to Cairo. Between these two cities there are now three distinct routes; by the new canal of Mohammed Pacha; across the desert, and by the way of Rosetta and the banks of the Nile. The latter, although represented to him as the most difficult, was chosen as presenting the greatest degree of interest. This route passes over the natural dyke which separates Lake Marcotis from the Mediterranean; a basin once filled during the inundation of the Nile, and exhibiting during its fall a rich scene of cultivation, affording subsistence to the inhabitants of forty-four villages, but now covered with salt water, in consequence of the cutting of the dyke by the English in 1801.

This road next crossed the ancient Canopic mouth of the Nile by a difficult ferry, whence a track, marked out by columns, across a desert, leads to Rosetta. The approach to this place is striking to the European in consequence of the number and beauty of the palm trees in which it is embowered; and its environs are rendered agreeable by the luxuriant gardens of fruit trees by which it is surrounded.

"Properly speaking, they are large walled plantations of pomegranate, banana, lemon, citron and orange trees, intermingled irregularly; luxuriant, unpruned, a verdant wilderness of every variety of fruit, with fruit glowing like spheres of gold, clustering thick among the leaves, weighing down the boughs, and tempting the hand at every turn. Here and there, amid the almost matted undergrowth, a palm tree towers aloft, and waves in the wind its graceful feathery branches, while, near it, the Egyptian sycamore, or Pharaoh's fig tree, the growth of a thousand years, stretches forth its vast tortuous limbs, and affords, even when the sun is hottest, a grateful and refreshing shade. Were these colonnades a little larger, and their walls of luscious fruit more separated from each other by open spaces of green sward, they might, without impropriety, be likened to those paradises of the Persian kings described by Xenophon; and with this adven-

tage on their side, that no Persian garden ever beheld as majestic a river as that which rolls beneath their walls."

The way from Rosetta leads for a time across a desert, which, however, appears to need but little aid from art to restore it to the luxuriant state it once enjoyed. The Nile is close at hand, and but little beneath the level of the ground. The Rosetta branch is crossed by a ferry at Tifeny, and the Delta entered. Here he saw "on every side proofs of its exuberant fertility: luxuriant crops of young wheat perfectly green, exuberant rank grass, plants of gigantic size, beautiful tall tufted reeds, and palms and sycamores of enormous growth."

Of Sais, for a time the capital of Egypt, no remains are said to exist, except mounds of rubbish. Our author here ventures to dispute the tradition that this city was the parent of Athens. We must, however, presume to dissent from his argument.

"A little to the north of Shibin el Kom, the canal of Tanta joins that of Harinen; and for some time after leaving the above village, we proceeded along the stream formed by their union; which, though denominated a canal, possesses all the beauty of a natural river, its winding banks being richly adorned with plantations of orange and lemon trees, whose golden fruit, now ripe, and clustering thick among the deep green foliage, literally glowed in the sun. The earth, in many places, was beautifully carpeted with tender green corn; and groves of tamarisks, acacias and sycamores, exhibiting every various shade of verdure, formed a remarkable contrast with the fields of ripe yellow grain which clothed every broad glade and opening vista with an air of opulence and abundance."

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"Our track almost constantly lay along the banks of the great canals, so that we probably saw the most fertile part of the country; but as small arms or branches of the main streams ramificate, like veins, in every direction through the land, there can no where, I imagine, be any lack of rich corn fields or noble pasturage. Yet, in the midst of this magnificent plain, lying between the canal of Menouf and the Damietta branch of the Nile, fertile even to rankness, the poorest villages perhaps in Egypt are found."

Cairo is approached from the north through a magnificent avenue one hundred feet in breadth, bordered on either side by noble trees whose branches, meeting above, in many places form a verdant arch impervious to the rays of the sun.

"The views on both sides are magnificent. Close at hand, on the right, is the Nile, with its whole surface trembling and glittering in the sun; numerous small barks, with lateen sails, moving up and down the stream; and beyond these a richly cultivated country, backed by the desert. On the left, between the stems of the trees, I discovered Cairo itself, with its walls and minarets, and domes and turrets, basking in the sun, apparently at the very foot of the porphyry mountains, which, contrary to all other mountains, appear red in the distance, even when their tops seem to blend with the sky. Beheld from afar, Cairo appears truly worthy to be the metropolis of Egypt. Skirted by groves and gardens, its light airy structures seem to be based upon a mass of verdure; long lines of buildings, white, glittering, and infinitely varied in form, rise behind each other; and

the palace and citadel, cresting a steep projection of the Mokattam ridge, conduct the eye to the vast rocky barrier which protects the victorious city from the blasts of the desert."

At Cairo our traveller did not think his task of observation complete without witnessing the performances of the *almé*, the celebrated dancing girls of Egypt. These are restricted in residence to a village in the vicinity, composed of a collection of mud hovels, so that, as he remarks, "sin cannot be reproached in Egypt with the gorgeousness of her appearance." A troop being summoned to the coffee-house, proceeded to display their art; and we shall venture to extract his account of a part of the performance.

"The principal *almé* now prepared to dance. She was a fine Arab girl, in the flower of her age—an oriental would have thought her beautiful—with a form resembling that of the Venus Kallipyga. Her ordinary dress, perhaps regarded as too prudish, was exchanged for a lighter and more tantalizing costume, which, for exhibiting every beauty and contour of the figure, undoubtedly equalled the Coan robes celebrated by Horace, or those transparent Amorginian garments which Lysistrata, in Aristophanes, counsels the Athenian ladies to assume for the purpose of putting an end to the Peloponnesian war. The whole business of the toilet was performed in public, and when her dress had been arranged, she fastened round her waist a broad variegated belt, as thick as a horse's girth, without the support of which many of the postures required in the dance would be impossible. Throwing off her slippers, she then commenced the pantomime, her movements being accompanied by the music of the Egyptian fife and drum, the songs of two or three of her companions, and the petulant, wanton sounds of the castanets. Many travellers affect to have been much disgusted by the performances of the *almé*, and perhaps when the dancers are ugly, the exhibition may have but few charms; but in general it is not beheld without pleasure, and I fear that a company of accomplished *almé*, engaged by an opera manager, would draw crowded houses in Paris or London."

He gives the following translation of one of the songs by which the dance was accompanied:

"The night, the night; Oh Heaven! the night  
Which brings thee, Hassan, to my arms;  
When those dear eyes, so mild, so bright,  
Bewitch me with their magic charms.

"The moon is up—each bush, each grove  
Is vocal with the night-bird's song;  
Wherefore, oh, wherefore, then, my love!  
Tarries thy bounding steed so long?

"Some dark brown tent—some rival fair,  
With ruddy lip and flashing eye,  
Hath cast around thy heart a snare,  
While here alone I weep and sigh.

"She hears thy dear deluding voice,  
Flowing like some melodious river,  
And deems the moment's fickle choice  
Will charm thy wayward heart forever.

“Ah, no! The wronged, the loved one comes!  
I see him bounding o’er the plain.  
Allah! where’er my Hassan roams,  
I ne’er will doubt his love again.”

These ladies pay a tax to the Pacha, who, like European sovereigns, farms out the vices of his subjects. They are under the superintendence of an officer, whose title, when translated, is much the same as that of one who filled no unimportant space in the staff of the English Edwards and Henrys. The last occupant of this honourable place had, a short time before the arrival of our author, been detected in certain malpractices, among which was that of inserting upon his muster-rolls the names of several respectable ladies. For this he was severely punished, being sent, as our author surmises, to feed the fishes of the Nile.

The streets of Cairo, formerly filthy in the extreme, are now models of cleanliness, being carefully swept three times a day. They are very narrow, and shaded by the projection of the upper stories of the houses, while, further to protect them from the glare of the sun, mats are spread as awnings from house to house. The experience of the inhabitants of Egypt, as of many other warm climates, has fully proved the advantage of laying out a city in this manner; and thus towns in unhealthy districts are, when regulated by a good police, preserved from the attacks of malaria.

After a short residence in Cairo, and a visit to the Pyramids, our traveller embarked upon the Nile in a kandjia. This species of vessel is so well known, from the description and drawing of Bruce, that it is unnecessary to quote our author’s account of it. In his voyage he was accompanied by another traveller of the name of Monro, each, however, occupying his own vessel. The progress against the current of the Nile is necessarily slow, and is partly performed by the aid of the wind, which rises almost regularly towards noon, and subsides at sunset, and partly by tracking the boat by means of a cord drawn along the shore by the crew. In either of these ways progress is necessarily slow, and affords ample leisure for landing and surveying the country; in fact our author claims to have actually travelled the greater part of the way on foot.

While thus occupied—

“Having proceeded in advance of the boats, we noticed a remarkable appearance in the sky, which seemed to portend the approach of a sand-storm; the whole horizon, on the edge of the Libyan desert, being obscured by a dense cloud of a black and lurid colour, flushed with a deep blood-red. Except during a typhoon in the Messenian Gulf, in the neighbourhood of Cape Matapan, I have never witnessed so awful an atmospheric phenomenon. The wind as yet blew but faintly; still no one could doubt, from

the whole appearance of nature, that a hurricane was at hand; and in a few minutes, those big, heavy drops which usually precede a tempest began to fall. We were out in a bare open country, like a heath; but, at the distance of about half a league, towards the south, there stood a small grove of mimosa trees, towards which we proceeded in all haste for shelter; but had not advanced many steps before the rain descended with great violence, so that ere we could have reached the wood we should have been drenched to the skin. In this dilemma, (our boats being far behind,) nothing was left us but to crouch down beneath the low shelving sand-bank, which marked the last rise of the inundation. After remaining a few moments in this position, on lifting up my head, I beheld a spectacle of terrific grandeur; thick driving rain obscured the landscape to the north-east and south; but in the west, the whirlwind, having torn up a prodigious quantity of sand in the Libyan desert, was hurling it aloft in the air, in surging volumes, like the smoke of a capital city on fire; darkening the whole face of heaven, and seeming, as it came driving along the plain, to be about to overwhelm and swallow up at once the whole cultivated country and the mighty river. In another moment, the sand-storm had reached us. The river, the earth, the sky, every thing was hidden from our sight."

Our previous impressions of the valley of the Nile were far from leading us to think that it possessed any picturesque beauties. These impressions have been corrected by the work before us.

"It would appear to be mere prejudice to suppose that a fine level country, like Egypt, with a surface diversified by all the accidents of wood and water, rustic architecture, flocks and herds, and hemmed in by rocks and sands eternally barren, must necessarily be insipid and unpicturesque. The landscape now before me was beautiful; and there are artists in England, who, from such materials, without overstepping the modesty of nature, could create pictures to rival the softest scene among the works of Claude. The date-palm itself is a lovely object—far more lovely than I have ever seen it represented by the pencil; and when seen in its native country, relieved against a deep blue sky or against the yellow sands of the desert, with a herd of buffaloes, a long string of laden camels, or a troop of Bedouins passing under it, lance in hand, it is a perfect picture. But when we have before us whole forests of these trees, from ten to one hundred feet in height, intermingled with mimosas, acacias, tamarisks, and Egyptian sycamores, more noble, if possible, than the oak, disposed in arched echoing walks, with long green vistas, glimpses of cool, shady lakes, villages, mosques, pyramids, the whole over-canopied by a sky of stainless splendour, and glowing beneath the pencil of that arch painter, the sun, nothing seems to be wanting, but genius, to discover the elements of most magnificent landscapes."

Mr. St. John appears to possess in an eminent degree a taste for the picturesque; and, if no painter himself, is capable of painting subjects for the exercise of that art. We shall quote some of his most vivid descriptions.

"As we approached Manfaloot, the eastern mountains appear to assume a more sublime appearance, putting on the form of ruined castles, with terraces, turrets and battlements of prodigious grandeur, and projecting their bases into the Nile, over which they frown and tower to a vast height. In the face of the cliffs are innumerable grottoes, of various form and

character, some preserving their original rugged features, others fashioned in the shape of temples, with porticoes, pediments and friezes. When, towards evening, the mist cleared away, the sky assumed that bright cerulean tint, which generally distinguishes it in these latitudes; and the Nile, unruffled by the slightest breeze, presented to the eye a vast mirror, beautifully reflecting the overhanging mountains, gilded and blushing in the light of the setting sun. This noble scene was succeeded by one still more serene and beautiful;—the same landscape painted in new colours by the moon.”

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“The vast naked rocks of the Arabian chain, which but a few minutes before had been glowing in the setting sun, now stood like pale sheets in the moonlight, their bald and ghastly brows resembling the scalp of a skeleton, while the river, broad, tranquil, and of a deep azure tint, glittering with the bright images of the moon’s sharp crescent, and a thousand resplendent stars, displayed a still softer beauty than by day. In many places the shadows of the mountains threw their huge masses over its unruffled bosom; and on the opposite side the low, level shore, scarcely elevated above the water, gave rise to a kind of delusion; the mighty river appeared to stretch away indefinitely towards the west, where every groupe of date-palms or mimosas upon the plain, seemed to mark the site of some tufted island rising in the midst of the waters.”

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“For my own part, I have seldom been more powerfully affected by scenes of acknowledged magnificence, in the mountains of Sicily, in the beautiful valleys of the Apennines, or among the naked Alps of the upper Valais.”

In another place he says:

“Poets and travellers speak with enthusiasm of the sunsets of Italy, Switzerland, and Greece. I have seen the sun go down in all these countries, but never with half the splendour which on this day accompanied his disappearance; and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader’s imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the Pyramids. No sooner had the sun’s disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole western sky, along the edge of the horizon, assumed a colour which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden; but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw colour, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; and over this extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which formed the ground-work of the sky, on to the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semicircles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended, as from a furnace, vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light, most distinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes, and the various strata of colours they traversed, was so extraordinary, that I am persuaded no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.”

And again:

“This evening, a little before sunset, I observed two rainbows, one after the other, the first I had witnessed in Egypt; and not long afterwards there fell a smart shower. During the appearance of these phenomena, the whole aspect of the scene was eminently *picturesque*, if the elements of a



picture consist in strong and remarkable contrasts, in beauty and wildness, in fertility and desolation—a magnificent sky of gold, sprinkled with patches of ebony, a rainbow of peculiar splendour, fields of immitable verdure, herds of camels, buffaloes, flocks of sheep, rocks, forests, expanses of yellow sand, and a river of vast breadth, reflecting, like a mirror, the glittering light of the sun. Add to this the effect of renowned names upon the imagination. The land before us was that of Egypt; the river, the Nile; the mountains upon which the sun was darting his farewell beams, were the Arabian chain; and the boundless sands behind which he was about to sink, were the Libyan desert.

\* This remark leads to the consideration of the causes which render this famous valley so deeply interesting, whether we view it for ourselves, or only behold it through the eyes of others. It is certainly neither the fertility of Egypt, nor its commercial importance, nor yet its ruins and celebrity, mighty as they are, which form the charm that fascinates the imagination of the traveller; it is, in fact, the beholding of the principles of fertility and barrenness, of destruction and re-production, of life and death, the Osiris and Typhon of the mythology,—operating undisguisedly, side by side. On the one hand, the Nile, "imitating heaven," scatters life and abundance—on the other, the desert, with its whirlwinds, its poisonous blasts, its mountains of shifting sand, is ever ready to be lifted up and precipitated upon the fruitful valley, extinguishing and obliterating, in a moment, the labours of centuries. Such are the elements of an Egyptian landscape, which, whatever it may lack, possesses a grandeur and sublimity not less characteristic than that of the Alps, with their peaks of snow and eternal glaciers. Roaming here, in the winter of the tropics and their confines, Caravaggio, or Salvator Rosa, might have found an inexhaustible series of terrible subjects, such as, faithfully represented, so far as art can represent faithfully the majesty of nature, would have moved the soul to its centre."

Mr. St. John reached Syene early in January, and on the 15th of that month ascended the cataract. This can be passed in boats, which are drawn up against the rapid current, except when the Nile is near its lowest ebb. Thence an uninterrupted navigation extends to the second cataract. The intermediate valley is of much less breadth than that below the first cataract. The river occupies a deep bed sufficient to contain its stream even when most abundant; the banks are no longer reached by the inundation, and require to be irrigated by the aid of machinery. In spite of these disadvantages, the state of freedom enjoyed, with but few intervals, by the Nubians, however turbulent and lawless in its character, has been a stimulus to exertion; and cultivation, which languished in the Theban valley, flourishes in this more remote region. The arms of Mohammed Pacha have now placed both upon a level, in respect to their government, and it remains to be seen whether the superior advantages of Upper Egypt shall lead to its improvement, or whether Nubia shall recede. Both countries are now loaded with the most impolitic of all taxes, namely, one on the means of improvement, in the shape of an impost upon the machines by which water is elevated from the Nile, and that in which it

is the sole mode of obtaining crops will probably be most affected by it.

If likely to be injurious in other respects, the power of the Pacha has rendered Nubia accessible to the traveller, and our author reached the second cataract without a single difficulty. Here his intentions of penetrating further to the south, which can only be done by land, were frustrated. All then which remained was to visit the cataract, and cast his eyes over the nearer parts of the country on which he was compelled to turn his back.

“In about two hours we arrived at the rock Abousir, an isolated hill, about one hundred and fifty feet in height, beetling over the cataract. It is in itself a striking object, and from its summit comprehends the whole extent of the falls. Looking towards the south, we behold the Nile, its channel being about a mile in breadth, emerging from among a chaos of rocks, as if it here sprung in all its grandeur from the earth. Flowing northward between innumerable islands of green porphyry, piled into the most fantastic forms, it at length arrives at the point where the water precipitates itself with prodigious noise and velocity, over an abrupt descent in its bed, observing no certain direction, dashed now towards one side, now towards the other, by opposing rocks, vexed with whirlpools, and broken into eddies. In many parts it seems to be bursting through some enormous sluice, while fall beyond fall, covered with foam, and hurling aloft clouds of spray, present themselves in magnificent succession to the eye. Almost in the midst of these, protected by some jutting promontory, we discover smooth expanses of water, unruffled as a summer lake, affording a beautiful contrast with the savage uproar of the cataract. Meanwhile the noise of the dashing water is so loud, that the whole region appears to be shaken by continual thunder, the ears being incessantly filled with this sound, which mingles itself with the conception of what is beheld, and powerfully influences the decision of the judgment. But the principal charm of the landscape consists neither in the savage rocks, nor the eternal dashing and roar of the waters; but in that utter solitude, sterility and desolation which every where prevail, and suggest the idea that in all that vast region you alone are breathing the breath of life. This, at least, was the idea which rushed upon my mind, as I looked towards the north, and towards the south, towards the east and towards the west, and, except my own companions, beheld no living thing, no habitation or trace of mankind,—the distant village of Wady Halfa being hidden by date trees,—and heard no sound but the voice of the river, bursting in monotonous cadence on the ear. Whatever was the cause, I have never experienced in the presence of mere crude matter, emotions more powerful than those I experienced on the rock Abousir. Towards the south, beyond the vast extent of the sandy desert, were the kingdoms of Dougola and Sennaar, and Abyssinia, and the sources of the White River, upon which circumstances I could in no degree controul, compelled me to turn my back. I had now reached the most southern point I was to attain, and could no further pursue the course of that mighty river I had followed with increasing interest for more than a thousand miles.”

Mr. St. John estimates the breadth of the Nile at the second cataract, where it enters Nubia, at a mile. It therefore carries with it a more imposing volume of water than that which issues

from Lake Erie through the Niagara river, and the cataract itself probably equals if not exceeds in sublimity the rapids which precede that unrivalled waterfall.

This cataract is rather of the class of rapids than of falls, and this is still more true of that of Syene, which, so long as the shallowness of the stream does not oppose, is accessible to boats, both ascending and descending.

From the time the Nile enters Nubia until it discharges itself into the Mediterranean, it receives no tributary rivers. Hence the volume of its waters, unlike those of almost any other river, is continually decreasing. This is not only owing to the waste by evaporation, but to the constant drain made upon the stream for the purpose of irrigation. The water of the river and fertility are synonymous terms. The sun, genial to the lands which have a proper supply of moisture, scorches and withers every thing beyond the reach of the vivifying fluid. The river, swollen by the tropical rains, begins to rise in June, about the time of the summer solstice; about the time of the autumnal equinox it has reached its greatest height, which it retains for a month. From the latter end of October the river continues to subside until the summer solstice again returns. The Nile at its greatest height would completely inundate the whole valley from Syene to Cairo, and even before it attains its full volume would submerge much of the plain. In some places it is now permitted to do this, but in others, as it was formerly in all, it is restrained by dykes. At the moment of the greatest swell of the river these dykes are cut and the waters are permitted to spread over every accessible level. At the same epoch the earthen dams which close canals cut in various directions are removed, and they, with innumerable ponds and reservoirs with which they communicate, are filled with water. In these canals and reservoirs the water is enclosed as soon as the river begins to subside, by replacing the dams. Thence it is distributed during the rest of the year to grounds that may lie beneath the level of the flood, or pumped up by engines of various descriptions to those above it. The water being admitted in either manner upon a given spot of ground, is conveyed in level channels along its highest ridge; on each side of this a number of beds are laid out by means of little dykes, to which it is distributed in succession by breaking down the dyke. On the immediate banks of the main stream the river itself serves as a reservoir. Of these canals, that which was best known to modern travellers is the canal of Cairo. The time for the opening of this is carefully watched by means of the Nilometer of Fostat, and by its opening is still regulated that of all the canals of Lower Egypt. A canal of far more importance is that known by the name of Joseph. A name, by the way, not derived from the

Hebrew patriarch, but from the celebrated Saladin, who appears to have restored many of the important public works, by which its ancient monarchs had provided for the prosperity of Egypt. This canal is eighty-four miles in length, and conveys the waters of the Nile to the province of Faioum. Drawn from so distant a point, it maintains, even in a low state of the river, a higher level than much of the land of that district. Here the water is distributed in innumerable canals of irrigation, which discharge their waters into a lake without outlet, known as the Birket el Karoun. The surplus waters during the time of the inundation are discharged by a great work of the nature of a waste-gate, in another canal parallel to the Nile. This forms an island of the site of ancient Memphis, and is called by the author by the same name of Bahar el Toussouf. The upper part of this canal taken in connection with the Birket el Karoun, has been identified with the work known by the ancients under the name of the Lake of Mœris, and ascribed to the wisdom and power of that Pharaoh. To enable the canal still to fulfil all the objects intended by that monarch, no more would be wanting than to deepen its bed and construct a sluice to prevent the return of the waters to the river upon the subsiding of the inundation. The Lake of Karoun itself is situated at too low a level to admit of the flow of waters once received into it, back to the valley of the Nile; nor could this level ever have been much raised without destroying the fertile lands around it. The canal, however, is at present in bad order, having probably received no repairs for centuries; it therefore delivers so little water into the lake as to have caused a sensible decrease in the surface; and the water is now surrounded by a broad belt of barren land. The extent of cultivated land in the Faioum has also diminished, and from the disappearance of the sluice, at its junction with the Nile, it furnishes no aid to the cultivators of the valley of that river after the inundation has subsided.

Our author was not deterred from a visit to the Faioum, although it was then in a state of insurrection against the power of the Pacha. The road from Cairo leaves the valley of the Nile in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, and crosses the Libyan desert. It is still the same which was travelled between Memphis and Arsinoë in the days of their splendour.

“In all the long tract of country extending in this direction, between the Nilotic valley and the Faioum, the principle of vegetation appears to be entirely extinct; neither tree, nor shrub, nor plant of any kind, however minute or simple in its organization, presenting itself to the eye. Of animals or reptiles, native to the wild, no trace appears. Death, therefore, seems here the paramount lord of all; if death can be said to reign when there is nothing to die.”

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"Here and there the rocks, though never rising to any great height, put on the appearance of houses, fortresses, or ruined castles, perched on gray cliffs, overhanging ravines narrow or tortuous, whose mouths only presented themselves to the eye as we passed. To these succeeded broad stony or sandy valleys; long reaches like the bed of a great river between bare and stony mountains, alternating with extensive plains of sand or gravel; hillocks of various colours, and winding tracks through passes where a small party of Bedouins might easily rout a whole caravan."

"At length, late in the afternoon, we discovered, on the edge of the horizon, the tops of the palm-trees extending in one dark line from west to east, as far as the eye could reach, and marking the northern boundary of that celebrated and beautiful *oasis*,—for such is the *Faioum*,—towards which we were journeying. If the desert has its charms,—and charms not a few it has,—those green and fertile spots, which its burning sands encompass like an ocean, are in a different way not less attractive. To the former belong wildness, grandeur, sublimity;—qualities that powerfully stir up the energies of the soul, and nerve it for exertion and strife; to the latter whatever is soft, and soothing, and lovely; or to sum up in one word, all that is *feminine* in nature. The desert, therefore, can only please certain temperaments and in certain moods of mind; but those landscapes on which heaven has showered down the principles of beauty and fertility, where the earth is filled with abundance, and the air with fragrance, much delight, like woman, at all times, by awakening those poetical and impassioned associations, that constitute the elements of the most perfect enjoyment."

"On attaining an elevated point of the undulating plain, I caught the first view of Lake Moeris, magnificently stretching away from east to west like a sea of molten amethyst. To obtain a more extensive view of this glorious prospect, we climbed to the top of a ruined Sheikh's tomb, such as are found picturesquely scattered over all the desert parts of Egypt,—and from thence beheld what, if it be really, as antiquity believed, artificial, must incontestably be regarded as the greatest, most poetical, and sublime of all the works of the Egyptian kings."

We do not, however, agree with our author in the opinion that the testimony of antiquity is conclusive in relation to the excavation by human hands of the entire basin of this lake. A careful examination of the original authorities seems rather to warrant the conclusion, that the term which we translate lake, was sometimes applied to the inland sea of the *Faioum* and sometimes to the canal by which it is fed from the Nile. It is only by such an assumption that we can reconcile the very different accounts which are given of its extent, direction and position. The lake was probably a natural basin, occasionally reached by the highest floods of the Nile, and continuing at other times a shallow and scanty pond of saline water. The canal is obviously an artificial structure, and the rocky gorge by which it enters the *Faioum* still exhibits the marks of the tools by which the pass was enlarged. Even in this restricted view the work of Moeris does not lose much of the wonder it is capable of exciting; for to set aside the extent of the canal, and the size and

depth of the passage made for it through the solid rock, we see that its projector must have ascended the valley of the Nile until he had secured by the slope of its surface a sufficient height to fulfil his object, and must in this research have exercised an accuracy of building which would not disgrace the best modern engineers, furnished with the most accurate instruments which recent improvements, both in science and in the mechanic arts, enable them to command.

The reign of Mohammed Ali is distinguished by a great work of the same description, applied, however, rather to the purposes of commerce than of agriculture. The communication between Alexandria and the cultivated country was either by means of an expensive land carriage, or rendered difficult if performed by water, by the dangers of the bar of the Rosetta branch, and of a passage thence by sea, to encounter which the boats of the Nile are unfit. The Pacha therefore undertook to form a navigation wholly inland.

“The canal of Mohammed was commenced in 1819, by the advice, it is said, of Mr. Briggs; and Mohammed Ali, with his accustomed activity, immediately proceeded to Alexandria, to superintend in person the execution of his design. Perhaps the suggestions of our countryman received additional weight from the loss of several jerns, laden with provisions and other merchandize, on the bar of Rosetta; where the navigation of the river will probably in a short time be wholly obstructed. Having appointed Ismael Pacha director of the works, with two boys and four Kiasheffs under his orders, the Viceroy returned to Cairo. The sheikhs of the provinces of Gharbieh, Sharkieh, Mensourah, Kelyoubieh, Ghizeh, Menouf, and Babyreh, were commanded each to furnish a given number of fellahs, amounting in all to three hundred and thirteen thousand, including women and children. This promiscuous multitude, collected in haste, were marched towards the ground, where they were encamped under the command of the sheikhs along the intended line of the canal. The government, however, intent on carrying its designs into execution, but indifferent respecting the injury and misery thereby inflicted upon the people, had neglected to provide implements or stores of provisions for the workmen: nevertheless they were compelled to labour incessantly, from the break of day until night; soldiers being stationed along the line of the works, who allowed of no pause or relaxation. The men, destitute of the necessary tools, scratched up with their hands the soft mud, which was removed by women and children in baskets and placed in heaps on the right and left. Having in many places to excavate considerably below the level of the sea, and no pumps having been provided to keep the ground dry, they were compelled to work knee deep in water; and thus, from the severity of the labour, to which they were unaccustomed, united with ill treatment, and want of food and pure water, twenty-three thousand persons perished in ten months, and were buried in the embankments like dead dogs.”

Our author compares this waste of human life to that which took place when Necos undertook to unite the Nile with the Red Sea, in which work 120,000 Egyptians are said to have perished. It may also be likened to the forced labours by which the Pyramids are said to have been constructed.

“On departing from Atfih, the banks of the canal are high and the country well cultivated; but we soon enter the desert, where the inequalities have been levelled, and the hollows filled up; so that in many places the water runs over a broad causeway elevated above the surrounding plain. Every where the mud on the margin of the canal is equally rich with that on the banks of the Nile itself;—an irrefragable proof that the soil of Egypt is the gift of the river,—and in many parts, the soil is covered by long rank grass or by corn sown in small patches.”

“In approaching Alexandria, the Mahmoodyiah increases in width, assuming all the features of a natural stream, while long ruddy grass and slender willow-like bushes bend and tremble over its banks. This canal is about forty miles in length; and although it has already been of no small value, is of far less utility than it might have been made, by greater attention to its plan, and less precipitation in its execution. From ignorance or criminal design in one of the superintendants, boats cannot pass from the river to the canal, hence goods require to be transhipped; the banks had not originally a sufficient slope, and the bed of the canal is encumbered with their fragments, nor does it appear to have been contemplated that it might not only serve for navigation, but might also at the period of inundation distribute the fertilizing waters of the river over a region for many ages waste; so far from any attempt of this sort, the water is lifted over the bank of the canal even for the purpose of irrigating ground as low as its very bottom.”

By the aid of these and innumerable other canals, the land of Egypt is rendered of a fertility equal to that of any portion of the globe, and by a proper care in their maintenance, this fertility is rendered inexhaustible. The inundation growing out of the tropical rains takes place at the hottest season of the year, and thus all the low ground, at the time the sun has the greatest power in producing malaria, are covered with running waters; and thus the rising of the Nile is the signal for the cessation of the plague, and all febrile diseases, which do not again show themselves until the river reaches its lowest state. The ground irrigated by the flood not only bears the produce of warm climates, ripening on the approach of the hot season, but brings forth abundantly the cereal gramina of temperate climates which find in the cooler months the temperature best suited to their perfection. When ground is not only accessible to the inundation, but can also be irrigated artificially when the river is low, it will bear three crops within the season, and it is the boast of the Egyptians that there is no month without its peculiar harvest. In Upper Egypt grain is sown as soon as the waters retire, while the ground is still soft; as soon as the moisture is sufficiently exhaled, the plough is used to bury the seed. Wheat and barley are thus cultivated; are sown in the most southern districts in October, in the Delta in November; and are harvested in April and May. *Dhourra Sefi*, a species of millet, is sown in March and reaped in July; and upon the ground where it has grown, *Dhourra Shanty*, a variety



of our Indian corn, is planted. Rice is sown in April and reaped in November. In addition to these crops, clover, beans, lupins, peas, the sugar-cane, flax, indigo, tobacco, and cotton are cultivated ; but as our author well remarks, under an enlightened government, the produce of Egypt might be greatly varied, improved and augmented. The administration of Mohammed Ali has not been wholly inattentive to the introduction of new crops. The culture of cotton is almost entirely of his creation ; and this is a subject of no little interest to us, inasmuch as the cotton of Egypt has aided in keeping the supply up to the annually increasing demands, and has thus tended to lower the price of our own most important staple.

“ Cotton constitutes a very important article in the commerce of the Pacha. A few years ago the cotton tree, which had been cultivated to so great an extent by the ancient Egyptians, was only known as an ornamental shrub in the gardens of Cairo. The Pacha, however, learning its valuable properties, caused several experimental plantations to be made, and, these succeeding, turned his attention to its cultivation on a large scale. Two thousand *fedans* were planted in the provinces of Kelioub, Sharkiah and Mansourah ; and still more extensive plantations were afterwards made in various parts of Upper Egypt. It seems, however, to be commonly supposed that the soil of Egypt is not adapted to the cultivation of cotton. Even among individuals otherwise well informed, extremely erroneous ideas prevail respecting the soil and climate best adapted to the growth of this valuable plant. Mr. Chaplin in his examination before the House of Lords, correctly observed that a red soil is not suited to the cultivation of cotton, which flourishes best in a rich black loam, such as that of Egypt. Others, however, imagine the contrary ; but their opinion is of less weight, being founded on a limited experience in Brazil, where the soil near the sea is extremely arid, consisting chiefly of sand and shells. From the same cause, it has been inferred that no land is well suited to this species of cultivation, but such as is covered with timber which may be cut down and burned for manure. But Egypt, where there is no timber, produces, after the Sea Island and Santee, the best cotton in the world. The finest cotton of India is grown at Dacca, within twenty miles of the sea : the same thing may likewise be observed of that grown in the Isle of Bourbon, in China, and in the Sea Islands. Hence it has been inferred by Mr. Crawford, that the vicinity of the sea is indispensable to the production of fine long stapled cotton. But this opinion is unfounded. In Brazil, as Mr. Carruthers observes, the cotton of the interior is superior to that grown upon the coast ; and in Egypt, where perhaps the experiment has been more fairly tried, the cotton of the upper provinces, several hundred miles from the sea, is superior to that of the Delta. A remark of more general application is, that the warm countries near the line are best adapted to this species of produce ; the cotton found in countries too far north or south, being coarse and woolly.”

In 1827 the price of Egyptian cotton in England was 8*d.* to 9*d.* per pound, that of Sea Island being 13½ to 16*d.* per pound. At this time Sea Island seed was obtained, and it is now expected that the Egyptian product will rival that of Georgia. The quantity exported has amounted to as much as one hundred and thirty thousand bales, and fallen in one instance as low as fifty-

five thousand. Cotton was not only introduced by the Pacha, but the trade in it is, with every other branch of foreign, and several of internal trade, completely monopolized by his government.

“In describing the monopoly of the Pacha,—since it is this alone which gives a character to his administration,—we may be said to embrace every thing peculiar to his system of government. He must no doubt have foreseen the contest in which he would be engaged with the Porte, and the vast expenditure it would inevitably occasion. It is probable, therefore, that in commencing this monopoly, his principal object was, to amass the funds necessary for carrying his grand object into effect. He is naturally, however, more inclined to profusion than to parsimony; his expenditure has consequently always equalled, if not exceeded, his revenue: and under the present system this circumstance operates, in some measure, as a relief to the country by returning the money whence it was derived.”

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“The objects monopolized by the Pacha embrace nearly all the productions of the soil, with many of the most important articles which pass through the country by way of transit. This monopoly, besides the objections applicable to all monopolies, wherever established, is liable to others, arising from the extreme difficulty of finding among the Turks honest and trustworthy agents. Under such a system, no person in the country can, in fact, have any interest in protecting the property amassed by the government; and in the event of an invasion, the inhabitants, instead of preserving and defending his Highness's stores, would undoubtedly be the first to pillage and destroy them. Besides, there are other evils resulting from the system in daily operation. In the first place, the peasant has little inducement to bring his produce to market in the best marketable state: he will therefore bestow no trouble in picking, assorting and cleaning his cotton; consequently, this article rarely sells in Europe for more than a-half or two-thirds of what it is intrinsically worth.”

In the detail of this system, the peasant is compelled, as soon as he has collected his produce, to deposit it in the public warehouse of his district; he here receives an order upon the treasury for it at a fixed price. This order is receivable in payment of his taxes, and if it exceed the amount of his contributions, he is unable to sell the balance for more than three-fourths of its nominal value.

The monopoly of the coffee trade has not only been injurious to the country and oppressive to the inhabitants, but has failed in its object of increasing the revenue, by completely cutting off the transit of coffee through Egypt to Europe, on which a duty was formerly collected, and by diminishing the internal consumption. The monopoly of salt, equally oppressive, has not failed in like manner, for after the consumption fell off, his officers were instructed to place in the vicinity of every village, the quantity it was estimated to have formerly consumed, and to enforce payment at the monopoly price. Even articles of the first necessity are monopolized, unless when consumed by the growers themselves; thus wheat is bought in Upper Egypt

and sold at Cairo for five times its original cost; beans, a principal article of food among the poor, are doled out at the same rate of profit; and the prices of beef, mutton and fish, have been increased in proportion.

Still, as under former governments every farthing that could be extracted from the labouring class had been wrung from them, and the extortion was accompanied by oppression, irregularity and violence, the regular, intelligible and fiscal regulations of the Pacha promised to be advantageous. But such hopes were speedily disappointed, by a want of care in the assessment; all the lands except those in the immediate neighbourhood of cities were charged with an equal tax, in spite of their variety of production, and as this might have led to the abandonment of the cultivation in unfavourable positions, the tax was due whether they were cultivated or not.

Still it may be doubted whether, with all this want of judgment in the assessment of his taxes, the fellah have not reaped positive advantages from the government of Mohammed Ali, although far less than they might from a ruler of equal energy and ability, possessed of more accurate views of the principles of political arithmetic. A steady and regular market has been provided for every article of produce, and if the price allowed by government be low, it is equal to that which could have ever been obtained before in remote districts. But had the Pacha been content with giving security to foreign merchants, and with protecting inland trade from the dangers it had been exposed to in the unsettled times which preceded his administration, there can be little doubt that he might have finally derived, from duties upon imports, and other indirect taxes, more than he now collects by his monopoly and land tax.

If, however, the poor have no great reason to complain of their relative position, this is not the case with those who possessed inherited wealth. By a series of bold measures, the Pacha has finally succeeded in appropriating to himself the whole of the landed property of Egypt, and has reduced the former owners to the condition of tenants for life, while their incomes are in many cases absorbed by the taxes. The property of mosques and religious incorporations has not escaped the general confiscation.

With the moneys thus obtained, amounting to nearly four millions sterling, the Pacha has created a respectable navy, and maintains an army of one hundred thousand effective men. This forms a heavy draft upon the population, which is hardly sufficient to supply the fields with labourers, and the cities with artisans. In his first attempt to form an army, it was recruited by the purchase of negroes from the interior of Africa. They, however, were not found capable of enduring the change of climate,

and probably the severity of the discipline to which they were subjected. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, which we may mention incidentally, that the negro race, when transplanted from the countries of its origin, has not increased in any other than the United States, and even here it ceases to maintain itself so soon as the restraints on their moral habits imposed by slavery are removed.

Mohammed Ali's next resource for the support of his armies, was in a system of conscription of the greatest severity. Such, too, is the aversion of the people to military service, that they unfitted themselves for it in many instances by mutilation, until deterred by severe punishment. In spite of this aversion, the Arab race, which now constitutes the agricultural population of Egypt, has military capacities of the highest order. This was remarked by Napoleon, who saw how easily he might have been driven from his conquest, had the people only been aware of their force. This had been studiously concealed from them by the Turkish government, or rather it had never been believed that those, whom their proud masters considered as mere beasts of burthen, were capable of exhibiting the warlike virtues they sought in the purchase of slaves from Georgia and Circassia.

In conformity with the prescient views of Napoleon, the Egyptian army has become the most efficient of the East, and has, under the command of Ibrahim, the son of Mohammed Ali, defeated the new corps of his nominal sovereign, and threatened Constantinople itself.

“ Nothing could exceed the contumely and scorn with which the Turk, previous to this war, regarded the Arab cultivator, who, like the Penest of Thessaly, or the Pericæus of Crete, was looked upon as a servile rustic, born slavishly to till the soil of his master. An anecdote will illustrate this. An envoy from the Porte arriving at Alexandria, sometime before the war in Syria, was received with affability by the Pacha, who, in order to impress upon his mind a high idea of the power and resources of Egypt, showed him his palace, forts, arsenals, and fleet. When he had beheld the whole, the envoy coldly observed,—‘Your highness, I see, is blessed with many excellent possessions : but one thing you want.’ ‘And what,’ demanded the Pacha, ‘is that one thing?’ ‘An army ; for what are the Arabs ?’ ‘Look at our Turks, have you any soldiers like them ?’ ‘Your excellency is entirely mistaken,’ replied Mohammed Ali, with earnestness ; ‘my Arabs are excellent soldiers ; and when the day arrives to put the matter to the test, you shall see.’ ”

The power and real independence of Mohammed Ali had long been obnoxious to the Porte, and the Pacha had reason to dread its concealed jealousy. Determining not to be taken by surprise, he saw it would be better to carry the war into the enemy's country, than to await an attack he knew to be meditated as soon as the affairs of the Porte would admit. For this purpose he availed himself of a dispute with Abdallah, the

neighbouring Pacha of Acre, and demanded from his sovereign the punishment of Abdallah, in case of the denial of which he threatened to proceed to do justice for himself, by seizing Acre. The Porte, to prevent the alternative, sent out a fleet, apparently to act in concert with Mohammed Ali, but on the suppression of the insurrection in Bosnia, which relieved it from the fears it had entertained of his power, withdrew the authority to punish Abdallah, and recalled the fleet. This was however too late, for to the dismay of the Sultan, Ibrahim had already landed in Syria before the message of recal reached Alexandria.

“ When the Sultan's envoy reached Alexandria, he was received in the usual style of courtesy. Mohammed Ali, who is a master of dissimulation, affected the utmost deference for the imperial orders ; but observed that the expedition had sailed, that operations had commenced, and that, if his excellency would wait, he should shortly bear back to his sovereign the keys of Acre. On this occasion, however, the ambassador was an able man, to deceive whom was impracticable. He at once pushed aside the flimsy veil of hypocrisy, and coming to the real point, demanded what it was the Pacha desired from the Porte. ‘ To keep what I have,’ he replied ; ‘ and let me explain to you my policy and my views, in a few words. In a few days Acre will be mine. If the Sultan consent that I shall keep it, I will stop there ; if not, I will take Damascus. There again, if Damascus be granted to me, I will stop ; but if not, I will take Aleppo ; and if the Sultan will not then consent—who knows?—*Allah kerim*, ‘ God is merciful.’ The Turk in a moment saw the character of the man with whom his sovereign had to deal ; and returning to Constantinople, counselled Mahmood to grant the Pacha whatever he required and make peace ; ‘ for,’ said he, ‘ you have to contend with a man of sense and talent, who understands his position.’ ”

Acre resisted the arms of Mohammed Ali for six months, but in all this time the Porte was unable to make any effectual exertions to relieve it. The army destined for this purpose was struck with panic, and fled, abandoning its camp, artillery, and baggage. On the fall of Acre, Ibrahim advanced against Damascus, which opened its gates without resistance ; thence he marched towards Aleppo, and was met by an army commanded by the Pacha of that city ; the contest was decided by a charge of the four battallions of Mohammed Ali's guards, and two regiments of Arab cavalry ; so feeble was the resistance of the Turks, that Ibrahim, prevented from seeing the completeness of his victory by the coming on of night, feared that the flight was merely a stratagem to draw him into an ambuscade. Hence the army escaped him, with the exception of 2500 prisoners ; but in the morning, the camp provisions and ammunition of the Turks fell into the hands of the Arabs. The flying army, however, did not retreat unharmed, for the Syrian Arabs, seeing their ancient oppressors dispersed, fell upon them and cut off the greater part of those who had escaped the Egyptians. Aleppo now became the object of Ibrahim, and it was at the

same time approached by Hussein, Pasha of Anatolia, who had reached Antioch previous to the battle, and was now advancing. But the Aleppines closed their gates upon Hussein, who, fearing to encounter the victorious Arabs, fled, abandoning his camp and artillery.

At Aleppo Ibrahim exhibited a desire to pause until the differences between his father and the Porte could be arranged. This design was, however, rendered impracticable by the hostile attitude assumed by Hussein, who took up a position at Bylan, which threatened the communications of Ibrahim. To dislodge him from this point, Ibrahim again took the field ; advancing in two columns upon the Turks, he, after a severe contest, put them to flight.

In consequence of their defeat at Bylan, the Turks fell back upon Koniah, leaving but few men in the passes of Mount Taurus. Ibrahim speedily followed, and established his headquarters, first at Tarsus, and subsequently at Adana. He had now completed the original design of his father, who had long coveted the forests of the province of Adana, which were capable of supplying those materials for a naval force in which Egypt is totally wanting.

Finding, however, that the Grand Vizir, who had now assumed the command of the Ottoman army, was collecting his forces at Koniah, with the view of attacking him, Ibrahim, in order to anticipate that officer, pushed forward and forced the passes of Mount Taurus. He now received not merely the submission of the conquered countries, but invitations even from the remotest parts of Asia Minor to redress their grievances. Pushing then towards Koniah, he found it evacuated by the Turkish forces, and took possession. Here his further progress might probably have been frustrated by the prudence of the Vizir, who had determined not to engage in battle, but to keep his forces together for the purpose of covering the capital. This plan the Vizir was compelled to abandon by positive orders from Constantinople ; he in consequence, after an ineffectual attempt by negotiation to induce Ibrahim to retreat, advanced to the attack, in which he was totally defeated. The road to Constantinople was thus opened to the Egyptian army. The diplomacy of Europe now interfered, on the part of some of the nations, with a real intention of saving the Porte from humiliation, but on that of Russia with a view of obtaining the controul of that humbled power. A Russian general, Muravieff, was despatched to Alexandria, requiring the Pacha, by threats and menaces, to desist from further progress. The Pacha immediately assented, inasmuch as he was already in possession of more than he wished to retain ; but in the mean time sent large reinforcements to his army. Hearing of this,



Muravieff again landed and remonstrated. To his instances the Pacha coolly replied, that in his army, in Asia Minor, he had many good officers, whose men had fallen, while in Egypt, he had many men without officers; that he thought it more economical to put the men under the command of these officers, than to appoint new ones. At this time the French Ambassador, wholly ignorant, as it appears, of the true state of things, undertook to procure for the Porte a peace, upon the sole condition of investing Mohammed Ali with the Pachalik of Acre and the four districts which depend upon it. Yielding, however, neither to the threats of Russia nor the instances of France, Mohammed Ali persisted in his occupation of Asia Minor, until he attained by treaty all the objects which his most sanguine ambition had ever desired.

It is hardly possible to estimate the consequences of this treaty upon the destinies of the East. Mohammed Ali, without any family connexions, or any of the sanctity with which the Othman race have contrived to invest themselves in the opinion of their subjects, might appear to be liable to the reverses which have affected the most ambitious and successful Pachas. Nor is there any probability that the people of Egypt have any of that affection which, in the event of his death, would induce them to make sacrifices in order to maintain his dynasty. The middling class, which in all countries would make sacrifices of feeling to ensure good order and tranquillity, has been destroyed by himself, and the *fellah* have now nothing to lose by a change of rulers. Poison, or the dagger of the assassin, might therefore destroy a power which is now so efficient. On the other hand, we see that his son and intended successor, Ibrahim, has made himself celebrated by his brilliant victories, is strong in the affection of his victorious army, of mature age, of brilliant talent, and well qualified to occupy the place of his father. The Porte itself is completely humbled, and has thrown itself into the arms of its natural enemy, from which it can expect little forbearance. Its subjects are dissatisfied, and more than one Pacha may soon imitate the example of Mohammed Ali, claiming all but nominal independence, and the right of transmitting their power to their descendants. At all events, it is not to be expected that Egypt will ever again return beneath the dominion, now that its inhabitants have been taught their capacity for military service. We may hope that now Mohammed Ali has attained every object of his ambition, and has guarded himself by strong outposts against any chance of attack, he may relax the oppression of his government, and by a more sage system of finance, do as much for the wealth and permanent improvement of his subjects, as he has already done for internal tranquillity.



A visit to the Pyramids, the ascent to the summit of the greatest, and the penetration of the mysterious chambers it contains, are the expected tasks of every traveller in Egypt. Our author of course performed this part of his duty. The readiness with which they are now accessible, and the comparative ease with which they may have always been reached, have robbed them of the interest which difficulties have thrown around the palaces and catacombs of Thebes and the rock temples of Nubia. As the latter difficulties are lessened, the Pyramids are gradually resuming their importance in public estimation. Perfectly plain and devoid of ornament, unsculptured, and uninscribed, they owe their importance to the vastness of their mass, to the firmness and lasting character of their structure, and even more to the mystery with which the absence of all literal memorials invest them. In viewing the vast palace of Karnak, the temples of Luxor, and the deep sepulchres of the valley of the tombs of the Theban kings, curiosity is stimulated by the hopes of ascertaining the names of the monarchs to whose taste and magnificence those splendid dwellings are due; by whose piety those rich fanes were consecrated; and in memory of whose greatness those decorated chambers have been excavated. This curiosity is now partially satisfied: the names of these monarchs have been discovered, and enough has been decyphered of the records they have left to commemorate their existence, to show that little more than their mere names and genealogies are ever to be gleaned from the laboured inscriptions with which they have embellished the obelisks, the walls of temple and palace, and even the rocky boundary of the places of their burial. Ramses, and Moeris, and Aminoph, have indeed been pressed from the province of doubtful to that of authentic history, but this history, if more certain, is not more full than that left us by Herodotus, Diodorus, and Josephus.

Of the Pyramids, two have for ages attracted the greatest degree of attention, in consequence of the superiority of their mass, and the conspicuous position they occupy. The traveller on the plains of the Delta, as he gradually approaches its apex, sees for more than a day's journey two pointed mountains rising above the level horizon. These mountains are the Pyramids of Cheops and Cephrenes; these masses of such imposing magnitude are the work of human hands. The impression which the view of these structures produces on the mind, when taken in connexion with their antiquity, may be appreciated when we read the words in which Napoleon addressed his army, encamped, to all appearance, at their base, although miles of desert in fact intervened: "From the top of yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you, and will contemplate your exploits." But besides these two pyramids, there are many others, which,

were they not reduced in importance by the vicinity of the two first, would themselves be worthy of being ranked among the wonders of the world. The heights of the Lybian chain which surround the site of the ancient Memphis, a site as extensive as that of London at the present day, is studded at unequal distances with pyramidal structures. Among the most noted of these are those of Saccarah and Abousir. At the former place there are nine, one of which has a base six hundred and fifty feet square, and a height of upwards of three hundred feet. At Abousir there are seven pyramids. To form an idea of the size of the greatest of the pyramids, we must conceive it occupying with its base about twelve acres of ground, or three times as much as the State-house square, in Philadelphia, thence rising in a regular slope at angles of about sixty degrees, to a truncated summit elevated more than four hundred and fifty feet above the rocky eminence on which it is placed. This eminence has been carefully levelled, and a step left in cutting away the rock, to serve as a foundation for the artificial superstructure. Whether the rock thus removed, or any brought from the neighbourhood, has been used in the construction is doubtful, but we have not only the evidence of history, but that arising from actual inspection of the ground, to show that by far the greater part of the stone employed has been excavated from the range which bounds the valley of the Nile, on the eastern side. The truncation of the summit is the effect principally of violence, as has probably been the removal of the external casing with which it was once covered, and which made its triangular surface smooth planes. At present it exhibits the aspect of a series of steps, the lowest of which has a rise of more than four and a half feet, while the highest does not exceed twenty inches.

The approach to and impression produced by a view of the Pyramids, is thus graphically described:

“The pyramids themselves, though towering far above every thing around, did not yet disclose all their vastness, there being no object near by which to judge by comparison of their magnitude. Standing alone in the desert, which they exactly resemble in colour, they appeared to belong to and form a part of it; but, long before we approached them, they seemed near, quite at hand, and the intervening space a field or two, over which we should pass in a few minutes. We rode on for another hour; and though they certainly appeared to have increased in dimensions, there was no very striking difference in their aspect; yet we could see we still had some space to traverse. Another hour, the pyramids had sensibly increased in bulk; the sun occasionally shone upon them and gilded their peaks, and the shadows of the clouds, as they passed along, travelled over them, as over the face of a mountain.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The rocky eminence on which they are placed rises about one hundred feet above the level of the Egyptian plain, and has now been covered, by the action of the west wind, with sandy mounds, various in form and height, which cause it to exhibit a ruggedness of aspect altogether con-

groous with our ideas of the Libyan waste. When we had gained the summit of this height, and cleared the bullocks which at first obstructed our view, all the sublimity of the pyramids burst at once upon our minds. The tallest among our companions, standing at their feet, were scarcely so high as a single layer of stones; and when I drew near, and beheld the mighty basis, the vast breadth, the prodigious solidity, the steep acclivity of the sides, misleading the eye, which appears to discover the summit among the clouds, while the kite and eagle, wheeling round and round, far, far aloft, were yet not so high as the apex, I secretly acknowledged the justice of the popular opinion, which enumerates these majestic structures among the wonders of the world. Here, then, after many disappointments and hopes frequently deferred, I at length stood realizing, by the indulgence of Providence, one of the long-cherished schemes of my youth. Nor did the pleasure fall short a jot of the measure of delight promised at a distance by hope. Genius of the first order had reared those Titanian temples, and so thoroughly did it succeed in embodying its vast conceptions, that men the most illiterate and of the grossest apprehensions contemplating these mysterious fones, have their minds penetrated and warmed into admiration by a spark of enthusiasm, an involuntary consciousness of the sublime. Less than these it was impossible that I should feel. Pythagoras, Plato, Herodotus, Germanicus, had gone of old upon the same pilgrimage; and though I may never share their renown, not one of them all, upon the spot, could have experienced more pleasurable emotions, or sympathised more earnestly with the unknown architect, in the glorious triumph of his intellect.

"Men ambitious of the reputation of philosophers have declaimed, in all ages, against the utility of pyramids. But can any thing be called useless by which the mind is elevated and aggrandized? which re-creates and fires the imagination with ideas of durability, and grandeur, and power? What are we, divested of the pleasures furnished by the imagination? why has art in all ages mimicked the creative energy of nature, is it not that we may remove from ourselves that sense of insignificance which is inspired by the feebleness of our physical power, by the exertion of strength or power, in which it would appear, from many of the works of men, that we are not deficient? However this may be, I thanked Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, for creating a marvel in the regions of art, and thus adding whatever may be pretended to the contrary, to the sum of permanent human enjoyment."

Our author, immediately after his arrival at Cairo, visited the first pyramid, or that of Cheops. This is not represented as open by the more ancient authorities. Strabo, however, speaks of a moveable stone upon its surface, that probably concealed the entrance. So long as the Roman dominion continued, it was probably respected, but was finally forced open and rifled by the Caliph al Mamoun.

In respect to the second pyramid, no probability existed that it had ever been entered since its narrow mouth had first been closed by its builders. Belzoni, after much pains and labour, succeeded in finding its entrance; but any hope of important discovery was frustrated by its being ascertained by an inscription in Arabic, that it had been previously opened, during the Turkish sway. He, however, discovered passages similar to those in the pyramids of Cheops, leading to a central chamber

containing a sarcophagus; in this sarcophagus he found bones of an animal of the bovine species. Belzoni took it in high dudgeon that some of his reviewers should have represented these to have belonged to a cow; and sturdily maintains they must have been those of a bull. Our author inclines to the opinion of the reviewers, and makes the assumed fact one of the supports of his theory in respect to the purpose of the pyramids, to which we shall presently refer.

In respect to the opening of the first pyramid by the Arabs, the following is the most authentic relation:

“It was entered, as is reported, in the time of Al Mamoun, and a small chamber was reached, which contained a statue of a man, of a green stone like an emerald, hollow and containing the body of a man, covered with a plate of fine gold, and ornamented with a great number of precious stones. He had upon his breast the pommel of a sword of inestimable value, and on his head a ruby as large as an egg, which shone like flame. I have myself seen the statue whence the body was taken; it was near the royal palace of Fostal, in the year 611. (A. D. 1214.)”

In this statue, containing a human body, it is impossible not to recognize the usual form of the mummy chests or coffins of the Egyptians. As to the material, it is well known that the Egyptians possessed the art of making imitations of the precious stones in coloured glass, and applied it to the structure of statues.

The second pyramid still retains, near its summit, the original casing, and its vortex is nearly perfect; hence its ascent is attended with much danger, and is rarely attempted. In the immediate neighbourhood stands a third pyramid of less size, but which was superior to the others in being completely faced with granite from the vicinity of Syene. This casing was nearly perfect when Egypt was conquered by the Arabs. Al Mamoun was advised to destroy this with the other pyramids, but wisely declined the attempt. The son of Saladin, however, with less judgment, undertook the demolition of this third pyramid; but after employing a large body of men for several months, so far from obtaining the success he had promised himself, he only spoiled the appearance of the pyramid, and exhibited clearly how far the undertaking exceeded his strength and power.

This third pyramid, therefore, probably remains to be opened, and when that shall be done, we may expect that the long disputed question of the purpose for which they were intended, will be settled. Diodorus and Strabo expressly state that they were constructed for tombs, but the more ancient authority of Herodotus is not explicit to this point. He, after ascribing the greater pyramid to Cheops, states that he excavated, in the hill on which the pyramids are erected, subterranean chambers to

serve for his tombs. Could we put full faith in the Arab tradition we have quoted, the question would be solved in the affirmative; and the researches of Caviglia have shown passages and a sepulchral chamber cut in the rock, and thus remove the obscurity of the passage of Herodotus.

Our author has a theory of his own; he supposes them to have been temples of a deity, certainly held in high honour by many ancient nations, and worshipped in some cases under the form of a conical stone. This deity was figured also, according to him, under the shape of a triangle, by a combination of four of which the geometric solid of the pyramid was enclosed. He even seeks for the origin of this triangular form in a fancied resemblance to the physical object of the worship. His theory is strongly allied to that recently set forth by Mr. O'Brien in respect to the origin of the round towers of Ireland. We must, however, say that our author has not the evidence of resemblance to bear him out in his conclusions, which the Irish theorist enjoys in the most decided manner, if his plates are to be believed. A waggish reviewer has indeed suspected that in the latter case the likeness is as much due to the imagination of the painter, as to the form of the monument itself. Whether our author's conclusions are strengthened by his retaining some little tendency to the superstition of which he gives so piquant an illustration, we shall not pretend to say. All that we can venture to remark is, that we have seen not only Irish but English gentlemen, make after-dinner libations, with mystic ceremonies, to the deity in question. For the discussion, we must refer to the work itself, for although we admire the decency of the language in which it is clothed, we should fear to admit the allusions upon our pages.

For our own part, we cannot resist the conclusion that they were tombs. Temples of any deity we think they could not have been. The sanes and shrines of any one divinity were rarely multiplied in any one vicinity, and we cannot admit that the pious Memphitans should have honoured even a favourite divinity with separate edifices, of which twenty at least are still existing. Temples, too, were erected in the midst of a crowded population, and rarely or never in desolate and uninhabited spots. Considered as tombs, they are directly derived from the oldest and original form of sepulchre, the barrow or mound, a form almost co-extensive in its use with the migrations of the human race, and of which our author himself has described instances in the upper valley of the Nile.

Here we shall leave our author's researches into the antiquities of Egypt. On this head he does not exhibit the same intelligence which characterises his accounts of the country and of its government. One of his theories, however, we cannot

pass over in silence, namely, that all the structures of Egypt were constructed within a comparatively short period, and are subsequent in date to the Persian conquest. This is too fully contradicted by the testimony of the most ancient of profane historians, who, under the reign of the Persian conquerors, saw them in a state little more perfect than they recently were, and admitted them to be even then of an antiquity almost too remote to be penetrated.

At the time of the French invasion a great proportion of the buildings in Upper Egypt were nearly as perfect as they had been when visited by Germanicus and Trajan. The temples and statues of Lower Egypt had yielded to the barbarous zeal of the Mahometans, but Karnak, and Luxor, and Tentyris, remained almost unimpaired; the Memnonium had indeed disappeared, but the vocal statue stood to mark out its place, and the tomb of Osgmandius might still be compared with the description of Diodorus.

Now these interesting remains are in a state of rapid dilapidation: the Pacha removes their materials to erect cotton factories; the agents of European governments saw out their sculptured ornaments to enrich the museums of their respective capitals, and even obelisks are again transported, as in the days of Constantine, over the unwilling waves of the Mediterranean. Among these worse than Gothic destroyers, our author particularizes, as most reprehensible in the wanton manner in which they have defaced the monuments, Drovitti, and, we regret to say, Champollion.

The devastation extends to the tombs as well as temples and palaces. The removal of a few mummies might have been pardoned as proper objects of an enlightened curiosity; but no palliation can be found for those defilers of the sanctity of the tomb, who quarter themselves, like new Troglodytes, in the sepulchral chambers, and destroy hundreds of the carefully bandaged bodies, for no other purpose than to search for ornaments, and the copy of the funeral ritual deposited on their breasts.

Our readers will not fail to have remarked the beauty of our author's style, and the highly polished language in which his description of natural scenery is couched. This smoothness has not been obtained, we think we may venture to assert, without labour. We therefore hold it an unworthy affectation on his part, when he ventures upon the assertion that he has published his journal exactly in the form in which it was daily recorded. In imitation of the wise constituent who asked his representative in Congress in what manner he contrived to speak the notes to his published speech, we would inquire of Mr. St. John, how it happens, that almost every paragraph of the early part of his journal is mixed with allusions to scenes and things which he

did not visit for months afterwards? Was he endowed with the spirit of prophecy, or did he, as any other traveller would have done, write out his book carefully from mere notes?

Perhaps, however, our author found that his descriptions were too vivid, and might have been mistaken for the paintings of a powerful imagination. We recollect in our youth to have dwelt with delight on the account given by Dupaty of the miracles of art enclosed in the walls of modern Rome. In particular do we recal to mind the graphic description of the Farnese Hercules, and the more than graphic skill with which the conflagration of the Borgo of Raphael is portrayed. Yet we found, on inquiry, that the author had never seen the works of art which his pen had invested with as much grace and truth as could have been exhibited by the most competent copyist, or been called into action by the most accomplished sculptor. He had consulted only guide-books, and engravings, and plaister casts; but rich in power of expression, and strong in the attributes of genius and imagination, he was enabled to communicate to the reader of his work a more lively idea of the objects he describes than had been done by any who had enjoyed the opportunity of viewing them. Mr. St. John's work is one that might have been compiled by a writer of eloquence and imaginative genius from the note-book of an intelligent traveller. It is hardly possible that it could have been written in its present form in the cabin of a *Randja*, or in the vile caravanseries whence it is sometimes dated. In whatever manner it may have been made up, we are satisfied of its fidelity, and cannot but express our obligations to the author who, in a few pages, has given us a more clear view of the appearance and existing state of this interesting country, than we have been able to glean from the labours of the authors of the great French work, and all of their successors.



## ART. VIII.—THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

1. *Speech of Mr. Webster, on the President's Protest.*
2. *Speech of Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, on the same.*
3. *Speech of Mr. Adams, on Removal of the Deposites.*
4. *Report of Judiciary Committee of Senate on Pension Agency.*

*Misera est servitus ubi jus est aut vagum aut incognitum.*—Miserable, indeed, is that state where the law is uncertain or unknown. But, yet more wretched is that servitude where the will of the master, furnishes the sole, the varying and the unknowable impulse to action. Such condition, whether the magisterial power be in the officers of state, or an individual, is one of abject and unmitigated slavery; and the slave emasculated by the privation of the moral sense, becomes the pliant, ruthless and ready tool of the power that uses him.

To this state, all human power, over our fellows, inevitably tends. It is produced, alike, by the domestic tyrant, the enthroned despot, and the leader of political party. So dangerous is this power to human happiness, that men, in the simple stages of society, where their relations are few, and their cupidity feebly excited, is repressible, rarely and temporarily, only, submit to it. The innumerable artificial wants of civilization, and the incessant and forceful stimulant which they supply to our desire of appropriation, and consequently to our disposition to injure others, make a restraining power indispensable, and even despotism, which may *possibly* be the *steady rule* of one, more tolerable than anarchy, the unbridled and mutable tyranny of the many.

The necessity of a power to restrain and regulate human actions in society being obvious, men purchase its benefits, at no inconsiderable risk to their liberty; and never obtain them but with their concomitant, perpetual warfare. The inevitable tendency of power being self-expansion, its possessors constantly endeavour to encroach upon whatever is withheld from them. To prevent these inroads, the people are compelled to incessant vigilance and unremitting resistance. As these prevail, freedom and happiness are secured; as they are disregarded, political slavery and its inseparable misery are established. Of the struggle between governors and governed, between those whose proper character is that of servants, but who ordinarily assume to be masters, and the people, consists the greater and most interesting portion of the history of all States which have enjoyed political liberty. And that history is full of the most salutary instruction,—teaching us, that the concentrated energy of the

few, has been frequently too powerful for the desultory and unsystematized efforts of the many; and that every unchecked, unpunished attempt to engross forbidden power, is pregnant with imminent danger to popular sovereignty.

In all political states (not absolutely despotic) there must grow, from these elements, two parties. One supported, disciplined and governed by executive agents, whose motive is the love of power; the other, a combination of the people, jealous of, and labouring to maintain, their liberties. The action of these parties is not at all times equally great or visible. Virtuous and enlightened administrators of the law may conscientiously abide by the legitimate distribution of the powers of government; and the vigilance of the people may be lulled, by confidence in this forbearance, or by deception in relation to the views of the Executive. Without adverting to those examples and illustrations from Grecian and Roman story, which reminiscences of early study supply, we would observe, that the annals of the English nation, from which we have drawn the greater portion of our politics and law, are replete with the contests of these antagonist powers. The oppression of the Conqueror and his immediate successors, through the medium of the Feudal System, united against them, by the tie of common suffering, the noble and the peasant; who extorted first, an alleviation of the burdens of chivalry, next, the forest charter, and Magna Charta; then the trial by jury and the representation of the Commons in parliament, the petition of right, the Habeas Corpus act, the act, which completed the revolution of 1688, declaring the rights and liberties of the subject, and settling the succession of the crown; and finally, the establishment of the liberty of the press in 1692.—Grants and acts which, collectively, make the British constitution.

When all the powers of the State are lodged in one man, or body of men, absolute despotism prevails. It became, therefore, necessary, in the successive party struggles of Great Britain, to separate the political powers, and to assign them, in portions, to agents who were independent of each other. Circumstances favored this division. The separation of the executive and judicial powers was early, though not completely effected; yet was so thoroughly established in the reign of James I., that Lord Coke was encouraged, openly, to reprove that monarch for attempting to administer justice, in person. The division of the executive from the legislative functions, was more tardily and more imperfectly attained; so that, even to this day, it is not wholly accomplished. Although distinct and proper acts of legislation were perhaps performed by English monarchs down to the time of the second James, and the period immediately preceding the Revolution; yet the distinc-

tion between the legislative and executive powers was strongly marked and mainly preserved, from the enactment of the stat. 24 Edw. I., *de Tallagio non concedendo*, decreeing that no tax should be laid, nor impost levied, without the joint consent of the lords and commons; and which, putting the power of the purse, into the hands of the nation, provided a powerful curb on the royal authority.

The advantages of this division of political power, were perhaps more instinctively felt than clearly apprehended, during the long period required for their establishment; and it was not until general intellectual improvement, commencing with the Reformation, restored politics to the rank of a science, that the division was considered a canon of political liberty. It was, therefore, long practically in force before its excellence was theoretically considered and commented upon. Montesquieu has the honour of first displaying, and most effectually recommending it to the attention of mankind. The following is a concise abstract of his views, taken from chapter vi., book 11, of his *Spirit of Laws*.

“In every government, there are three sorts of powers; the legislative; the executive, in relation to things dependent upon the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to matters that depend upon the civil law.

“By virtue of the first, the prince or magistrate enacts temporary laws, and amends or abrogates those that have been already enacted. By the second, he makes peace or war, sends or receives embassies, establishes the public security, and provides against invasions. By the third, he punishes criminals, or determines the disputes that arise between individuals. The latter, we call the judiciary power; and the other, simply, the executive power, of the state.

“When the legislative and executive powers are united in the same person, or in the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty; because the same monarch or senate may enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

“Again, there is no liberty, if the judiciary power be not separated from the legislative and executive. Were it joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary controul; for the judge would be, then, the legislator; were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with violence and oppression.”

These opinions were strongly impressed upon the minds of American statesmen, when preparing the constitutions for the several States; and, particularly, when framing that of the general government. But, like most theoretic perfections, the apothegm for the division of political powers was not easily reducible to practice, and it was discovered that the model upon which it was formed, had been greatly amended in the cast. “The British constitution was to Montesquieu, what Homer has been to the didactic writers on epic poetry. As the latter have considered the work of the immortal bard as the perfect model from which the principles and rules of the epic art were to be

drawn, and by which all similar works were to be judged; \* this great political critic appears to have viewed the constitution of England as the standard; or, to use his own expression, \* the mirror of political liberty, and to have delivered in form of elementary truths, the several characteristic principles of the particular system."\* As in the British constitution it was impracticable to keep the legislative, executive and judicial departments wholly separate from each other, so in organizing the American governments, the obstacles to their separation could not be surmounted. Thus, though in most of the State constitutions the principle was emphatically declared, and in some, laid down in unqualified terms, there was not one, in which the several departments were kept absolutely distinct, and the result of the experience of the country, upon a very extended scale, is, that for the assurance of the degree of separation essential to free government, these departments must be so far blended, as to give to each a constitutional controul over the others.

It is universally admitted that the powers properly belonging to one, should not be directly and fully administered by either of the other departments. It is not less clear, that neither department should possess, directly or indirectly, overruling influence upon the others. After discriminating, therefore, in theory, the several classes of power, as they may in their nature be legislative, executive, or judicial, the next, and most difficult task, was to provide some practical security for each, against the invasion of the others. The expedients for this purpose were, so to contrive the interior structure of the government, as that its several constituent parts, might, by their mutual relations, keep each other in their proper places; to give to each department, so far as practicable, an independent origin; to render the emoluments of each independent of the others; and above all, to give to those who administer each department, the necessary constitutional means and personal motives, to resist encroachments of the others; making ambition counteract ambition, and connecting the interest of the man with the constitutional rights of the place.

In framing the constitution of the United States, these checks, though, not fully, were, to a very considerable extent, applied. The legislative, and also the executive department, in certain cases, under some modification, proceed directly from the people; the judiciary department, from the peculiar qualifications and official tenure requisite for its efficiency, was differently constituted. And as it was impossible to give to the legislative and executive departments equal power of defence, the legislative authority necessarily predominating, the legislature was

\* *Federalist*, No. XLVII.

divided into different branches, constituted by different modes of election, on different principles of action, and as little connected with each other as the nature of their common functions, and their common dependence upon society, would admit. Whilst the legislative power was thus shorn of its strength by division, the executive magistrate was armed with a most efficient weapon, the veto, or negative on legislation; and was further strengthened, by a qualified connection with the weaker branch of the legislature; by which the Senate, sympathising with the President, might be induced to support his constitutional rights. No conception was formed of a case in which the Executive and the stronger branch of the legislature would combine against the weaker, and, therefore, no extraordinary protection was provided for the last.

We have spoken of the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government, as if they were independent entities, having a substantive existence, prior to the constitution. Not only *may* such inference be drawn from the generality of the terms used in the constitution, but it *has*, actually, *been* drawn, expressly for strengthening and enlarging the executive authority. The three primary articles of the constitution prescribe the organization, and enumerate the powers, of the three departments. The first, treating of the legislative, says, "all legislative power, *herein granted*, shall be vested in a Congress, &c." The second, relating to the executive, declares, "the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America;" and the third directs that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as the Congress may, from time to time, ordain and establish."

But we should commit a grievous error to tolerate this inference. These descriptions of the officers, in whom the executive and judicial powers are to be vested, no more define the extent of the grant than words quoted from the first article describe the extent of the legislative power given to Congress. The constitution, in conferring power on all the departments, proceeds, not by general definition, but by specific grant. It confers power in general terms, but yet, in the same or some other place, imposes a limitation on the grant, and the grant and limitation must, of course, be construed together. The irresistible inference, from these considerations, is, that the mere nomination of a department as one of the three great branches of the government, does not confer any power; and, though the departments be called legislative, executive, judicial, we must look to the provisions of the constitution itself, in order to learn what power it regards as legislative, executive and judicial, and what portion of powers is conferred on the re-

spective departments; because none will seriously contend, that *all* legislative power belongs to Congress—*all* executive power to the President—*all* judicial power to the courts of the United States.

These conclusions are irresistibly sustained by the nature of the government of the United States. It is a creature of limited powers, of special creation, whose being, end and aim is determined by the constitution. It has no other origin, can have no other source of power, and all the power it possesses, with incidents, accidents and modes, restrictions and limitations, is given in, and by, the constitution. *Original* political power may be a comprehensible term in governments founded on other authority than the popular will, and where every advance towards freedom has been made under royal grants, charters, privileges and immunities. In the United States of America, our governments are limited governments; limited in their origin, their very creation; none but specific powers having ever been granted to them. The executive department, therefore, when seeking power by analogy, between the government of the United States and other governments, from sources other and anterior to the constitution, is guilty of usurpation, which should, and we trust will, soon receive the most effectual rebuke from the people.

It will be observed, that the chief design, in the instances we have given, of blending the several species of power in the constitution of the general government, was the better to preserve each class of powers against the encroachment of the others. In the distribution of checks, it would seem, that little dread was entertained of judicial usurpation. It was supposed, that the judicial department, from the nature of its functions, would be the least dangerous to the political rights of the constitution; that, having under its controul neither the sword nor the purse, it was without power to take any active resolution whatever; and that, though endowed with *judgment*, it had neither *force* nor *will*, but was dependent upon the executive arm for the efficacious exercise of even that faculty. For the protection of this department, permanence in the tenure of office, and in the compensation for services, was provided. How far these views, with respect to the power of encroachment, appertaining to the judiciary, are just, it is no part of our present purpose to inquire. It has, perhaps, been found, that the judiciary can *will* strongly; and that error does not, at all times, deprive it of the resistless *force* of public opinion. It is, however, certain, that its usurpations are never attended with violence, and are not *imminently* dangerous. The provocation and danger of intestine contests were supposed to lie between the legislative and executive departments.

Among the anomalies of American politics, none, perhaps, is more striking than the great apprehension of legislative innovation upon the other departments, and the disregard of executive encroachment, which prevailed in the convention that formed the federal constitution. As the spirit of engrossing is inherent to all power, it must exist in a legislative assembly; and its energy is not impaired by the inspiration it gives to many bosoms. But the American constitutions, without exception, afford a controul and counterpoise to its influence, which, if they do not restrain the assumption, prevent the abuse, of legislative power. This is found in the principle which returns, at short intervals, the legislators to the body of the people, whence they were taken, to render an account of their trust, and to partake, in full proportion, of whatever evils unwise or corrupt legislation may induce. The force of this countervailing power was not sufficiently appreciated by the statesmen of 1789, to remove their fears; and they devoted their care, principally, to raise barriers against legislative efforts for unconstitutional power. Sufficient restraint was supposed to be placed upon the Executive, by making the advice and consent of the senate necessary to the consummation of appointment to office.

In all other countries, where men dare think on politics, every dread is of executive power, and every effort is to restrain it. But in this, the dangers apprehended to the interests established by the constitution of the United States, was from the legislature. Mr. Madison, embodying the sense of the friends of the constitution, expresses himself thus:

“In a government where numerous and extensive prerogatives are placed in the hands of a hereditary monarch, the executive department is very justly regarded as the source of danger, and watched with all the jealousy which a zeal for liberty ought to inspire. In a democracy, where a multitude of people exercise, in person, the legislative functions, and are continually exposed, by their incapacity for regular deliberation and concerted measures, to the ambitious intrigues of their executive magistrates, tyranny may well be apprehended, on some favourable emergency, to start up in the same quarter. But in a representative republic, where the executive magistracy is carefully limited, both in the extent and the duration of its power, and where the legislative power is exercised by an assembly, which is inspired by a supposed influence over the people, with an intrepid confidence in its own strength; which is sufficiently numerous to feel all the passions which actuate a multitude, yet not so numerous as to be incapable of pursuing the objects of its passions, by means which reason prescribes; it is against the enterprising ambition of this department that the people ought to indulge all their jealousy and exhaust all their precautions.”—*Federalist*.

The framers of the Constitution of the United States, and the statesmen who succeeded them, have certainly shown a far-reaching sagacity; having foreseen and provided against many



of the perils attendant on delegated authority: but their ken was still that of mortals. They saw not all the means of abuse; or, if they saw them, could not comprehend all the modes by which they could be applied. They foresaw, clearly, that the legislative power might openly and successfully invade the executive, but they did not foresee that the executive power could covertly, yet successfully, sap and controul the legislative. And although such power was known to have been assumed and exercised by the executive department of the British government, which, through its appointing and disbursing faculties, corruptly, governed the parliament; still, it was confidently believed, that the restraint of the senate upon the first, and the responsibility of the American fiscal agents to the Congress had effectually provided against like corruptions in our system. Nor, perhaps, would they have been mistaken, had not an unfortunate construction, given to the constitution, established in the President the uncontrolled power of removal from office, with the absurd, but most flattering corollary, that all the agents and servants of the people are the deputies and servants of the President himself; and had not the Executive discovered the mean of making appointments without the advice, and against the consent of the senate. The confidence of the first Congress in the Executive was most absolute. This is attributed, no doubt rightly, to the transcendent excellence of the first President. Had any other man than Washington been proposed as the first chief magistrate, it is probable the federal convention of 1787 would have more rigidly guarded against executive usurpations, and the Congress of 1789 would have been more disposed to limit, than to enlarge, executive influence.

The confidence of the last mentioned body in the discreet use of the appointing power by the President, seems to have been unbounded. So little did the majority of that Congress dread the perversion of this power, that they denied the possibility of its use for other than laudable and public ends; and the utter impossibility of its being employed to selfish and unconstitutional purposes. That the patriots of that day, in other respects remarkable for great astutia and comprehension, and wise and patriotic jealousy, saw the executive power through a single and most favourable medium, is apparent from the views which they took of the qualified negative upon legislation given to the President by the constitution. Their views, though just, until the election of the present incumbent, contrast so strongly with his practice, and afford so sound a test for the propriety of the latter, that edification must grow from the comparison.

It was objected, by the opponents of the veto power, that, though it might be used to hinder the enactment of bad laws, it might also be perverted to prevent the passage of good ones.

It was replied, that the superior weight and influence of the legislative body, in a free government, and the hazard to the Executive in a trial of skill with it, afforded satisfactory security that the negative would generally be employed with great caution, and that in its exercise there would oftener be room for a charge of *timidity than of rashness*.

A king of Great Britain, with all his train of sovereign attributes, and with all the influence he draws from a thousand sources, would, at this day, hesitate to put a negative upon the joint resolution of the two houses of parliament. But he would not fail to exert the utmost resources of that influence to strangle a measure disagreeable to him, in its progress to the throne, to avoid being reduced to the dilemma of permitting it to take effect, or of *risking the displeasure* of the nation by an opposition to the sense of the legislative body. Nor is it probable that he would ultimately venture to exert his prerogative, but in a case of manifest propriety or of extreme necessity. A very considerable period has elapsed since the negative of the crown has been exercised. The friends of the veto power therefore remarked, if a magistrate, so powerful, and so well fortified as a British monarch, would have scruples about the exercise of the power under consideration, how much caution might, reasonably, be expected in a President of the United States, clothed, for the short period of four years, with the executive authority of a government, wholly and purely republican. It is evident, that there would be greater danger of his not using his power, when necessary, than of his using it too often or too much.\*

This is a danger of which the nation has no longer any apprehension; and the present incumbent has proven the position, for a thousandth time, that a popular demagogue may safely dare encroachments on popular rights which would cost a monarch his life as well as his crown.

We have said, that the design of intermingling the powers of the several departments to a certain and limited extent, was the better to sustain the separate and independent existence of other portions; and that, for the purpose of self-protection, the Executive was armed with the veto. That it was given also for the purpose of correcting vicious legislation may not be denied. But so vigorous as the exercise of the privilege should be in the one case, so cautiously and reservedly should it be used in the other: the use, in the first, tending to sustain the equipoise of powers established by the constitution, and in the second, to destroy it. We cannot assume, with a shadow of propriety, that the representatives of the people, unbiassed by the influence of the other departments, will voluntarily abuse their powers by

\* Federalist, No. 73.

corrupt legislation. Of the number and expediency of the laws, we believe them to be the best judges. They are liable to err from two causes. From the engrossing nature of all power, they may invade the boundaries of other departments; and in human fallibility, may mistake their constitutional authority. In either case the veto will be properly interposed. But these cases of transgression must be rare, and are not more probable than that the Executive may ignorantly assume their existence, and arrogantly attempt to repress them. It will, at least, not be denied that the executive negative has been used of late years *without caution, and has oftener given room for the charge of rashness than timidity*. Whenever used, under sincere conviction of its necessity, to preserve the constitution, the President has, nobly, though, perhaps, erringly, fulfilled his duty; but when used, under that pretence, to effect other purposes, or when applied to mere questions of *expediency*, he has, as the case may be, corruptly perverted his powers or wantonly abused them; and has violated the spirit of the constitution by invading the proper rights of the legislature.

In theory, the legislative and executive powers in the English constitution, are as distinct and independent, as they are in the constitution of the United States, and in practice, so far as it regards the legislative operation of the veto, they are more effectually separated. The royal negative upon legislation is intolerable, because it is absolute; but even the people of that country, still behind us in political liberty, will not submit to an absolute restraint on their power to pursue their happiness. The presidential veto, here, has been borne, because it is qualified only, and the people may, when they will energetically, give legislative sanction to any measure, despite the opposition of the President, through the votes of two-thirds of the members of the two houses of Congress. But, should the Executive possess the means of so controlling the legislature, that he may prevent, at all times, the vote of such majority, he will have acquired an absolute negative upon legislation, the more dangerous, because it will be exercised through the forms of the constitution, and sufficiently powerful to enable him to assume all other powers: since, if he cannot obtain such other powers by direct gift, he can avoid responsibility for their assumption.

Under the British constitution, it is well known, that, from the time of George I. and Sir Robert Walpole, at least, until the last year of William IV. and Earl Grey, the Executive, the King, swayed the boasted omnipotence of the parliament; and that in practice, some few subjects excepted, the legislative power was in the crown, the lords and commons enacting, *pro forma*, into laws, the resolutions of the royal council. At

this moment, every important measure of legislation originates with the ministry, and none can be carried without its assent. Popular indignation, at times, compelled a change of the men and measures of the administration. But, this was only the tacking of the bark of State, the better to use an unfavourable gale ; her true course was ever the same, and the helm continued in the same hand. 'The power which thus broke into and deformed the British constitution, and reduced to subservience the legislative department of the government, was executive patronage, corruptly employed in the appointment to office, and in the public disbursements. 'The means by which the change was effected, if not originally applied by Sir Robert Walpole, were approved and systematized by him, and consisted in the purchase of votes, by the *grant of fraudulent contracts*, by *iniquitous acts in the influence of elections*, by the *irresponsible use of secret service money*, and by the *prostitution of the press*. It is apparent, therefore, that the power of appointment to office, and of disbursing the public revenue, may be, as it has been, converted into a dangerous weapon against the public weal, breaking down the barriers, which sound political wisdom has erected between the powers of the State. Such, we have seen, has been the case, in the freest State of Europe ; in that State, most analogous to our own, and from which we have drawn some of the most valuable of our political practices and precepts. Are our institutions obnoxious to like dangers, from like causes? This is the subject of our present discussion, and its examination will lead us directly into a review of part of the proceedings of the twenty-third Congress, during its late session.

We have already observed, that the federal convention of 1787 foresaw, and sought to provide against, the abuse of the executive power of appointment, by partitioning it between the executive and legislative branches ; and by that article of the constitution, which declares, that, "No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time ; and no person, holding any office under the United States, shall be a member of either house, during his continuance in office." This clause does not guard against half the cases of temptation by office ; and it has been narrowed by the practice of appointing members of Congress to official stations during the term for which they were elected. We may observe here, *en passant*, that, the office of a diplomatic agent is not perennial ; that it is always created, *pro hac vice*, for the special occasion, and that every nomination is a distinct creation of the office. If this

view be correct, the appointment of a member of Congress to such station during the term for which he is elected is a breach of the constitution.

The federal convention, also, apprehended and endeavoured to provide against the abuse of public disbursements, prescribing (*Con. art. 1, sec. 9, cl. 6,*) that "No money shall be drawn from the treasury, but in consequence of appropriations, made by law ; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditure of all public money, shall be published from time to time." In the same spirit, the law has declared, (*Act 21, Ap. 1808,*) "That no member of Congress shall, directly or indirectly, himself or by any other person, in trust for him, or for his use, undertake, execute, hold, or enjoy, in the whole, or in part, any contract to be made with any officer of the United States, in their behalf, or with any person authorized to make contracts, on the part of the United States : " and that, "In every such contract, there shall be inserted an express condition that no member of Congress shall be admitted to any share or part thereof, or to any benefit to arise therefrom." And the act of 1st May, 1820, declares that "No contract shall be made by the secretary, of state, of the treasury, of the department of war, or of the navy, except under a law authorizing the same, or under an appropriation adequate to its fulfilment ; and excepting, also, contracts for the subsistence and clothing of the army or navy, and contracts by the quarter master's departments, which may be made by the secretaries of those departments."

These provisions betray much dread of executive influence and equal solicitude to provide against it. Have they been effective, or has the Executive adopted the policy with the doctrines of the British crown, and the means developed by Walpole, for obtaining the direction and controul of the legislative department? Have the public offices and the public purse been so used, as to influence the councils of the nation? These are grave questions, in which the community has a deep stake; and if the inquiry result in an affirmative answer, it must invoke the people, by the love of their free institutions, and the happiness of themselves and their posterity, to remove by constitutional means, the cankerous corruption, with those who have engendered it.

Upon this subject a superficial observer might leap to an affirmative conclusion, with apparently strong support for his convictions. He might cry, "Lo! the offence is rank, it smells to heaven!" Members of both houses of Congress, many members, are open and avowed solicitors of office, for themselves or their connexions; hungry expectants, who know that their wants can be gratified only by subservience to executive

will, and who daily see the long sought rewards showered upon the most vigilant and least scrupulous of executive partisans. The public funds have been removed from the depository constituted by law, and a predominant party in the house of representatives sustains the violation. The Executive boldly claims new, extraordinary and unwarranted powers, and the delegates of a free people, whose rights are violated, do not rebuke him: and thus it is apparent, that a purchased executive party rules in the legislative hall, and dominates over the nation. The conclusion will be correct, but some of the facts upon which it is based, have existed, when a corrupt executive influence over Congress could not be imputed. Thus, under other administrations, members of Congress have been selected as executive agents, and the measures of the Executive have, at other times, been sustained by a party vote, against party assailants; and, even before the late removal of the public deposits, a Secretary of the Treasury has unlawfully disposed of the public treasure, and has not only escaped impeachment, but has been cherished as a candidate for the highest honour in the gift of the people. If the affirmative conclusion, therefore, be correct, there must be a distinction between the cases,—we think there is, and that to a just comprehension of it, some notice must be taken of the characteristics of the former and present parties of the United States.

We have seen complaints of the existence of party, and obnoxious remarks upon all party action; frequently, too, from sources which excited our surprise, when we considered the general intelligence of those who uttered them. We are told, that party naturally runs into extremes—that it is unjust, cruel and remorseless in its excess—ruthless in the war which it wages against private character—unscrupulous in the choice of means to attain selfish ends—sure, eventually, to dig the grave of free institutions, of which it pretends to be the necessary accompaniment,—inevitably ending in military despotism and unmitigated tyranny. These are certainly accidents, which may and do frequently attend the existence of party; yet, it seems to us quite as unphilosophical to desire the extinction of animal love, as of party spirit, because of the excesses and the crimes to which it may lead. The one is not more necessary to the perpetuation of our race than the other to the preservation of free government. No instance of such government without party has ever been known; and to us it is difficult to conceive how, without party, such government can exist. As laws are indispensable, so are agents for their administration. These agents must have power, subsistence, consideration, which render their stations pleasurable, and beget an ever active, aching desire to perpetuate them. And what shall



check and restrain this desire within safe bounds, if it be not a passion for enjoyment, as eager as itself; or a more noble selfishness, denominated patriotism, which seeks the particular, in the general weal? Either, but most assuredly the former, may prove a watchful guardian, that will promptly compare the conduct of men in power with the laws which entrust it to them, and faithfully expose every attempt to pass established limits. Whilst such limits are distinctly prescribed, and there is virtue, wisdom or strength in the people to maintain them, parties are beneficial—they are the conservatives of the state.

The great advantage, the advantage *par excellence*, of written constitutions, is the demarkation of those limits, the prescription of a rule, by which to judge the conduct of political agents. When the parties in the state grow from a difference in the construction of those rules, and the contest is, as to the mode by which the government shall be administered for *the public weal*, there is no danger. The pilots of both parties having the same haven in view, and guided by the same star, though tossed by various and sometimes adverse winds, may, whichever man the vessel, finally reach the desired port. But, where one party is moved by personal interests merely, the struggle assumes altogether a different character; and the safety of the State depends upon the command of the rudder. If it be seized by the selfish, ambitious, either the one, or the many, public liberty is in danger, and can be saved, possibly, only by the conflict of arms. If both parties be inspired by the like selfish passions, then, indeed, the fate of the nation is sealed—the success of either party consummating its ruin. But the people must be, indeed, corrupt, when the party excluded from power does not seek strength by promoting, or pretending to promote, the public interest, and by the exposition of all the selfish and criminal designs of its adversary. It were, therefore, almost a waste of time and words to expatiate further upon the advantage, the necessity, of parties in a free state. We may, however, illustrate the subject by supposing, that the present party of the administration was unopposed, and that the *government*, the servants of the people, were unwatched, unchecked. How long, we ask, would the servants refrain from becoming absolute masters?

From the birth of the United States, in 1776, to the year 1825, a full half century, our political struggles have been between parties moved by *political*, not *politic*, *public*, not *private* interests. Individuals, doubtless, consulted their personal advantage in choosing their party, but the great mass of partisans, appreciated their leaders, as the apostles of their peculiar faith; as ministers for establishing the public good, as they con-



ceived it. Such were the Whig and Tory parties of the revolution; each honestly pursuing, till death, its sense of right. Such were the parties which succeeded the revolution, and preceded the adoption of the federal constitution: one seeking, through an energetic national government, strength, wealth and reputation; and the other cherishing undivided, unparticipated state power, as the sole protection against consolidation and despotism. Such were the parties which grew, from these germs, among the members of the first Congress and their constituents; and which, with some shades of difference, contended, the one for an energetic, the other for a lax, administration of delegated powers under the Constitution.

During this period there was little embarrassment in the choice of candidates for office. The distinguished soldiers and statesmen of the revolution had claims founded on service and ability, which threw into deep shade the pretensions of new aspirants; and the opinion which has since spread over the land like a pestilence, that *all* men were alike fitted for *all* offices, and that official emoluments should be enjoyed by all, had not been generated. These emoluments were considered as the due reward of services, to be continued to the agent so long as those services were faithfully rendered; but one sort of service, now imperatively required, was then as imperatively forbidden. The zeal of the partisan may have procured his appointment; but party services were declared by Mr. Jefferson incompatible with the duties of a federal officer, and removal from office was the penalty denounced against them. The executive mantle fell, as from the shoulders of one prophet to another, upon men whom the public sense, as by divine inspiration, selected for the first office in the gift of the nation. With such judgment were these selections made, and so faithful were the agents to their public duties, that the country continued, through scenes of great difficulty in its foreign and domestic relations, amid embarrassments caused by the hatred and jealousy of rival powers abroad, the fierce contests of parties at home, and through war with a powerful foe, to advance with unequalled steps in the road to prosperity.

Again, we would observe that whatever intemperate zeal and indecorous violence may have distinguished the parties of those days, they were actuated by public purposes, and that the patronage of uncorrupted administrations was not employed in debauching the public mind, and enslaving public officers, by making the tenure of office conditional upon the conformity of the opinions of the incumbent, with those of the President and his party. Of this virtuous forbearance the evidence is full and satisfactory; for during the whole period of forty years, which preceded the administration of General Jackson, the removal

of civil officers amounted to *seventy-three only*—less than an average of two per annum. There was no proscription in this, surely; and yet, had the parties been constituted on other principles, there would have been almost irresistible temptations to abuse. Mr. Jefferson came into office through an animated and embittered contest,—a civil revolution, which might have urged, and would, in a measure, have extenuated proscriptive vengeance. Yet, during the whole of his administration, *thirty-six* civil officers only were removed; some because they had been unfairly appointed; some because they had interfered improperly with elections; and the remainder for known incompetency and misconduct.

Time and events broke down the barriers between the parties. Each discovered that its desires and aversions were exaggerated; that, in an unknown land, each had taken positions, which, though defended with the pride and zeal of appropriation, were not so valuable as they were at first supposed, and that the possessions of the adversary were not without attraction. The individuals who had personally participated in the most animated portions of the contest, and whose passions were quite as potential over their opinions and conduct as their judgment, were gathered to their rest, and were succeeded by others whose less excited feelings allowed greater scope for impartial reflection. Nay, such was the insidious and singular operation of events, that the men of the South, the ultra states-right men, became the institutors of fiscal measures for the protection of domestic industry, which tended greatly to the enlargement of federal power, against the wishes, too, of ultra-federalists; and finally endeavoured, even with the threat of arms, to prostrate the system which they had constrained their adversaries to adopt. With Mr. Monroe departed the men and the influence of the parties growing out of the revolution, and the founding of the American States.

Had another Cadmus sown broad-east over the country the seeds, not of warriors, but of Presidents, a greater crop of aspirants to presidential honours could scarce have sprung up. A new political era was opening. The public opinion had not, as heretofore, predetermined the successor, leaving to party agents only the forms of nomination and the measures for collecting the votes. So far from having but one candidate, the great dominant party of the nation, which, like the rod of Aaron, had swallowed up all others, was about to have many candidates and to be divided into many parties. Had party views prevailed, as heretofore, the party would have been every thing; the candidates, except as instruments of the party, nothing; and rival pretensions would have been strangled in their birth, by the selection of *the* party candidate. But the question was no longer

the advancement of party interests. These, though not extinct, were in abeyance; and the contest was, not what principles should guide the government, but what *man* should wield its power. All the pretenders were of the same party, and all, save one, its legitimate offspring, which had been duly nourished from its bosom. That one, an adopted son, besides other claims on the score of ability and national services, had the merit of rendering timely aid, useful alike to the party and the country. A singular and ludicrous confusion attended this state of things. Party subalterns and their squads, who had for years marched in the same line, found themselves, they scarce knew how, drawing apart and segregating for direful combat; and not less to their surprise, they beheld, mingling in their ranks, their old enemies, the federalists, who, too, were preparing to fight, against each other, under newly raised banners.

Among the many candidates, Mr. Crawford was the heir presumptive of the Jefferson dynasty. But disease stripped him of his powers, his friends and his hopes. Had this calamity not befallen him, his success would have been very uncertain; for though sustained by much of the old party interest, he was powerfully opposed by other favourite leaders, and by an interest which laboured, with all the energy of ambition and hope, to break down the party itself. The distinctions of the old parties having been effaced, and their influence upon the public mind having ceased, the aspiring men in every part of the republic, who had not, but would have, office, who were unconnected with the reigning dynasty by condition or expectation, felt that it was a sheer loss to masquerade in their ancient party coats. To perpetuate the party was to perpetuate their own exclusion. For removals from office were hopeless. "Rotation in office," the true light of professional politicians, the *ignis fatuus* which excites, dupes and fills with fantastic tricks the great mass of official desiderants, had not infected the federal administration, although familiar in many states, particularly in New York and in the phlegmatic state of Pennsylvania. At Washington, office was yet considered as a public commission, created only because the public good required it, and as no other than official duties were imposed on the incumbent, his tenure depended not upon the arbitrary will of the President, but upon his own ability and good conduct. Vacancies by removal were hopeless, whilst the principle of public utility protected the officer. Proffers of the most abject subserviency would be powerless over the *rule* which guided the executive will. And, alas! alas! few officers died; none resigned. If death, with an unmoving hour-glass and unwhetted scythe, slowly gathered an official to his fathers, and his place knew him no more, his commission was not tossed

to all the idlers of the land, inscribed to the most devoted. Some friend, some relative, some connexion of the deceased, known, or well recommended, to the President, succeeded him. Official honours and emoluments were thus almost necessarily confined to a narrow and exclusive channel. This gave some colour to the allegation of President Jackson in his message of 1829, that "office was considered as a species of property." But it was colour only. Public service was never better performed, and malversation in office was at least as rare, as since office has been considered as the *property* of the President, to be used for his special purposes. What an oppressive condition was this for etherial spirits longing to rise above the odious and degrading level of private life, above the pains of honest industry and virtuous economy! Its horrors could be known only to the idle and ambitious. The laborious and thriving agriculturist, mechanic, artisan, or merchant, cannot conceive them. But they were sufficient wholly to demolish the forms of the old party, and to congregate the elements of another, vivified solely by the selfish principle of individual elevation. To this unholy assemblage thronged spirits of every hue, "black, gray, green and white."

The fiery South poured out its active, restless and inflammatory legions, to whom lack of excitement was more dreadful than lack of breath. The more frigid North keenly calculated chances, and her sons thronged to the promised harvest; and the adventurous tempers of the West promptly and energetically seized the opportunity of grasping the sceptre, which fate has destined them one day, undisputedly, to wield.

In the selection of a candidate for the Presidency, this motley party could have no views, other than his aptitude for their purposes. His competency to fulfil the constitutional requirements for the office, so far from being necessary, was objectionable; inasmuch as ability and public virtue would free him from their toils. In General Jackson, they beheld their fitting and destined instrument. Sudden, extraordinary and late success in life, had immeasurably inflated an ambitious, passionate and energetic temperament; and without that knowledge of the practice and theory of our government, which can be obtained, only, from experience and study, he rashly conceived himself adequate to the highest duties of the State. Brilliant military success, to which intellectual power had contributed little, had recommended him to the admiring populace; some very plausible sentiments, relative to selection for office, and disregard of party distinction, which he seems to have collected, as they vagrantly crossed his understanding, for the benefit of Mr Monroe, but which left no trace with himself, propitiated much of the remnant of federalism,—

equivocal professions, relative to a protective tariff and internal improvements, rendered him alike acceptable to the opposing parties on these interesting topics, each flattering itself that he would become the protector of its wishes. These were elements of popularity, which zealous selfishness could not fail successfully to use; and General Jackson became the candidate of office-holders and office-hunters—of tariffites and anti-tariffites—of nullifiers and of union men—of men, professing any and every shade of party. Society is every where divided into two classes, the one living by its wits, and the other by its labour. There is honesty doubtless in both. But it has, somehow or other, very strangely happened, that men who live by their wits, are supposed to live more upon the substance of others, than those who live upon their labour, and to care little who sink, provided they swim. Be this as it may, it is certain that they find a wonderful deal of time for public affairs, and seek, if they do not always obtain, their reward, from the public purse. On ordinary occasions, their voice is the voice of the people. Their representations, in the first instance, are taken for truth, and if they be erroneous, the mass of the people discover it not, until it feels the consequences of the error. How deeply the consequences of the errors of the *spruch-sprechers*, or men of wit of the Jacksonites, are felt by the whole people, will probably be apparent after the next elections.

The evils threatened by this ominous combination of plastic matter were, momentarily, averted, perhaps only to fall with accumulated force, by the election of Mr. Adams. Of all men, having pretensions to the office of President, he was, perhaps, the best fitted to display the strength and beauty of the federal constitution, as it had been settled and confirmed by the practice of his predecessors. Profoundly imbued with ancient and modern lore, and early habituated to public affairs, he had the means of correcting whatever of error had obtruded on his opinions in early life; and the rich opportunities which had been afforded him of personally studying the men and the governments of the old world, had taught him better to understand and appreciate the institutions of the new. Content with the powers which the constitution and the practice of his predecessors had established in the Executive, he assumed no doubtful ones, nor invaded the province of other departments. Viewing in the legislature the assembled wisdom of the nation, he did not, on questions of mere expediency, employ his veto to mar their measures for advancing the public weal; and, deeming the officers, whom it was his duty to select for the nation, as the officers of the nation, and not as *his* officers, he removed none who performed the duties imposed by the law; two persons, only, in four years, having been removed by him;

and they were removed for misconduct. Had this gentleman been less mindful of the constitution and the laws—less regretful of the happiness of his country; had he, under the strong excitement and temptation which rivalry inspires, bartered his future fame for the temporary possession of power; he, by use of that influence, which, we have now but too much reason to know, may be gained for the Presidential office, might have held that office for another term. Refusing to corrupt, he became the victim of corruption.

The election of Mr. Adams prevented, for a short period, only, the impending inroad upon the constitution. The invading power gathered force from his righteous forbearance. Official incumbents, secure in their places, found it politic to propitiate his opponent by early adhesion; and their calculating selfishness procured them safety. At length, General Jackson was elected President, and the principles upon which the "*Jackson party*" was organized were openly proclaimed; by the avowed intention to reward its friends and to punish its enemies, in the distribution of office, and by the innumerable claims for participation in the "*spoils of victory*." We must not pass unnoticed the new party designation which has been as complacently assumed, as it was reproachfully given. It does, of itself, speak volumes of the ominous change of party interests in our country. Until the electoral contest of 1824, our parties were known by titles descriptive of their respective creeds; they became distinguished by the names of their leaders, and in the case of the *Jackson party*, by the name of an ostensible master.

How justly the leaders of the new party judged of the fitness of General Jackson to be their instrument, is apparent from the result. His inaugural speech has a tone as arrogant, as if he were indeed the conqueror, not the chosen, of the people. He seems to have assumed, like Lewis XIV. of France, that he was the *State*; and that egregiously offensive pronoun, I, I, covers and absorbs almost all the powers of the government. Before it, the co-ordinate agents of the constitution fade into satellites of his mighty course. This address contains the germs of that policy, which, with rapid growth, has overshadowed the land, as the lily, withering its energies and spreading, everywhere, the spathy of death. As "*the instrument of the federal constitution*," he claims the right to manage the revenue of the United States; and from "*recent demonstrations of public sentiment*" he infers the duty of reform; which means, in other words, the removal from office of every incumbent, however meritorious, who had opposed, or refused to aid, his elevation. Here are pretensions wholly incompatible with the spirit of the constitution and the

genius of the government. They do not give to the President the management of the public revenue, nor the power of reform; which, as he understands it, is the modelling of the government to suit his peculiar views. Quite the contrary. The framers of the constitution sedulously sought to keep the *management* of the revenue from the hands of the Executive, and to place it with the legislature; which has devolved it upon an officer of its creation, the appointment of whom, unhappily, has been given to the President, and over whom, in the performance of the *duty of reform*, the President exercises plenary controul. It is not our purpose, here, to consider, at large, the fatal consequences that have flowed from the assumption of right to manage the public revenue; the *duty of reform* being abundantly sufficient for the occasion.

The manner in which the duty of reform is set up, merits all attention, as does the mode of its performance. We quote, therefore, entire, the clauses of the address which relate to it.

“The recent demonstration of public sentiment inscribes on the list of executive duties, in characters too legible to be overlooked, the *task of reform*, which will require, particularly, the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections; and the counteraction of those causes which have disturbed the rightful course of appointments and have placed or continued power in unfaithful and incompetent hands.”

“In the performance of a task thus generally delineated, I shall endeavour to select men whose diligence and talents will ensure, in their respective stations, able and faithful co-operation,—depending for the advancement of the public service more on the integrity and zeal of the officers, than on their numbers.”

These extracts afford text for a volume of commentary, of the most edifying character; but the space allowed us admonishes us to refrain. The reproach of his predecessor is uncourteous; nay, gross; but we are not so superfluous as to ask from the rude soldier any sacrifice of his humour to good-breeding, nor of any man, in a struggle so fierce and selfish, regard for that benevolence which, true or false, is the foundation of politeness. But we are disposed to ask, in charges of a grave character, regard for truth. Where, then, we demand, were those abuses that brought the patronage of the federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections? They did not exist in removals on the ground of political opinion or conduct, for no such removal was made; nor in nomination to office, for Mr. Adams was ignorant, or disdainful, of the political maxim now so broadly practised on, of rewarding friends and punishing enemies, by appointment to and dismissal from office; and his selections were, consequently, made by the criterion of merit. What causes, we demand, could or did disturb the rightful



course of appointment, and where were the unfaithful and incompetent hands in which power had been placed or continued? Could the new President have foreseen the unhappy result of many of his own appointments, especially could he have anticipated the unconstitutional and flagitious course of the post-officers, he would not have dared to make such charges against officers who were as free from corruption and improper bias as will ever be found again.

We cannot doubt that this doctrine of reform, at the time it was broached, was thoroughly understood by the untried President, or at least by those who concocted it for him; still there is some mystification in the manner of putting it forth, particularly in the phrases, "the demonstration of public sentiment inscribes on the list of public duties, the task of reform,"—"the rightful course of appointment," and the "depending for the advancement of the public service more on the integrity and zeal of the public officers, than on their numbers." And this mystification has not been a little increased by the practical commentary, in the nomination of zealous partisans to office; in the activity required from them at elections; in the appointment of newspaper editors, until the stomach of the Senate sickened and rejected them; and in the distribution of public contracts among mail-carriers and the furnishers of "*twine and wrappers*," at the most extravagant rates.

But the progress of events has elucidated whatever was obscure. "*The demonstration of public sentiment*" is now understood to be an oracle, whose responses are above and controul the law, and which, however dark and uncertain, the President has the power to interpret, and to draw from it authority for executive and legislative action. "*The rightful course of appointment*" is that which selects exclusively for office Jackson partisans, and which renders them responsible, not to their country, for the faithful performance of official duty, but to the President, for the prompt execution of his behests, whatever their nature may be. And "*the dependance for the advancement of the public service more on the integrity and zeal of the public officers than on their numbers*," means that the President has the right to add to those numbers at his pleasure; as in case of the creation of the many government banks and their visitors, all of which is a gross infraction of the constitution.

That General Jackson was zealous and true in the object of his selection, is again apparent, in the promptitude and extent of his changes in office. From a list of his removals, confessedly imperfect, it appears, that between the fourth of March, 1829, when he came into office, and the fourth March, 1830,

there were removed, chiefs and subordinates, two thousand persons.

This gross abuse of the executive power of appointment and removal, was a direct and open attempt at bribery, and a successful effort of corruption. It was in effect, an alteration of the constitution, prostrating the only barrier between the executive power and the purity of elections. *In no other mode, without a military force, could the Executive influence the people.* But with the hope of appointment to, and the fear of removal from, office, he operates upon the polls, not only in the election for agents of the general government, but for officers of the state, and even of the municipal institutions. This mode of corruption was no accidental discovery, resulting from the reward of the immediate agents in the President's elevation. As a party measure it had been long in use in many of the States, especially, in the great States of New York and Pennsylvania, where the first secretaries of the state and the treasury appointed by General Jackson, had grown expert in employing it. But the virtue and wisdom of the Presidents of the United States had hitherto resisted its introduction at Washington.

It was now, however, resorted to with the most careful consideration of the means to render it most effective. The mere removal from office of existing incumbents might be deemed only a measure of vengeance towards enemies and gratitude towards friends; and thousands of worthless and busy spirits, who had been animated to action by the hope of reward, would suffer their energies to subside in chagrin and despondency. It was necessary, therefore, that the hopes of obtaining office should be kept alive, by some declaration, from the Executive, keeping open the door, notwithstanding most of the offices had been momentarily *reformed*. The President's inaugural address spoke only of *reform*, not of frequent change in office. But the Congressional message of 1829 removed all clouds which might have chilled the eagerness to serve. There, at once, the whole policy of the Executive upon this head is developed, and the intention of applying this instrument of corruption to the legislature and the people is almost avowed. The following is the manifest then made:

The President, having recommended a change in the mode of electing the President and Vice-President, adds:

"If, however, it should be adopted, it is worthy of consideration whether a provision disqualifying for office the representatives in Congress, on whom such an election may have devolved, would not be proper.

"While members of Congress can be constitutionally appointed to offices of trust and profit, it will be the practice, even under the most conscientious adherence to duty, to select them for such stations as they are believed to be better qualified to fill than other citizens; but the purity of

our government would, doubtless, be promoted by their exclusion from all appointments in the gift of the President, in whose election they may have been officially concerned. The nature of the judicial office, and the necessity of securing in the cabinet and in diplomatic stations of the highest rank, the best talents and political experience, should, perhaps, except these from the exclusion.

"There are, perhaps, few men who can, for any length of time, enjoy office and power, without being more or less under the influence of feelings unfavourable to a faithful discharge of their public duties. Their integrity may be proof against improper considerations immediately addressed to themselves; but they are apt to acquire a habit of looking with indifference upon the public interests, and of tolerating conduct, from which unpractised men would revolt. Office is considered as a species of property; and government rather as a means of promoting individual interests, than as an instrument created solely for the service of the people,—corruption in some, and in others, a perversion of correct feelings and principles, divert government from its legitimate ends, and make it an engine for the support of the few, at the expense of the many. *The duties of all public officers are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple, that the intelligent may readily qualify them for their performance; and I cannot but believe, that more is lost by the long continuance of men in office, than is generally to be gained by their experience.* I submit, therefore, to your consideration, whether the efficiency of the government would not be promoted, and official industry and integrity better secured by a general extension of the law, which limits appointments to four years.

"In a country where offices are created solely for the benefit of the people, no one man has any more intrinsic right to official station than another. Offices were not established to give support to particular men at the public expense. No individual wrong is therefore done by removal, since neither appointment to nor continuance in office is matter of right. The incumbent became an officer with a view to public benefits; and when these require his removal, they are not to be sacrificed to private interests. It is the people, and they alone, who have a right to complain when a bad officer is substituted for a good one. He who is removed has the same means of obtaining a living that are enjoyed by the millions who never held office. The proposed limitation would destroy the idea of property now so generally connected with official station; and although individual distress may be sometimes produced, it would, by promoting that rotation which constitutes a leading principle in the republican creed, give healthful action to the system."

Now all this is broad enough to be easily understood by members of Congress elect and to be elected, and by every hungry expectant throughout the land. The first are distinctly told, no constitutional prohibition preventing, "that it will be the practice, even under the most conscientious adherence to duty, to select them for such stations as they are believed to be better qualified to fill than other citizens." The consideration, that is, the nature of the better qualification, cannot be misunderstood, knowing, as all do, the nature of the pledge that has been exacted for implicit obedience to presidential behests, which, even, some of the officers selected from Congress, as Messrs. Branch, Berrien, Ingham and M'Clean, have been unable to redeem. The disappointed applicants for office are en-

couraged to maintain their allegiance by being told that continuance in office smacks of corruption; that official duties may be performed by all; that official industry and integrity may be better secured by limiting the tenure of office to four years; that no consideration for an officer, however meritorious, will stay his removal when public benefits, (such as the appointment of a thorough-going Jackson man,) require his removal; and that rotation in office, "which constitutes a leading principle in the republican creed, gives healthful action to the system."

This broad manifestation of the President's views, in relation to the power of filling offices, had become specially necessary from some declarations which he had made, when only a candidate for the presidency; when his experience was young, and his judgment unlearned in the use of this power; or when, uninstructed by skilful advisers, he really believed that there was other discrimination between virtue and vice than their adaptation to a proposed end.

In his letter of October 7, 1825, addressed to the legislature of Tennessee, when resigning his seat as Senator of the United States, General Jackson observes, "if important appointments continue to devolve on the representatives in Congress, it requires no depth of thought to be convinced that **CORRUPTION** *will become the order of the day*, and that, under the garb of conscientious sacrifices to establish precedents for the public good, evils of serious importance to the **FREEDOM** and **PROSPERITY** of the republic may arise. It is *through this channel that the people may expect to be attacked* in their constitutional sovereignty, and where **TYRANNY** may expect to spring up in some favourable emergency."

Again, in his famous letter to Mr. Monroe, he remarked, "*The removal of no public officer should be effected to create a vacancy or to gratify the ambition of a favourite partisan. When this shall come to pass, the patriot will have ample cause to tremble for the honour of his country and the perpetuity of her republican institutions.*"

These are sound doctrines, such as guided the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Monroe. Not that members of Congress were excluded from the service of their country in executive stations, but that they were selected as from the mass of citizens, as citizens, not as members of Congress, on account of peculiar fitness, and never with a view to influence the action of the legislature. The paucity of the number of these appointments is demonstrative of this position. And with regard to removal from office in order to create a vacancy, or gratify the ambition of a favourite partisan, it would be, perhaps, difficult, if not impossible, to establish a single instance.

The laudable sentiments we have quoted were uttered by General Jackson, seeking the presidency; but General Jackson, as President, has need of other maxims and other practices. He no longer deems it proper to exclude members of Congress from important appointments, but proposes, only, in case of an amendment to the constitution, to disqualify for inferior offices the representatives in Congress, on whom the election of President may have devolved; leaving open, even to them, judicial, cabinet and diplomatic stations, the most tempting for their ambition. But under the present constitution, he distinctly avows his intention "to select them for such stations as they are believed to be better qualified to fill;" that is, as explained in practice, for every office in the government, from a minister of state, to a clerkship in a department. He has accordingly appointed, in the short space of his administration, more members of Congress to office than all his predecessors; having taken fifteen from the Senate, and twenty-six from the House of Representatives.

From the biennial register, compiled under the direction of the Secretary of State, usually denominated the Blue Book, it appears that there are between forty and fifty thousand dependants, directly or indirectly, upon executive patronage, all of whom were formerly responsible to the country for the faithful performance of their duty; but who, by the new theory, as above set forth, enlarged and explained by the protest to the Senate, have become the mere creatures, the tools of the President. In the last mentioned memorable document, he assumes, "That, the whole executive power being vested in the President, who is responsible for its exercise, it is a necessary consequence, that he should have a right to employ agents of his own choice, to aid him in the performance of his duties, and to discharge them, when he shall no longer be willing to be responsible for their acts." This is a most admirable simplification of our system. The President has the whole responsibility, and being thus responsible for all, has the whole power. Instead of many officers in different departments, each having appropriate duties, and each being responsible for his own conduct, we have in truth but one officer. The President carries on the government, the rest are but his agents—not officers of the United States, but of the President. Thus, in America, we should say *presidential*, as in England, we speak of *royal* officers. "Whatever name we give him, we have but one EXECUTIVE OFFICER." A Briareus sits in the centre of our system; and, with his hundred hands, touches every thing, moves every thing, controuls every thing. Is this republicanism; is this a government of laws; is this legal responsibility?" Upon this theory, it is obvious

that we may soon cease to have a government of laws, or any responsible government—for the Executive, wielding all official power, including the management of the treasury, is to all effectual purpose *irresponsible*. What is the responsibility which he so boldly assumes? Is it legal responsibility? Certainly not. Legal responsibility is liability to punishment for mal-administration. But the President does not suppose that he is to be impeached and punished, if a Secretary of State commit treason, a Secretary of the Treasury wrest the public treasure from the legal depository, and scatter it among subservient institutions,—a Post-master and his assistants arrange their contracts, and squander the public funds, and borrow money on the credit of the United States, with a view to influence elections;—or if they, or a collector of the customs, should be guilty of bribery. What, then, is this responsibility, from which the President draws all the powers of government to himself? It is merely responsibility to public opinion—liability to public censure—a chance of becoming unpopular—the danger of losing a re-election—the hazard of failing in an enterprise of ambition.

With such a theory of the appointing power—with such an army of mercenary dependants, whose means of subsistence are in his hands, and who are spread over the whole country—in its cities, its villages, and even in its hidden valleys—infecting the whole community with the taint of their opinions and their servility, is it not palpable to sense, that our politics and our political institutions must be corrupted in their very fountains—in the primary assemblies of the people, and in the exercise of the elective franchise?

This question is best answered by an examination into the effect of the presidential influence on the election of the thirty-sixth Congress; and no better mode can be offered, perhaps, for that purpose, than a comparison of the votes in the House of Representatives in that and the preceding sessions. That House, in the thirty-fifth Congress, was composed of two hundred and sixteen members; the census of 1830 gave to the thirty-sixth Congress two hundred and forty members. The vote on the bill for renewing the bank charter, in 1832, was one hundred and nine to eighty-five;—vacancies and absentees, twenty-two. The House determined, in 1834, that the bank should not be re-chartered, by a vote of one hundred and thirty-five to eighty-two, upon a resolution submitted by the Committee of Ways and Means; leaving twenty-four vacancies and absentees. In 1832, there was a majority favourable to the bank of twenty-four votes; and in 1834, a majority against it of fifty-three votes. Supposing the twenty-four additional votes, resulting from the new census, to have been gained by

the usual influence of a predominant party, it remains probable that a change, greater than twice the majority in favour of the bank, had been effected in the House, by presidential influence.

A further illustration of official influence may be seen in the changes in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; in the last state, particularly, upon this very bank question. 'The giant state of New York, great in every thing, in its virtues and its follies, was laid, by the great magician, manacled, at the footstool of the President. New Jersey, which, chameleon-like, takes her colour accordingly as she looks upon either her eastern or western neighbour, and who is at any time of that colour which graces both those neighbours—New Jersey, in a short month, nay, not so much, changed from an opponent to a supporter of the administration; and having elected a General Assembly, which gave to the Senate of the United States one of the most zealous enemies of Jacksonism, immediately afterwards elected a representation to Congress, which has been equally zealous in maintaining all the measures of the President. Pennsylvania, good, easy Pennsylvania, unpretending, unambitious, plodding Pennsylvania, has suffered herself to be driven like an ox to the slaughter, licking the hand armed with the fatal axe; has shown love and devotion for the President, far surpassing that of woman; since she has surrendered to him her interests and *her will*, in every point that was dear to her. We cannot pursue her in all her changes, but must content ourselves with noting that relative to the bank. In June, 1832, her legislature resolved, "That, connected as the prosperity of agriculture and manufactures is with successful financial operations and sound currency of the country, we view the speedy re-chartering of the Bank of the United States, as of vital importance to the public welfare." And, in February, 1833, it resolved, "That the dissolution of the Bank of the United States, would so injuriously affect the banks and all the financial operations of the commonwealth, that every effort ought to be used to avert so serious a calamity." In February, 1834, the governor of the commonwealth, as is well understood, moved by party considerations and party agents, openly assailed the Bank of the United States, ascribing to her all the evils which had been produced by the measures of the President; and a resolution was offered in the senate, approving the President's conduct towards the institution, which was only not carried. Upon the conduct of the governor and recreant members of the legislature, their constituents have yet to pass, and, if indications be not delusive, they are about to receive, a judgment for their works, which will not increase their reputation or happiness. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say, that we know of but two degrees of infamy greater than that of the



high political officer who sells his opinions and his influence for a party price: they are those of the informer who sells the blood of his victim, and of the witness who barter his truth and his conscience.

We might enter minutely into the modes by which this presidential influence has been put in action, but it must suffice, now, to refer, generally, to the direct interference in elections by the United States officers; of which the letters of the Fourth Auditor, dated April 28, 1832, and September 28, 1833, frequently published in the daily journals, are flagrant instances, perpetrated with the knowledge, if not by direction of the President;—to the perversion of funds, disclosed in the operations of the post office department, and about to be disclosed in the Land Office, the Indian Bureau and in the Customs,—and to the stupendous operations of corruption, through the medium of the public deposits.

We have shown, we think, satisfactorily, a design in the executive department, to obtain unconstitutional and dangerous influence over the elective franchise. We have shown, too, that the design has been accomplished, in the great change in the constituency of the House of Representatives. And we now propose concisely to trace the results of this odious influence upon legislation, and to demonstrate that the executive department is engrossing all political power to itself.

The first, and certainly not the least, important step towards the subjugation of a deliberative body, is to render its officers subservient. The Speaker of the House of Representatives may give to its proceedings, even when the majority of the House is against him, much of the tone and colour of his own wishes. He may, by an artful construction of the rules of the House and of the *lex parliamentaria*, give the desired direction to its business; may aid essentially to facilitate party measures, which have been duly prepared out of the House; may, by convenient deafness and shortsightedness, exclude from debate dangerous opponents; and, above all, may, by the appointment of standing and occasional committees, advance or impede almost any measure at discretion. When the majority of the House is with him, all this may be done not only with impunity, but with reputation and *éclat*. The dark stain of turpitude is almost invisible in the glare of success. The clerk, too, of the House, though in an inferior degree, is not without his party use.

The individual, if elected a member, on whom the choice of the House would fall, or might be directed, as Speaker, was well known; and it would seem to have been early resolved by the Executive to secure his allegiance by all the liens which the passions of hope and fear could weave around an ambitious mind. To this individual the most important diplomatic sta-

tion in the gift of the President was proposed, *confidentially*, on the 15th March, 1833, before his election to the thirty-sixth Congress. This assurance of appointment was kept secret, lest it should mar his election to Congress and to the Speaker's chair. Under a secret promise, therefore, of a high office, the consideration for which could not be for a single moment misunderstood, he, as the designated servant of the Executive, solicited a seat in Congress, and the Speaker's chair: and presided when a bill was passed appropriating for himself an annual salary of 8000 dollars and an outfit of the like sum. During all this time the important mission to Great Britain was held in abeyance, and the interest of the nation jeopardied.

Can there, we ask, confidently, be a doubt of the motives of the President in postponing the nomination of that gentleman to the Senate, not only until the meeting of Congress, but until the close of the most important session holden under the constitution; not only until the appointment of the committees charged with the investigation of executive measures, but until those measures, which presented the alternative of the subversion of the constitution, or the subversion of the Jackson party, had been sanctioned by the House? Can there be a doubt that the Speaker yielded to the temptation, and fulfilled the expectation of the President—that he held fast the contract between himself and the President, the completion of which he could expect, only, by promoting the President's views, which was the condition precedent? It is notorious, that in discharge of his ordinary official duties, he gave such offence to the House, that several weeks elapsed after his resignation before the customary vote of thanks was reluctantly and ungraciously tendered to him; and that his devotion to executive measures has separated him from the people of his district, and the legislature of his state. The Senate of the United States, in rejecting the nomination, has most properly set upon this collusion the seal of reprobation, for which there never has been a more imperative requirement; and it is greatly to be regretted, that, compassion, sympathy, friendly consideration, or any other personal motive should have prevented that reprobation from being more imposing and exemplary, by a greater number of votes.

Instantly, upon the organization of the House, the influence which had been so powerful at the polls, became apparent within the sacred hall of legislation, and with the temper of Sylla, boasting that it never spared an enemy, it proscribed the clerk, whose faithfulness and skill during a series of years merited naught but commendation. But he was not an adherent of the Executive. His office was taken from him and given to a thorough-going Jacksonian. Nor was the proscription here stayed; two unoffending sub-clerks, suspected of anti-Jackson-

ism, were deprived of their customary means of subsistence by the newly elected chief clerk.

This spirit, which could, in its vengeful mood, descend to deprive a petty clerk of his wonted subsistence, would, it may well be supposed, controul every measure which tended to circumscribe the power of the Executive, or which might assume a party character. Of these, which occupied the attention of the House, the principal were:

1. The reasons of the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the public deposits from the Bank of the United States.

2. The transfer of the pension agency from that Bank to the presidential banks.

3. And the contested election between Messrs. Moore and Letcher.

Our limits require that we should confine ourselves to the two former. But they are sufficient to exemplify the overruling power of the President in the legislative department.

I. The 16th section of the charter of the Bank of the United States, which gave to the Secretary of the Treasury the fatal power to withhold the deposits, required him to lay before Congress the reasons for its exercise; which duty was duly performed soon after the opening of the session in December, 1833. The object of this requisition cannot be misconceived, but may be, as it has been, grossly mistated. The Secretary of the Treasury being the agent of Congress, that body had taken this mode to be promptly apprised of his acts, in relation to an event so important as the change of the depository of the public treasure, that it might weigh and determine upon the sufficiency of his reasons. Had this subject come before Congress, simply, upon the relation which the law established between them and their fiduciary, no other question than the sufficiency of his reasons could possibly have arisen: and, it is scarce possible to doubt, that a sharp reprimand, perhaps impeachment, would have attended an order for the restoration of the deposits; but the far-reaching, all-grasping *responsibility* of the President, made the propriety of *his* conduct the chief subject of consideration.

The removal of the deposits was, peculiarly, a measure of the President, deliberately adopted against the advice of the principal members of his cabinet, the spirit of the constitution, and the obvious sense of the law. Its effect, as its design, was to extend and confirm that influence which the abuse of the appointing power had created. Upon it, all the power of the President and the party was perilled, for if they failed to sustain the measure, the administration would be overthrown. Nothing, perhaps, could more fully display the extent, and the evil of the unconstitutional influence of the President, than the proceedings of the people, and of Congress, upon this occasion.

The removal of the deposits, deranging the currency and impairing commercial confidence, had produced universal pecuniary distress. The voice of complaint was heard from every part of the country, and the sufferings of the people overcame their party bias. Every mail bore to Washington the petitions and remonstrances of every class of the community, condemning the executive measures, and praying Congress, specifically, to relieve the existing misery, by the restoration of the deposits. That the sense of the people was opposed to the President's measures, admits of no doubt. The petitioners against them, were seven times more numerous than those in support of them; every where the people convened to condemn them, in masses which had never been collected, save in seasons of great excitement and imminent danger, the opinions of large districts which had been remarkable for unanimity in favour of the Executive, were changed; and the constituents of some of the most efficient tools of the President deserted them. We say, therefore, of the sense of the people, on this subject, there could be no doubt: seven-tenths of them disapproved the removal of the deposits; yet, such already was the influence acquired by the Executive over the legislative department, that their complaints were mocked, the representation of their sufferings declared untrue, and the source to which they ascribed them, denied by their representatives.

Instead, therefore, of considering and determining upon the sufficiency of the reasons of the President—we say of the President, for the name of the secretary was a mere matter of form—the executive agents in Congress sought, vainly, indeed, to turn the public indignation from the President to the Bank of the United States. An effort was made, also in vain, to get the subject from before the representatives of the nation, into the recesses of a committee-room, and thus to avoid that discussion which unpledged, unbiased members would give to it, and that light which has since been shed upon it. Could the report of the Secretary of the Treasury have been immediately sent to a standing committee, it would probably have remained there unacted upon, until the close of the session, whilst an unbroken phalanx of presidential agents would have found, in the committee, a justification for rejecting every attempt for considering the subject in the House.

But great is the force of truth, and it now so far prevailed, that even the presidential agents in Congress dared not directly resist it; for, though a large majority of them were disposed to sustain their master, at great hazard and sacrifice, it was impracticable to procure a vote, after discussion of the Secretary's reasons, in affirmance of their sufficiency. Every effort to obtain a direct vote upon that question, was abortive. The

majority would not take the indelible shame of directly approving the reasons, although their allegiance forbade them to express disapprobation. After a debate of two months duration, as ardent and as able as was ever had between patriotism and illegal power, the reasons of the Secretary were sent to the Committee of Ways and Means. The report of the majority and minority of that committee stand side by side, presenting the strong contrast of subservience to executive will and patriotic devotion. Avoiding to put before the House the only proper question arising upon those reasons, the propriety of past executive action in relation to the public treasure, the majority of the committee introduced new subjects for legislation; 1. That the Bank of the United States ought not to be re-chartered; 2. That the public deposits ought not to be restored to it; 3. That such deposits ought to be continued in the state banks; and, 4. That a committee should be raised to inquire into the management, corruptions, and *political conduct* of the Bank of the United States.

The House approved the first proposition by a vote of one hundred and thirty-five to eighty-two; sixteen members, though opposed to executive encroachments, having constitutional or other scruples against continuing the bank. The second proposition on which the strength of the administration was displayed, was carried by a vote of one hundred and nineteen to one hundred and four: exhibiting the appalling fact that the Executive controlled one hundred and nineteen of the representatives of the people, not one of whom, so far as the evidence goes, conscientiously approved of the removal of the deposits.

II. Upon the second case, the subserviency of the legislature to the executive department, though less operative and injurious than upon the first, is not less remarkable.

The Bank of the United States, by its charter, contracted to perform the duties of commissioners of loans, including that of pension agents, all of which were imposed upon it by act of 3d March, 1817, which directed it, and such State banks as the Bank of the United States might employ, in the states where no branch bank should be established, to conform to the directions of the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approbation of the President, touching the execution of such duties. By the act of April, 1816, the Secretary at War was empowered to appoint pension agents in the States and Territories where there was no Commissioner of Loans, and in the District of Maine. This act, recognizing the duties of pension agents prior to the bank charter, restricted the Secretary's power of appointment to places where there was no Commissioner of Loans, and of course, on the substitution of the bank and its branches for such

commissioners, to places where the bank or any of its branches had not been established.

Between the years 1817 and 1828, several laws relative to pensions were enacted, under which the agency of the bank was not disputed. Its right, however, was denied, under the acts of 15th May, 1828, and 7th June, 1832. The 3d section of the latter act, which is a transcript of the fourth section of the former, together with a supplementary resolution, provided, after granting to certain officers and others, for their services in the revolutionary war, certain *pay* and annuities, "that the pay allowed by this act shall, under the direction of the Secretary of War, be paid to the officer or soldier entitled thereto, or to their authorized attorney, at *such places and days* as the Secretary may direct, &c. In the execution of the act the Secretary assigned to the pension office in his department, the duty of examining and deciding upon applications for its benefits, and the duty of paying admitted claims, to the United States Bank and its branches; furnishing them, from time to time, through the same office, with the necessary lists, documents and funds. Thus, the bank and its branches became possessed of certain books and vouchers; and, also of about half a million of dollars, the unexpended balances placed in their hands under the act.

The acts cited form the basis of the pension agency system of the United States; which is, simply, that the bank and its branches pay the pensions, in places where they are respectively established; and that where there is no branch bank, the Bank of the United States designate a state bank; and where there is neither bank nor state bank, the Secretary of War appoints a pension agent.

Upon this system, the pension service was performed, with some interruptions, which it is not necessary to notice here, until January, 1834; when the Commissioner of Pensions by order of the Secretary of War, appointed fifteen new agents, (presidential banks,) and commanded the Bank of the United States to cease paying pensions under the act of 1832, and to transfer, to the designated agents, the funds, books and papers relating to this agency. The Bank of the United States refused obedience, on the ground, that the law, its duty to Congress, and regard to its safety, required it so to do. On the 4th February, the President communicated this refusal to Congress, denouncing the bank for attempting to defeat the measures of the administration, usurping the functions of the judicial power, and prescribing to the executive department the manner in which it should fulfil its duties.

The right and obligation of the bank under the act of 1832,

were denied on two grounds: 1st. That, the act is not a pension law, and the payments directed by it are not pensions. 2d. That, if it be a pension law, the third section, which we have quoted, put the whole business of payment, including the agency and the mode by which it is made, under the control of the Secretary of War.

1. It is unnecessary here to repeat the arguments on the first position, since the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and the minority of the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives, have shown, conclusively, that, both Houses of Congress, the President, the Secretary of War, himself, the Commissioner of Pensions, the Secretary of the Treasury, and, indeed, every department of the government, having occasion to administer, or refer to, this act, have invariably treated it, and the act of 1828, as pension laws; and that, such character is indelibly impressed on the laws themselves, by the hands that framed them. They refer, specifically, to many other acts of Congress wherein the payments directed by these acts are designated, by name, as pensions.

2. The President had referred this subject to the Attorney General, for his consideration; who, to maintain the authority claimed by the Secretary of War, contends, from the words of the third section of the act of 1832, directing the *pay* allowed by the act, "to be paid to the officer, &c., at such *places and days* as the Secretary may direct;" "that as the power to appoint the place of payment is unlimited, the Secretary may appoint a place at which there is no bank or other pension agent; in which case the *power to appoint an agent* to pay must, necessarily, exist, or the acknowledged power to appoint a *place* of payment be defeated. In this class of cases, the power to appoint a place of payment, is thus seen to include, as incidental to it, the power of appointing an agent to pay. And if that power be possessed, in any one case, it would seem to be possessed in every other; unless, indeed, it can be held, that the same word, in this law, means one thing in reference to one place, and a totally different thing in reference to another—a construction too refined to be readily adopted."

We have, here, a new exposition of the principles which so broadly characterise the present administration, and in all their latitude. Their enormity is equalled only by the absurdity of the conclusions of the Secretary from his assumed premises. On other occasions the Executive contended, that, the right to superintend and direct an agent gives, as an incident, the power to remove him: now, the Executive claims that the power to *appoint*, is *incident* to the duty of superintendence. Thus, if the legislature give to the Executive a supervisory or other connection with any subject, the power to modify it, to do all



and every thing in and about it, is immediately obtained as incidental. And thus a right is set up not only to appoint and remove the officers established by the constitution or created by law, but to create, direct and remove officers, at the will of the Executive.

The monstrosity of this principle becomes obvious, when we carry it into one of the most important departments of the executive functions—the army. As commander-in-chief the President may lawfully designate the times and places at which the army may assemble. But, says the Attorney General, the power to designate the *time* when, and the place *where* a thing shall be done, includes the power of determining *who* and how many shall do it; therefore, the President may not only direct the troops, levied pursuant to law, to rendezvous, but may call forth as many soldiers and officers as he may choose. With such a power and such an Executive, our political liberties would soon be numbered among the relics of lost worlds.

But, the conclusions of the Secretary are not less revolting to reason, than his principles are to the constitution. “The Secretary,” he says, “may appoint a place, at which there is no bank or other pension agent, in which case the power to appoint an agent to pay must necessarily exist.” Now, we do not see this necessity of executive assumption of power, when the legislature is half the year in session, and may supply the omission, real or supposed, in any statutory provision.

But let us, for a single instant, admit the correctness of the Secretary’s deduction. That necessity extends only to the case supposed: viz. that in which there is no bank or other pension agent. A case forming an exception to the general rule, and of course, proving the rule, which is, that where there is a bank, or other pension agent, the Secretary cannot appoint. But the instant the exception is assumed, it is converted into the general rule, and the right claimed to appoint where, and because the law has not designated an agent, is tortured into a right, to appoint agents in all places, and especially in fifteen places, where the law has already established them.

The annual appropriation for pensions exceeds four millions, and we cannot doubt that the desire to obtain the uncontrolled possession of these millions was the motive of the Executive, in diverting them into the channels through which they now pass. A like, though unsuccessful, effort to obtain possession of these funds, was made, about the period of the attempt to convert the Bank of the United States into an executive political agent; and though the Secretary of War was repelled again and again, he returned to the attack, and was crowned with success, only, in consequence of the seizure of the whole revenue, by withholding the deposits from the Bank of the United States.

With the other treasure of the nation, the pension millions were also obtained, save the small sum which remains in that bank, subject to the disposition of Congress. It is proper, though almost needless, to say, that the views of the Attorney General had the entire concurrence of the President.

In the Senate of the United States, the flimsy pretences in which the attack on the pension fund was shrouded, were torn away with no sparing hand; and it was exhibited in its true deformity, by the adoption of resolutions reprobating the measures of the Executive, and affirming the propriety of the conduct of the bank. But not so in the House of Representatives. Not content with attempting to justify the proceedings of the Secretary of War, and his assumption of legislative power, in dismissing the agents constituted by law, and substituting others, the majority of the Committee of Ways and Means proposed to gratify the wishes of the President in their fullest extent, by repealing all laws authorizing the Bank of the United States to pay pensions, and directing such payments to be made, at *such times and places, by such persons or corporations*, and under such regulations, as the Secretary of War may direct. The bill reported by the committee to this effect, and which placed more than four millions at the uncontrolled disposition of the Executive, was never acted upon; the object of the report was otherwise obtained, and the President was encouraged in his illegal assumptions in this, as in other cases, by his representatives in Congress.

Having thus shown the baleful effect of executive influence upon the people and their representatives, let us regard, for a single instant, the audacity and enormity of the principal case in which it has been exercised.

The legislative department, in due exercise of its authority over the public treasure, creates for it a depository; and from abundant caution, empowers a designated officer of the treasury to withhold the deposits, upon the contingency, as must be supposed, that the depository become unsafe, or fail to perform its duties. The President of the United States, to whom, by law, no power over the subject pertains, resolves to remove the public treasure, and requires the proper treasury officer to execute his will. That officer, believing compliance neither lawful nor expedient, refuses; the President, abusing his power to remove from office, displaces him, and substitutes another, especially to execute his commands. The public treasure, thus removed, is placed at the disposition of the President, from whose hands the law sedulously sought to preserve it, and in the power of agents whom Congress have not approved, whom they do not controul, whose solvency they cannot ascertain, and whose fidelity they cannot secure. These deposits being

an important element of the commercial credit and money currency of the country, their sudden and lawless removal from the channel by which their benefits were diffused, shocks and deranges that credit and currency; and strikes with paralysis the whole business community. The people, almost *en masse*, regardless of party, but feeling their distress and seeking relief, remonstrate against the measures, and petition for their abandonment; their representatives deny the existence of public distress, until longer denial would be evidence of unparalleled impudence or of imbecility; and then, ascribing them to a false cause, the operations of the Bank of the United States, but which, if true, would have been but the effect of the action of the President, they disregard the prayer for relief, and consult, not to redress the grievances of their constituents, *but to confirm the illegal power assumed by the President.*

The power over the public treasure, always in free governments so jealously denied to the Executive, has, by the subserviency of the House of Representatives, been, for the présent, established in the President. His assumptions would have received the sanction of law, had not the public virtue of the Senate interposed to prevent the rivetting of the first and great link of despotism. That body, as is well known, after an arduous struggle with executive partisans, some of whom have since received high executive rewards for their services, gave to the executive measures meet rebuke. But the contest is not over. It is to be prosecuted on the part of the Executive with all the additional power derived from the public purse. The vacancies now in the Senate, with those which will be created by the end of the next session of Congress, will be nineteen; and the elections now in progress must decide the complexion, not only of the next House of Representatives, but of the next Senate; and should both prove favourable to the administration, the worst results may be anticipated. The danger, therefore, that all political power will be engrossed by the Senate, is continued and imminent, and can be averted only by the People.

To drive the invader back within his constitutional limits, legislative action is indispensable. It is so, to tear from his grasp the public treasure,—it is so, to take from him the unlimited power of removal from office, by which he holds in slavish bondage, thousands of men, whose luxury or poverty make them the instruments of his will; and it is so, to gain for the people many measures of sound internal economy which his veto has thwarted.

The source and the means of unlawful executive power is in the alleged right to remove from office. This is derived, wholly, from implication, under legislative sanction; an act of Congress may withdraw or regulate it. But, to attain this, a majority of

two-thirds of both Houses will be necessary; consequently, the people have no ordinary labour to perform to insure their safety. Let them, through the polls, restore to Congress its constitutional controul over the public treasure, and take from the President the *irresponsible* power of removal, and, at once, that officer will be restored to his true position in the state—clothed with sufficient authority, like his predecessors, to fulfil all his duties, but with none which may corrupt the people or their representatives. That power which enchains thousands of freemen will be no more; and they, as if touched by the bones of the prophet, will receive new life, and rise again into action, with the wonted spirit of freemen. Commercial credit and the currency, reanimated by the vitality of the public confidence, will again perform, vigorously, their appropriate functions, covering the land with the useful products of enterprise and labour, and rewarding the labourer with an abundant recompense,—the constitution, like a beloved object, rescued from impending destruction, will become more endeared and more cherished, by reason of the dangers through which it shall have passed.

These great benefits will again bless the nation. The alarm has been heard, the danger has been seen by the people. They are flocking from all quarters to the rescue; and are demonstrating the best quality for self-government, the capacity wisely to improve their experience. Every election which has occurred since the rising of the last Congress, demonstrates a great and effectual change in the opinions of the people. Nor could it be otherwise, since the change is impelled by the first of political and moral principles—the pursuit of happiness.

One advantage we may advert to, as growing directly out of the executive assumptions. They have restored the parties of the country, in some degree, to their ancient ground. The contest is again between the friends and the enemies of high executive power. The next presidential candidates will not be selected from personal motives merely. They will be the representatives of the principles of their respective parties. He of the Jackson party, will be the apostle of exorbitant, irresponsible, executive power, whilst he of the Whig party, will bear the banner of the constitution; and however condemnable the former principle may be, it is more respectable than man-worship.



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ART. IX.—*Letters to a Gentleman in Germany; written after a Trip from Philadelphia to Niagara.* Edited by FRANCIS LIEBER. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1834. One vol. 8vo.

It was a saying of the wise John Jay, as long ago as the year 1786, that he had scarcely met with six foreigners, in the course of his life, who really understood American affairs. The truth of the remark has been amply verified by subsequent experience—indeed, we are inclined to think, that in admitting a number so large as six, that great statesman made a too liberal estimate. Their numerous mistakes and misrepresentations, as well of our physical and social as of our moral condition, are known only to those who have waded through the deep mire of their heavy pages. It was this truth which led that venerable patriot to place less reliance on the correctness of historical writings, and to suspect that the histories of other countries contain but very imperfect accounts of them.

Verily, it may be said of one and all of the heretofore published foreign notices of our country, that the cause of truth is but little indebted to them. Occasional smart remarks, a few glaring and naked facts, and some prominent features of our manners, which, from their strangeness, excite a sensation of ridicule in the breast of one unaccustomed to them, may be found scattered through the narratives of those exotic gentlemen and ladies who have been actuated by the laudable desire of rendering some little benefit to young America; and who, unlike

the angels, have, unfortunately, made their visits neither “few nor far between”—but we venture confidently to assert, that the cause of history, whether as regards our public transactions, or our social or political institutions, has not been in the slightest degree advanced. What candid inquirer could derive from the pages of a Hall, a Trollope, or a Hamilton—(not to mention their less notorious coadjutors in the field of fiction) correct ideas of either the real theory of our governments or the character of our people? Is it from such sources, that the love of order, and attachment to the law, on the part of our citizens—an abstract principle, which, in its vigour, is more effective and more honourable than standing armies or a disciplined police—would be collected? Is it by such authority, that the character of American women is to be judged? their refinement, their polish, their chastened morality and high sense of duty, beautified by the graces of religion? Can captains in the Royal Navy, or majors in the Royal Army, or keepers of Bazaars, or travelling clerks, or caterers for public amusement, judge of these things? When to all this is added the circumstance, that every thing is viewed through a medium charged with a political and national antipathy, which, necessarily and above all things, distorts the vision, is it to be wondered at that the United States have been depicted as they have been in the familiar works upon this topic?

But why is it, that an enlightened and unprejudiced account of America has not yet been furnished? Why has the pen been tinged with partiality and prejudice in regard to her, while with reference to other countries, the field of philosophical investigation has been widely and liberally explored? One reason for all this, viz. national antipathy,—the generality of these tourists having been of one nation, with whom circumstances have placed us unnaturally in collision,—has been heretofore amply dwelt upon; and we have also heard much of what, we believe, prevails, to a considerable extent, with some, though, by no means, with all foreigners,—we mean, a dislike of the spread of free principles and institutions. This dislike has given rise to a horror of democracy, so called: an idea associated in the minds of those we allude to, with every thing that is inconstant in principle and action, and which is, in their estimation, identical with radicalism, disorder, and absolute insecurity of persons and property. For the *word* democracy, we profess no peculiar preference; commingled, as the meaning which it implies, has become, with debasement in literature and in every thing that tends to exalt and to purify our nature. Republicanism (for so, democracy, rightly construed, is to be understood,) we look upon as the great principle—the grand support of our peculiar frame of society: and we take it to be,



not only, not inconsistent with security of rights and expansive civilization, but, on the contrary, eminently conducive to both. This, however, by the bye—a main reason of these partial notices of us and our manners—we shall say a word upon, now; a reason arising from inordinate self-complacency, which, in individuals, leads to like misconceptions and hasty judgments, but which, as a national characteristic, is, we think, most largely shared by our brethren of the British Isles.

These tourists carry with them, in their own minds, a standard of perfection, not, by any means, the best, by which they measure every thing they see abroad. It is well known, so much so as to become proverbial, that an Englishman, at home, is uniformly grumbling at his own government; while, away from what seems a paradise in the distance, he is discontented with every thing he sees out of Britain. Patriotism is, with him, a selfish feeling. What is rendered to others, seems so much abstracted from his own enjoyments and comforts. To praise the exuberant fertility of a young country like ours, would be to accuse his own of sterility; he is, therefore, *disgusted* with the vulgar profusion which crowds our markets and our tables. To laud the equality which prevails in public, and which is manifested in our hotels, our stages, and our steamboats, is to admit the existence of a burdensome inequality that he feels at home, and which excludes him totally from that higher sphere of society, which is a heaven far above his hopes; he, therefore, professes himself *sickened* with the exhibition of a horrid, levelling principle—finding none beneath him upon whom to trample, the sole solace with those who occupy an intermediate position in a country with gradations of rank.

It is prejudiced, and therefore illiberal, to judge others exclusively by ourselves; but these authors have gone farther, and done worse: they admit no merit in others which does not square with their own preconceived and narrow notions, or which does not tally with the same qualities in themselves. Suppose an American to proceed to any country in the old world, determined to find fault with every institution or custom which was new to him, or whose principles he did not understand, and had not the time or the patience to investigate. How profound would be his reflections! how amiable his criticisms! how his philosophy would be developed, and his benevolence exemplified! and what valuable contributions he would offer to the cause of general learning! The list of American travellers, who have published their lucubrations to the world, is, as yet, small; but, we sincerely hope, that number may never be

increased, if other principles and aims than those we have noticed, do not animate their exertions.

We met, accidentally, after penning the above, in an interesting English book, (Elliott's *Letters from the North of Europe*,) some remarks upon the character of his countrymen, which struck us as so just, that we have ventured to transcribe them; they are as follows:

"You have no doubt observed, as I have, that the English are respected in foreign countries, but never loved. Our countrymen are too conscious of their *superiority as a nation*, and frequently too little conscious of their *inferiority as individuals*. Instead of wishing to learn what they may from other nations, and to acquaint themselves with the opinions of foreigners on subjects of moral, political, and scientific interests, they either strive to impose on them their habits and views, or else conduct themselves with a degree of reserve which is construed into hauteur. The consequence is, they are excluded from the best society, and their observations are necessarily confined to a rank inferior to that of which they are members in their own country."

If the criticisms of these shallow tourists were confined merely to our political condition and prospects, they might well be passed over without notice. America is a country which no ridicule, sarcasms, or criticism can stay in her onward and upward course. Her impress must be made upon the age: and her importance cannot but be felt and acknowledged through the civilized world. It is reflections upon the manners and customs of the people—if these reflections came recommended by authority—that would alone provoke an answer at all at length. This we do not purpose, at present, to undertake. It would detain our readers too long from the book we have under review, which is of a very different stamp from those we have noticed above. A word or two, therefore, upon this head, will be sufficient.

All manners are artificial; that is, they are conventional; the result of accidental aptitude to certain conditions of society, or often of positive stipulation. Nature has nothing to do with them. There is nothing which renders the manners of one people more consonant to right or wrong than those of another, or which makes them better in themselves. Whether one goes to a ball in pantaloons or breeches—eats with a two-pronged or a three-pronged fork, or with a knife—walks forward or backwards in the presence of royalty, or kisses the toe of the Pope or not; and does right or wrong in these respective particulars; is to be determined not by any fixed standard of natural propriety, but by the conventional usages of a particular country, with which it is proper, of course, for a stranger to comply. And it is more than impudence, it is madness for

any wayfaring man either to laugh at or condemn a people he may be visiting, for acting differently in these respects from himself or his countrymen. When, too, the traveller, who thus boldly sets up his notions against those of a whole nation, happens himself, from his position at home, not to be one who has had the opportunity of seeing what good manners were there, indignation at his audacity gives way to the smile of contempt.

We mean not to say that there is no distinction between the manners of different people, and that there exist in them no grades of refinement or of polish. Far from it. Those manners are best, which conduce most to the general comfort and convenience; and that is true refinement, which is based upon genuine kindness and humanity, for these give to refinement all its worth. The graces of life, which serve to beautify society, as well as to enhance its value, spring, however, from general principles, which are general in their operation, and have little or nothing to do with most of the minutiae, that are thought by so many to constitute supreme *bon-ton*. We are inclined to think, that the richer classes in this country are proceeding too far in their adoption of certain modes of fashion and ideas, which have nothing to recommend them, but their being foreign.

We will venture to hazard an opinion in regard to American manners, which appears to us to be, at least, theoretically true, however opinions may differ as to the actual state of the fact. True politeness yields to every one his due, and never assumes to itself, or arrogates an undue consequence. In a country like ours, where perfect equality exists, and where arrogance, therefore, is as ridiculous as it is unjust, it would seem to be natural, that that deference should have place, which equals always manifest towards each other, because in their case, courtesy and deference may be exhibited without the sacrifice of personal importance. It is among equals, too, that there is the largest space for refinement and polish: and understanding the principles of our government as we do, we think there is as little inducement to anarchy and insecurity held out by them, as there is to barbarism or rudeness. But we must turn to the work in hand.

We have stated above, that the remarks upon our country by the German gentleman, who is the author of these letters, —(and we suspect the editor and the author to be one and the same person)—are of a very different character from those furnished by British tourists. The writer has resided long enough in the midst of us, to become considerably acquainted with the

spirit of our institutions, and to have had the opportunity of being familiar with our manners and customs. He is a man who brings to his task the experience derived from extensive travel and observation in other countries. His views, therefore, are not the callow productions of a brain, which has expended its first efforts upon a subject grand enough for the most matured intellect, but emanate from a mind accustomed to dwell upon the history and character of nations. He comes from a country, too, that is conspicuous for profound research and careful analysis; which has adorned the literature of Europe with the products of the deepest thought, as well as the richest fancy. He comes, moreover, with a mind liberal and unprejudiced; prepared to admit excellence where it actually exists, and, at the same time, independent enough to express dissent, where he meets with what he disapproves. It is a chief pleasure derived from the perusal of books of travel, to perceive the manner in which customs, that long habit has rendered perfectly familiar, strike the mind of a candid and intelligent stranger; it leads, at once, to a consideration of their propriety and expediency, and we are thus enabled, by a free intercourse of sentiment and observation, to correct that self-complacency, by which we become wedded to our own peculiar usages. From such notices of America, far from being averse, we shall ever welcome them with real pleasure, even though our own opinions may not altogether accord with those of the writer.

It will be perceived that the author, under a title, which may be properly thought to have reference merely to a trip from Philadelphia to the Great Falls, has discoursed of most of the numerous topics which the word, America, suggests. And, in the notes, (which, probably, with advantage, could have been curtailed,) he has touched upon many others. A critic, indeed, disposed to be censorious, might perhaps say, that under the somewhat limited title prefixed to his book, he has argued "*de omni materia et quolibet ente*"—for ourselves, however, we are not inclined to quarrel with him on this account. It is not often that we meet with a book, whose fault consists in having too many ideas in it; and we are always gratified when we encounter any remark which incites us to thinking, though it may not have exact reference to the matter in hand.

Dr. Lieber is already favourably known to the public by several works, whose titles and merits are, no doubt, familiar to our readers; the one in question well sustains his reputation for those qualifications which his previous publications dis-

played. Our limits will not at all allow an extended notice of the letters; we must content ourselves with a few extracts, and such remarks as the subjects of them may suggest.

As a favourable specimen of our author's spirit and style, we shall present our readers with an extract from his introductory remarks.

“ Were I to write a history of modern civilization, I should follow the most philosophical rule, by making my division into periods according to striking manifestations of powerful and characteristic principles. I would call one of the great divisions the period of folios; the time when controversialists knew of no more poisonous arrow to bury in the heart of their opponent, than to remind him that he had written but a quarto! See D’Israeli’s *Curiosities*, where he speaks of Nominalists. This huge folio age might go down to Cartesius or thereabouts. Whatever was the subject, folio was the requisite form. Next is the epoch of quartos and the dawn of newspapers—small and single leaves, half of the first page occupied by a quaint title in letters fantastically ornamented. The discovery of a new world, and the news of all the wonders successively appearing to the European there, were given to astounded mankind in little diminutive sheets, true “flying leaves,” not so large as is now the smallest handbill, which informs you of a pocket having been picked, or a colt having leaped the fence. Next, comes the period of octavos; newspapers grow rapidly, so does the quantity of books. It is succeeded by the age of 12mos, (as the booksellers classically call duodecimos;) newspapers expand with the quickness of a new born butterfly, and stretch from the tree of knowledge like far reaching palm-leaves, to overshadow civilization, which grows beneath; and, at length, we arrive at our own time; books have shrunk to 24mos, (yes, my friend, encyclopedias have been issued in 48mos,) and newspapers have grown so large, that Dido would have made a better bargain than she did, had she asked for her colony as much land as can be covered by a London Extra Times, or a handbill of an American menagerie. I have lately seen one, of eleven feet by nine and a half, and well executed, too. A German philosopher might develope some profound reasonings on this peculiar diminution on the one side, and growth on the other. There must be some mysterious principle in this tendency to the inverse ratio. Formerly, knowledge was hidden in deep and inaccessible wells, or it ran in contracted but deep channels; now, literature often flows, like shallow water, over a whole country, sometimes irrigating, sometimes inundating, sometimes choking the germs of noble plants by the sterile sand which it deposits. In olden times, folios and quartos were often written on the most trifling things; now loquacious editors tell us of a big pumpkin, a large turnip, a monstrous cabbage, or of an excellent hat in that store, and good confectionary in another, (which smacks of tasting it.) Of kings and princes other people tell us of their every step, and of every breath they draw. The emperor of China manages this matter the best; he has his biographer close at his heels, who notes down every trifle of his majesty’s life. Editors do all this for themselves, they are their own historiographers; make us participate in all their personal difficulties and quarrels, or tell us, that, they went a few days ago to such a place, and found the dinner abundant, &c.”

The following note to a passage in the text will, we are sure, amuse our readers. There is, however, we are inclined to think, a more intimate and important connexion between *form*

and *substance*, than Dr. L. is disposed to allow. Innovation always commences by striking at the former; and it addresses itself so plausibly, under this pretext, to the understandings of the mass of mankind, that it readily accomplishes its object, and thus insinuates itself into the very substance and essence of established usage and right. Innovation may be either good or bad, but without some very powerful motive for a change, we should be inclined to regard all innovation as of the latter kind. This is the note we alluded to.

“We think the author must here have in his eye Captain Basil Hall, who, in his *Travels in North America*, raises a lament for the United States, because the judges of this country have cast off their wigs. Every one to his taste! But what must have been the captain’s feelings, when the papers of his country informed him that the whig chancellor appeared in the House of Lords with a wig of considerably smaller size, and *horribile dictu*—when he read that the Bishop of Carlisle appeared in his place in the House of Lords without a wig, and *magis horribile dictu*—when he found after a short time that the Bishop of Oxford had followed the example of his right reverend brother of Carlisle? Thou, too, Brutus! Orthodox Oxford!

“Before we had become acquainted with Captain Hall’s *Travels*, we read in the biography of Jovellanos, that he was the first Spanish judge who attempted to appear without a wig, and that it required the whole support of the premier, Count Aranda, to carry this innovation. We smiled, we laughed at the strong predilections of mankind, at the tenacity with which we cling to errors, follies, evils, sins, hugging them as our dearest blessings, but now we are better informed, we believe Jovellanos a demagogue, and his opponents sound politicians. They, with Hall, and all who believe the British empire would crumble to pieces the very moment when no wig should be seen on the woolsack, have, undoubtedly, studied Lichtenberg’s *Physiognomy of Cues*, in which that distinguished writer not only proves the great importance of cues, to the general welfare of mankind, but also shows how closely connected their form, twist, and bend, are with the dispositions, views, and desires of the wearer. The work is embellished with engravings, representing the most important cues; it was written at the time, when, with innovations of all kinds, the cutting off of cues, spread from France eastward. A continuation of this instructive work ought speedily to be written, and who would do it better than the author of the above-mentioned travels? To say the truth, we have stopped sometimes at the windows of the hair-dressers, near the learned inns in London, and silently meditated on the variety, beauty, utility, and superior importance of the wigs in *la haute politique*. There was the short and closely trimmed covering of a counsellor’s vertex, the weightier one to cover the weightier head of the judge; the flapping periwig of the chancellor, like a lion’s mane, and,—what is not surpassed in venerable beauty,—a bishop’s wig! Shall all this splendour pass away? Shall nothing remain with us but naked prose? Shall life be stripped of all its characteristic ornaments, on which the poet may seize, by taking the sign for the thing? Shall we be obliged to see all heads in hideous democratic nudity? Shall the portrait of a Turenne soon stand before us as a beauty unattainable, yet admired—an Apollo of times gone by? Did not Frederick the Great conquer with the long spiral cues of his grenadiers? Has Napoleon not won his victories with the short stout cues of his guards? Has



Eugene not won his battles with flowing locks, slightly tied together? Did Marlborough expect assistance from Mars, with a head shorn like a sheep in June? If the Romans have conquered the world, trimmed like blackguards, what is it to us; they were heathens, and we are Christians. If Magna Charta was extorted by unpowdered heads, it is by well-wigged ones that it was expounded, developed, and applied. Can you imagine Blackstone or Mansfield looking differently than a weasel peeping out of a haystack? It is blasphemy to imagine them for a moment clipped and stripped of their exalted costume! Honour forever to the wig!"

The subject of our elections is one which would naturally engage the curiosity of a stranger, coming from a country where popular representation had no existence. The surprise of an Englishman would, of course, be but little excited; accustomed as he is to all the turmoil and bustle which attend those scenes in his own country. His admiration would, most probably, be limited to the circumstance of beholding so little comparative fighting and confusion; and the almost total absence of *direct bribery* in the way of the distribution of money and of different kinds of drink. There are differences in the condition and habits of the two countries which would satisfactorily explain this; but we have not space now to go into the consideration of them. To most of the inhabitants of the Continent of Europe an election in one of the populous cities of the United States, would present a most novel and extraordinary spectacle. Independently of the exhibition of the principle of the people actually exercising the rights of sovereignty, the mixture of excitement and order, the exaggeration of sentiment and language, the very flames of political animosity often raging, and yet not disturbing the personal, familiar and kind intercourse of members of different parties, and above all, the dead calm of the succeeding day; all have a tendency powerfully to raise the wonder of the foreigner at this new display of human nature. We can readily conceive the feelings which dictated the following lines:

"I have stood on the evening of the 18th on the battle-field of Waterloo, when, as one of my company said, "the fun was o'er," and made my Hamlet contemplations, which forced themselves even on the mind of a lad; but nothing equals, I think, a morning after a closely contested election in a populous city. Rise early on the morning after and walk through the quiet streets. Walls and corners are yet covered with flaming handbills, witnesses and documents of the high-running excitement, which but yesterday seemed to roll like an agitated sea. You are told, in large capitals, that if the candidates of the other ticket are elected, the commonwealth needs must perish; our liberty, happiness, national honour are lost: close by sticks another huge paper which declares, in equally measured terms, that the opposite side is composed of a set of Catilinas at least, a nest of designing demagogues, corrupt, sold, and panting for the people's money. They tell you that orphans and widows, whose money has been squandered away, call upon you to vote against the opposite



candidate; they warn you to look well at your ticket before you throw it into the ballot box, because spurious ones have been circulated by their opponents, to whom all means appear fair. Above these placards are others of a somewhat earlier date, calling upon the citizens of a certain party of such or such a ward to attend a meeting; where election business of great importance will be transacted, and the chair be occupied by some old revolutionary crony, for they have their Marathon-men (may not *μαραθωνιαχοι* thus be translated analogous to Waterloo-men?) here as well as the Greeks had, and wherever an old honest revolutionary soldier can be hunted up, he is sure to be used for the chair of some meeting or other. It is natural; how could it be otherwise? They are, in one respect, more than Marathon-men, because they did not only defend liberty but conquered independence, and the rarer an article, the higher the price. Carroll of Carrollton, for a long time the last surviving signer, received more honour than many others together, who were more active in the sacred business of declaring independence; and the farther we recede from the time of our 'blessed revolution,' and the rarer 'revolutionary soldiers' become, the more they are sought for. I think there may be a time when people will run after me to see one of the last Waterloo-men, as my brother used to say that he had no doubt but his face, marked by the small-pox, would become in time so great a rarity that people would take it for a beauty. But to return to our election.

"A noise is made before every election, proportionate (or rather disproportionate) to its importance, from that of the president down to a constable; sometimes the uninitiated would think the whole country in a dangerous fever: new papers are established, if the importance of the election warrant it, pamphlets circulated, articles written, letters published, handbills printed, 'sumptuous' dinners got up, meetings held, correspondence with committees of the same party kept up, whole districts deluged with printed speeches and political publications, all of which is expensive, and yet supported by contribution without coercion. And in order to arrive at the true statement of the expense of a government with elective representatives, I think that allowance for the expense of electing should be made, since it cannot be avoided, is inherent in the nature of this kind of government, and is paid after all by the nation; though I allow it is a tax which falls solely on the wealthy. Yet do not believe that our elections are at all as expensive as the English; nothing like it; nor is the kind of expense the same. Positive bribes are not known with us, and the candidate himself has no expenses to incur.

"The morning after the election all is quiet, the sea is calm as if a heavy rain had fallen upon it. There hang the staring handbills, with their enormous imputations and caricature exaggerations, now lifeless, tasteless, and without any further effect or use than haply to point a moral. Soon after the rains of heaven wash down these traces of man's passion. In Paris, some old woman would scrape them down, and soon placards of all parties would be mashed in one vat, peaceably to combine in the formation of a new sheet, destined, perhaps, to the same fate."

Our author's remarks, induced by a consideration of this subject, are ingenious and striking. Upon one point, the novelty of his suggestions well warrants a notice of them. He very justly says, that the English people were the first, who ever promulgated and developed the idea of a lawful and peaceable *opposition* to the measures of government; so lawful, that the expression once used in the British Parliament, "His

Majesty's opposition" was only, in seeming, a paradox. After stating that "opposition was an ingredient part of a free government;" he proceeds:

"A systematic and lawful opposition shows a high state of political developement, and if the future historian knew nothing of the English but that they first elevated themselves to this idea, he would conclude that it must have been a nation in a very high stage of political advancement. The Turks, formerly, did not even know of such a thing as the mere official discharge of a minister; he was turned out of office and life at the same time. Now they have arrived at this stage of civilization, yet the minister is banished. In France, the discharge of a minister was formerly called disgrace. There was always the idea of something personal between the monarch and the minister connected with the dismissal of the latter. In Spain, a minister receives his discharge and banishment from the capital at the same time. In England, and now also in France, when a minister is discharged, he goes quietly to the House, and, in all probability, takes his seat with the opposition. No one dreams of conspiracies and revolutions. The monarch even has been known to have a personal liking for a minister, and to show it after his removal from office. So much greater is moral security than physical. In Asia, every dismissed vizier is supposed to meditate rebellion; he must die: in Europe, a monarch is dethroned and allowed peaceably to make his exit. Antiquity never elevated itself to the idea of a lawful and organized opposition."

There is both political wisdom and learning in these observations.

The praise which the writer bestows upon our citizens, so well earned by their high respect for the law, has been, heretofore, we think, justly merited, and is shown by a reference to the history of the United States in all their political convulsions. Obedience to the clearly expressed will of the majority in all lawful and constitutional measures—of which the choice of our rulers undoubtedly is one—is a leading feature in our frame of government; and we sincerely trust that the future demeanour of our citizens may continue to deserve the warm encomium which is conveyed in the next passage.

"You may say: 'Strange, that an abuse of liberty, as this apparent or real party strife in election contests actually is, should lead you to the assertion that no nation is fitter for a government of law.' Yet do I repeat it. How would it be with other nations? It would be *after* an election of this kind that the real trouble would only *begin*; we see an instance in South America. Here, on the other hand, as soon as the election is over, the contest is settled, and the citizen obeys the law. 'Keep to the right, as the law directs,' you will often find on sign-boards on bridges in this country. It expresses the authority which the law here possesses. I doubt very much whether the Romans, noted for their obedience to the law, held it in higher respect than the Americans.

"A traveller who goes from the European continent to England is struck with the respect paid to the law in that country. I conversed once with an English stage-coachman, on a certain law, which I thought very oppressive: 'Yes,' said he, 'but such is the law of the land.' You might travel all over Austria and Prussia before a postilion would give you such

an answer. He would say, in a similar case, 'Yes, but they take good care that you do not get round them.' If you go from England to the United States, you find that there the law is held in still higher respect. But to see the whole truth, to feel the full weight of what I say, it is necessary to see the law administered on minor occasions, to see riots quelled by citizens themselves sworn in for the occasion, to see banks and mints without sentinels, to travel thousands of miles, and never meet with a uniform; and farther, to observe that what the law requires is here held honourable. No man looks upon a district attorney as upon a tool of government, because he prosecutes in the name of the United States.

"I was once with Messrs. ———, sent by their government to this country to inquire into our ———, in a Boston party. A gentleman of fine appearance attracted their attention; 'who is he?' they asked. 'The sheriff,' I replied. 'The sheriff?' said one of them: 'is not the sheriff the officer who directs the infliction of capital punishment?' 'He is,' I answered. 'And did he superintend the execution this morning?' 'He did,' was my answer. 'And he here! *ma fois*, that is rather too much!' exclaimed my friend, in whom, though a gentleman of clear mind, all the European prejudices against every person who has any thing to do with the administering of capital punishments were excited; but reflection soon came to his aid, and he was struck with the rationality of this state of things. The more civilized a nation, the fewer are the prejudices against professions and classes. In Spain, the business of the butcher, and even the business of the wine merchant, is considered as dishonourable; in Germany, but a few years ago, the executioner had his own small table in the inn, and his own glass fastened by a string to the wall.—What was a merchant in France before the revolution? what a mechanic all over Europe in the beginning of the middle ages?"

In noticing a work, containing topics so numerous as the present, much order in the arrangement of extracts, or of remarks upon the text, is not practicable. We must, therefore, present to our readers the passages that strike us as most worthy of notice as they casually occur. The ensuing passage refers to a custom among us, which universally attracts the attention of foreigners. The sitting with the legs either considerably raised or, at least, placed in a horizontal position, on a second or third chair, is one, we believe, peculiarly our own. Americans *lounge*, while other human beings either stand or sit, or actually lie down. We may state, by the bye, that Europeans are very apt to read while they are in a recumbent posture—a mode of enjoyment, we confess, we never affected; but the curiously fashioned chairs, which are neither cradle, bed, sofa, nor chair, and which allow the human form divine to be moulded and twisted into every fanciful shape, are pure Americanisms. That they possess a luxury peculiar to themselves, is undeniable from the circumstance of their being regarded with so favourable an eye by a whole nation. The writer was on board of the steamboat, proceeding up the Delaware.

"I was on the upper deck, when five lads arrived; without saying a word, each of them took a chair, tilted it over, placed himself in a position

worthy the pencil of a Cruikshank, and took out a paper or book. This leads me to remark upon two characteristics of the Americans, their lounging habit, and their eagerness to read. It is strange that Americans are as unable to sit like the rest of the European race as a Turk when he first arrives in Vienna. Whatever may be the reason, and however strongly self-indulgence may plead in its favour, it is an uncouth custom; and, though not practised in the higher ranks, you meet even there with the same disposition, only refined by manner. A lady of my acquaintance carried the thing, as a joke, so far as to have in one of her rooms twelve chairs, not one of which was like the other, and that abomination, the rocking-chair, was not wanting. If the ladies but knew how ill they look in it with contracted shoulders and raised knees! However, you do not find these mongrel chairs in the parlours of the better houses in New York and Philadelphia. Their use is much more general in the eastern states, where I once saw a judge on the bench rocking himself in his easy chair. That practical philosopher Franklin, has the credit of their invention."

Our author takes the first opportunity of inditing his reflections upon the importance of the invention of conveyance by steamboats, particularly with reference to the connection it operates between the extreme parts of a country, so widely extended as ours. He justly regards this facility of communication, as one of the most powerful bonds of union which we possess; stating, what is undoubtedly the historic fact, that the Roman empire was kept together for a long period, as much by her roads as by the forces which used them. They have saved time and have shortened space—they and locomotive engines on rail-roads having almost realized the despairing prayer of the unfortunate lover to the gods: "that they would annihilate both time and space, and make two mortals happy." We can well appreciate the surprise felt by the traveller in saying:

"When I was in Buffalo, I saw a steamboat, and asked the captain where he was going. 'To Chicago,' was the answer. How far is that? 'Eleven hundred miles by water,' he replied. Half the way across the Atlantic! And this he said in a tone in which a waterman on the Thames would answer a similar question, by 'To Greenwich, sir.' People go to and fro between Chicago and Buffalo. There are steamboats for greater distances yet."

But we must present our readers with his further remarks upon this subject, and that of inventions generally; they are well worth perusal. The proposed inscription to the memory of Fulton embodies great and well deserved eulogy in fine language, and the lines are well rendered into English.

"For this reason, and because Fulton made the remote regions of the West easy of access to us, thus opening an immense field of enterprise to the fast flowing population, and preventing for a long time that discontent and uneasiness, so dangerous to calm and firm liberty, with which a crowded population will ever be pregnant, I consider him a true benefactor of this Union, and the liberty of the American people; separate the Union, and you will have jealousies, misunderstandings, war; have war, and you

will have armies, and taxes, and consolidation, and then—good bye to liberty. Were I asked for an inscription on the pedestal of a statue of Fulton, (which ought to stand, if possible, on the spot from which his first steamboat started,) I should propose this:—

ROBERTO . FULTON . PENNSYLVANICUS  
 FLUMINA . LACUSQUE . SUBEGIT  
 ET . IN . TERRAM . REMOTAM  
 AGATHUM . TULIT  
 VEXILLO  
 EXTREMAS . PATRIÆ . REGIONES  
 IUNXIT  
 ITAQUE . FIRMIO  
 SACRUM . FIDELIS . NORTRUM  
 PETIIT.\*

There is a circumstance connected with the invention of steamboats, which it has in common, though not in the same degree, with the invention of the art of printing. Most great discoveries have been made by chase or suffering. What would the world be to this day without bills of exchange? It was cruelty that goaded men to this invention. What would the world be without posts and post-roads? It was tyranny that invented them. What would the world be without division of power? It was oppression that led to it. But the art of printing was not invented in order to multiply the decrees of a monarch or the orders of a minister; it was the free invention of the human mind, which had arrived at that stage of maturity where it required this means of multiplication. Nor was the steamboat invented in order to injure an enemy, or as a means of domestic tyranny; nor was it the result of chance. It was the invention of a private individual, who foresaw the immense advantages which his country would derive from a navigation, able to brave wind, tide, and current, and which in speed would leave all other means of navigation far behind.

"Yet in giving their due to modern inventions or brilliant discoveries, let us not forget old ones, or those which now appear so natural that millions are benefited by them, without ever reflecting upon the immense influence they have exercised upon mankind for centuries. He who invented the saw, in imitation, probably, of the jaw of some large fish, was, to say the least, no fool; the inventors of the wheel and screw conferred as great benefits upon mankind, as did Fulton, but history mentions not their names, as she passes over all these early and great benefactors in silence. We know the bold woman who taught us to protect our children against the small-pox, and Roscoe celebrates the mother who dared to return to nature.† But who invented the distaff? When was the complicated process of making bread completely discovered? Is it certain that Cushes contrived the pump? A bold man, indeed, he must have been, who first conceived the idea of nailing a piece of iron to the hoof of a living animal. We forget the file, the knife, the nail, the rudder, when we talk of our improvements. We forget what ingenuity was requisite to hit upon

\* In honour of Robert Fulton, of Pennsylvania. He subdued the rivers and the lakes, and carried the plough to remote regions. He united the extreme parts of his country, and thus made firmer the sacred covenant of our Union.—Editor.

† The Duchess of Devonshire, who nursed her child, mentioned in Roscoe's translation of the *Basia*.—Editor.

the idea of milking a cow, when the calf had given up to receive nourishment from her. The inhabitants of South America do not even now know this important art, and leave the calf with the cow as long as they wish to have milk. And yet how important is a milking cow to our whole comfort. Consider what a part milk, butter, and cheese play in our domestic, and, hence, political economy. Think of a farm without milk! Cobbet justly attaches, in his *Cottage Economy*, the greatest value to a cow; and Finke calls this good animal, in a report, on his province, to the king, invaluable to the poor man, and he thinks that the capacity of providing food for a cow, should form the standard of lawful divisibility of land. You have only to observe how much a milking cow is valued by a family, especially where there are children; how parents feel a real gratitude towards 'the good old animal,' 'the old lady,' how every member of the family takes an interest in her meals.—And, then, who can name the inventor of that sweetest of all things, *sleep*, toward whom Sancho, the wise fool, felt such intense gratitude. Ah, honest Panza, if thou wert here, in our summer, thou wouldst not say 'Sleep covers a man all over like a cloak;' its covering capacity hardly exceeds that of a short pea-jacket."

Our author notices the extent to which the division of labour is carried in our country; an extent altogether unknown upon the continent of Europe. This subject naturally leads him to the converse of division, viz. consolidation of labour, and he tells the following very amusing story:

"There was formerly in Havana a certain Thomas Nichols, of Worcestershire, England, who kept a boarding-house. In addition, he was undertaker, and made the coffins himself. When a foreigner landed, old Nichols would shrewdly scrutinize his face; if it betrayed a bilious disposition, or otherwise seemed to give a fair chance of the stranger paying his sad toll, by way of yellow fever, for a passage into the other world, Tom would slyly steal behind him and measure his length with his cane, precisely three feet long; the rest of the measure he took with his eye, and if his store happened to be out of coffins of the requisite size, he was quick in filling up the gap. Was he not a *Walkyrie* incarnate? \* A friend of mine was once dragging himself along, half dead, in the streets of Havana, when he discovered Nichols busy about him. 'Out of the way with you, you bird of death,' exclaimed my friend, when the ever-ready coffin provider replied, with the best natured smile imaginable, 'Why, Mr. Smith, you know very well you will not die a moment the sooner for my measuring you. It is not only an innocent precaution, but a necessary one; sometimes I have not sufficient hands to get a coffin ready as quick as a gentleman might require after dying in this climate.'—But I have not been correct in the order in which I should have stated Nichols' various employments. He served as a nurse to patients of the yellow fever, and physicked you like a good fellow, if you trusted yourself to his care. He made the coffin as I stated, he digged the grave, and lastly, he read the English Church service over you. In health, sickness, or death, he provided for you; his

\* "Walkyries were in Northern mythology the stern beings, who, before battle, designated those who should fall. A Scald represents them as fearful and cruel, but we find them as beautiful virgins, for whom the heroes pine, because they lead to Walhalla, the heaven of the brave.—EDITOR."

faithful companionship survived you. What a Hoffman! In Prussia, a physician is not permitted usually to provide his patient with medicine; how would Nichols have fared there? In 1839, when the cholera raged in Havana, Tom died of this disease, and expressed on his death-bed great regret at being obliged to make his exit just in so fine a season, of which his successor would reap all the benefit."†

The descriptive powers of this German tourist are very favourably manifested throughout his book. We shall cull, at random, as we proceed, some specimens for our readers. We recollect no where to have seen a more glowing description of the beautiful harbour of New York, than is presented by our author.

"About three-quarters of a mile off from Castle Garden, a prospect presents itself of rare beauty and interest: you have at once before you a view up the wide and noble Hudson, with its high and majestic bank to the west, and the numerous masts along its eastern bank, down towards the sea, over the quarantine ground, and the beautiful bay out to where the sharp line of the horizon bounds the plain of vision, whilst the charming and well-wharfed battery lies right before you, with its regular walks and fine foliage, through which may be seen a prospect of death houses, and of a long side, innumerable masts on the western side of the Sound, whilst on the eastern shore, rises a steep bank crowded with the houses of a busy sister city. To your right, somewhat in the rear, you have Staten-island with her gently sloping hills, capped with country seats; to your left, the Jersey shores, with smaller bays and inlets, and another city; and all the three waters strewn with vessels of all sizes and destinations, some slowly ploughing the waves, all sails set, aloft and aloft, with a drowsy breeze; some speeded by man's ingenuity, some riding and resting at anchor in the stream, some in the service of peaceful commerce, some with a heavy

"Ernest Theodoro Amadeus Hoffmann, a Prussian, whose works have lately been translated from the German into French, was at different periods judge, leader of the orchestra, author, composer, and painter. The disturbed state of his country, caused by Napoleon's conquest, gave rise to his many metamorphoses.—*Edison.*"

† "Incredible as this account of Thomas Nichols sounds, we can testify to its truth. He was a character notorious among the foreigners in Havana. May he, who was so careful about the length of the coffin of others, have found one of proper measure, that he may rest in peace.

"As the author indulges in telling anecdotes, the editor may be perhaps permitted to contribute another. We were present on a new year's day in Germany, when, according to custom, the grave-digger entered, with other trades-people the room of a gentleman to 'congratulate' him, and receive in return what is called his 'congratulation fee' or present. 'May you live many years,' said the man of odious profession, making a deep bow. 'You tell a lie,' said the gentleman, 'you wish me dead most heartily.' 'I beg your pardon,' replied the polite grave-digger; 'those last wages cannot escape me, and the longer you live the longer do I continue to receive my congratulation fee.' The scene had some Shakspeare-like irony about it. *Edison.*"



burden of metal; some are coming up from the narrows after a long passage; you can see it by the rust which the sea has washed from the iron of the shrouds, and which now stains her sides as she comes from beyond one of the distant fellow-capes, thrown out into the sea to mark where the Atlantic ceases; here you perceive some as they are towed down by the steamboat; there you see the schooners beating up the river, with their large canvass, like white-winged gulls, at a distance, so many in number, that they are spread out like the tents of an Arabian camp on the even surface; here are the heavy-laden Indiaman, the racing packet, the nimble cutter, from the Chesapeake, the gazelle of the waters, and the fleet and eager newsboat, defying even the swift pilot, with his inclining masts, and sailing closer to the wind than vessel ever did before, and the skills of the fishermen, the flat bark of the patient oysterman, and the buoyant yacht to carry buoyant youths; and between all these vessels move the quick ferries, like busy spiders, to and fro. It is, indeed, an enchanting sight!"

"I know many cities that surround their harbours: New York is the only one which is surrounded by its harbour—a port-encompassed city, which sits proudly throned on her projecting island, and allows the rolling billow of the sea to kiss her feet, whilst the splendid river hastens to lay at her footstool the produce of the farthest west; the furs entrapped and hunted by the wild Indian, and the wheat gathered from fields which reward with bountiful fertility the labour of the active white man. Around her wave, between the many stars and stripes, the welcome colours of all nations whose knowledge teaches them to cross the ocean; and what distant countries send from all climes to this chosen queen of the waters, she distributes among the many crafts, winged with sails and finned with wheels, which await her orders to carry it thousands of miles into the deepest and the distant west. Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of all the seas are spread out for her commerce; daily to those remote shores speed the fleet messengers of the waters; to the south of our own hemisphere, to our western shore, where the Columbia, the Mississippi's mate, empties its mighty volumes, to barter with the red man; or on the watery desert, among the fearful crystal isles, to pursue the giant of the sea along the jealous shores of Japan, or, farther still, to the icy pole, where Asia and America meet, as if in obedience to the sceptre of the European Autocrat, swayed over three parts of the world. What flourishes in the burning regions of the south, or dwells in the waters of the highest north, what the rude African gathers or the industrious European contrives or refines, is carried to her over the vast ocean, which opens her the way to all marts of the world, and over which she sends, in all directions, our proud and cheering flag, so that the Indian of the Ganges and the Chinese on the Taho know it as familiarly as the islanders of the South Sea, the Californian, as well as the swarthy man of Guinea; over which her vessels glide to carry assistance to the helpless sufferers of the Cape Verd Isles, or the seeds of knowledge to regenerated Greece, and by means of which we commune with Europe's art and Europe's science."

The author, being himself a German, was of all men the most competent to give a sketch of that race which forms so important a portion of the inhabitants of some of the States, particularly Pennsylvania. His account of the German character is full of interest, bearing, moreover, the stamp of actual experience and knowledge. We can, with confidence, refer our readers to that part of his letters which treats this subject, as likely to afford them both pleasure and profit. Our limits

allow us only to present a passage or two from this part of the book, which is one well worthy of attention.

"The German farmer loves his farm sometimes to the disadvantage of his own family. In some parts of Pennsylvania the love of the farm has degenerated, it might be said, into a kind of mania. You can find there barns as large as well-sized chapels, with glass windows and blinds; whilst in these very parts little has been done for the schooling of the people. The love of the German for his horse, which, in Germany, induces him to expect by far too little labour from the latter, in riding as well as driving, shows itself also in the German farmer of Pennsylvania. They prefer heavy horses—fine animals, it is true, but sometimes too heavy for agriculture. Horses form, perhaps, the only subject in regard to which a Germanico-Pennsylvanian farmer is a prodigal. A German treats his horse with affection. An Englishman or American more like a useful thing, to the care of which he is disposed to bestow every proper attention, and in fact, he works harder for it than the German, an Italian or Frenchman is hard, often cruel, to his horse, a Greek treats his beast shamefully. We remember having seen, when a child, Prætor cavalcades, who, unable to follow their regiments, because their horses were galled, and preferring to stay in a large city to hold duty, rubbed the backs of their horses with a brick, to make them sore again. A German cavalier could not possibly have done it."

The following peculiarity in the dispositions of this race of people is well described by the writer.

"When a poor German arrives here, it gives him infinite pleasure to be able to lay by some of his earnings, and as it is not possible for him to realize immediately the idea of credit, banking, &c., his savings must needs be in silver, in *shining dollars*. He thinks silver is the only true money, as it is the only one with which he was acquainted in his native country, and as it represents to the eye, in a way more pleasing and more suited to his comprehension, the sum which he has been able to save. When I lived in Boston, German labourers of the glass-works in that city would often bring me some money tied up in a handkerchief, that I might save it for them. They would not only reject my advice to deposit it in the savings-bank, a safe institution if ever there was a safe place of deposit anywhere, where they might have got interest, because, they said, 'they would receive, for all their money, nothing but a little book;' they would not even allow me to change their money in bank-notes, in order to preserve my trust with more convenience to myself, so that I was, from actual want of room, forced to decline acting any longer as their treasurer. One day an honest German tailor came to me with a request that I would take the trouble to transmit fifty dollars of his hard earning to his poor mother in Germany. It would have given me real pleasure to assist him in so praise-worthy a work: I had done similar services to others before, but when, in the course of his inquiries, he learned that I should never send the self-same money,—consisting of all kinds of coins—that I should hold in his hand far into the interior of Germany, to some village in Baden, where his mother resided, but only a craft, upon presenting which his mother should receive the money from a gentleman in Carlstade, he began to shake his head and said 'he would think about it;' in the course of the day he returned to take his money back. It was utterly impossible for me to represent the matter to him in its proper light.

“ You find, therefore, very frequently, that German emigrants save their money, without reaping any interest. Sometimes, if a German dies, his heirs will find some little bag, a stocking perchance, in some hidden corner of the garret, filled with the delightful metal which made Byron so eloquent, and gave the Dey of Algiers, as Niebuhr the elder relates, every evening the greatest pleasure of which he was susceptible, when placed in a box before him, he could dig into it with both hands and let it run through his open fingers. *I think there must be a chemical affinity between man's nerves and gold and silver.*”

The female sex should, of course, receive, as it deserves, a full share of attention; and we, therefore, intend to offer the remarks of our author upon this subject. The observations of a foreigner and a gentleman will, no doubt, be received with interest, by such ladies as honour our Review with their notice; and we can, more particularly, ask a perusal of the Letters on this head, as the writer is one of a few among the numerous tourists in our land, who have really been favoured with a sight of them. He commences with a notice of servants; and then (of course without implying any thing ungallant in treating the two subjects in connexion) he diverges to the more agreeable topic of American ladies.

“ All servants in the United States go better dressed, and, you know, I am a great advocate of good dress. The dress is half the man, says a German proverb, and if its intended meaning be that it makes half the man, as to the respect paid by others, I mean that it makes half the *moral* man. A man in clean and decent dress will generally behave himself decently. That this better dressing has again its abuses, as all things in our sublunary existence, may be readily granted, especially as American women have, generally speaking, a great fondness for fine dress. You will say ‘all women have;’ granted. Go out on a fine afternoon in Philadelphia, and you will be astonished at the numbers of women neatly and tastefully dressed, even in streets which the fashionable world never enters. American women have, I think, generally considerable tact in dressing. There are few even third and fourth rate mantua-makers, in any of the larger places, who have not their *Petit Courrier des Dames*, of Paris, in order to let their customers choose the newest fashions. This little code of fashions is also found in most millinery shops in Cincinnati as well as in New York. I saw it in the window of two shops in Buffalo. I allow, this desire of dressing well is not unfrequently carried to ruinous extravagance in the larger cities, and in New York perhaps more so than in others. Broadway will show you many mechanics' wives, in one afternoon, dressed like the richest of the land. As there is here no actual difference of classes, in a political sense, the reasons why she should not dress as many do, are often not taken into consideration by the wife of the mechanic. Do not, however, forget that this abuse, ruinous as it is, and originating in a silly desire of outward show, is but another effect of the same cause which produces that love of independent ease and comfort, that elevates the mechanic to the rank of *citizen*, which incites him to the laudable ambition of giving to his children the best possible education, and which, in the case of the farmer's wife, is one of the various causes which raises her husband to a higher station in the United States, than he any where else in the world enjoys.

“ I wish you could see some negro servants dressed in their best. They go in heavy silks, with fashionable hats, fine gloves, worked stockings,

elegant parasols, lace veils; some looking like caricatures, some not. The good wages they receive enable them to go exceedingly well-dressed. Having touched upon the subject of American women, you will wish to hear more from me on the same, since it is the desire of every one to know what situation the females of a country enjoy. I will endeavour to satisfy your wish as far as I am able. Let me begin with saying what I shall conclude with; that I have a high respect for the American ladies, and that they fully deserve the character of great amableness.

"From what I have said, and much more indeed from your personal knowledge of me, you will know that I consider the proper station of woman as of the greatest importance in national as well as private life. I need not dwell upon this vast subject, which history elucidates with so many striking examples. But it must not be forgotten that, as the woman may hold a station too low, she may be placed in an equally false position on the other extreme. Such was that which she occupied in the higher circles of France for nearly a century. When orlonels were found in the antechambers embroidering, and ladies took the lead in philosophy and politics, the whole society must have been in a rather degraded condition. Far be it from me to estimate that any such state exists here, it would require and be the cause of intrigue, and intrigue is unknown in America. I only mean to say, that the consideration in which the women of a nation are held is far from serving as a true measure of its real civilization—as has been vaguely though frequently asserted. The woman must have her proper station; since different individuals and, more particularly, different sexes, are fitted to move in different spheres.

"It is a good and very beneficial trait of the Americans, that they hold women in great esteem. An American is never rude to a woman.

"The Americans are not a race of French agility, and, therefore, cannot be expected to show that pliant politeness toward women which depends in a great degree, upon this peculiar quality; they are not easily excited, and, consequently, not versatile in conversation; they, therefore, cannot show that quick politeness which depends upon this lively brightness of the moment; but they are essentially and substantially polite, ready to serve a woman, of whatever class, and to show the greatest regard to the female sex in general. You probably recollect the doleful story which Mr. Stuart relates of his back seat in the stage-coach. I do not doubt his account in the least; it is in perfect keeping. I have seen a hundred times a woman enter a stage-coach, wait, without saying a word of apology, until a gentleman had removed from a back seat, and then, with equal silence, place herself in the vacated situation. Here I must observe that, in my opinion, an American lady accepts with greater nonchalance any act of politeness, than the women of other countries; by which they imprudently deprive their social life of much of its charm. A smile, a friendly glance, a gentle word—who cares for holding the stirrup if he cannot expect that much. Yet, as you may imagine, there are many sweet and lovely exceptions. Women belonging to the industrial classes in America, I have observed to be, in comparison with those of a similar rank in other countries, particularly impartable by politeness, perhaps owing to a certain shyness, and, perhaps, it is more observed because you are brought more into contact with people of all classes in this country than in others; for here all the world travels, the richest and the poorest, the blackest and the whitest. How often have I handed a lady into the stage-coach, or picked up a handkerchief, or handed her some dish at dinner, when travelling, without receiving as much as a word in return."

"I met lately with a pleasing instance of the regard paid to the female sex in the United States. A separate place has been appropriated to the

delivery of letters to females, in New York, and an editor noticing this arrangement and approving of it, suggests the propriety of having an awning or covering of some description to protect the applicants from the sun. Of course, only women who have no servants to send, or no home so fixed that the carrier may take the letters to them, go in *propria persona* to the post-office, and for them was this considerate arrangement made. Was it not Mirabeau who said that he felt as if he should fall on his knees on the well-paved side-walk, when he arrived in England, and thank the gods that he had come to a country where some regard was paid to the foot-passenger! Here he might pray erect, as the ancients did when they poured forth their joy. Had the arrangement in question been made, not for the convenience of females, but in order to separate certain women, always busy about the post-office, from the place of general delivery, the considerate regard for the community would have been equally praiseworthy."

The writer gives, in the following lively extract, his opinion of the impropriety of ladies appearing at public assemblies, where political or literary or philanthropic or legal addresses are to be delivered; and appears to think, that, inasmuch as by the politeness of the Americans, the best places are uniformly given to them, and, of course, where there is a deficiency of seats, the gentlemen are excluded, the former ought to remain at home; and as the famous Roman matrons never went to the Senate Chamber, therefore our ladies should follow their example. Now, we dissent from the judgment of our author, where he proposes Roman matrons, however exalted in their generation they may have been, as perfect models for females of the 19th century: and we are also compelled to differ from the view he has taken of the appearance of ladies at the public places. Whatever tends to give additional refinement and courtesy to our manners and intercourse with each other, we hold to be a positive good; and such we consider the result arising from the custom of which we are speaking—*Custom*, however, we can scarcely call it; for it is, by no means, a general usage throughout our land; and we regret that it is not more prevalent. For ourselves, we can see no reason why the ladies should be deprived of a rational and useful source of enjoyment, particularly as there are so many assemblies where "talking" can be heard in abundance, at which females themselves would be loath to appear. We may mention, for example, *those nurseries of young and patriotic talent* (which have now become of almost daily occurrence)—*town meetings*. The writer, too, was unlucky in his visit to Washington. We have listened, in undisturbed repose, to "the great men of the nation," in both houses; though ladies were present. Noise and talking, from either sex, is, of course, reprehensible. But, let our author plead his own case.

"A poor fellow of a traveller wants, for instance, to hear the great men of the nation 'talk.' He goes to Washington; by eleven o'clock, the morning after his arrival, he proceeds to the senate, though its business only begins by twelve o'clock. He thinks he has secured a seat. But by that time ladies begin to drop in, presently they seize upon all the seats. Very well, allow the poor fellow but a fair *stand*; but no, he is obliged to squeeze himself in a corner, pressed in from all sides; mercy, ye gentle souls, allow him but a free passage from his car to the debaters, and treat the rest of his body as though it were a bale of cotton under the hydraulic press! The prayer is said; he stretches his neck like a turtle, and turns his eyes away, in order to bring his ear the better into a position that it may catch a sound, which Echo, more merciful than the ladies, may throw into it. His twisted neck begins to ache; his eyes are closed, he thinks 'now for the treat,' when, unhappily, some officer of the senate taps him on the shoulder. "Sir, there are ladies coming," at the same time, shuffling and pushing chairs over the heads of innocent listeners and constituents, crammed in like the camomile flowers of the shaking-quakers; but they have nothing to do here, it seems. At last, the officer succeeds in working a passage, and, lo! as if a canal of bonnets, feathers, and veils, had broken through, in they rush; there is no use in resistance 'when this element breaks through.' Without a single 'I beg your pardon,' or betraying the least sorrow at disturbing you, the ladies drive the poor man out of his last retreat; 'out with you, badger, out with you!' he must needs give way, the contrary would be rude: and—*nuncius blaneas no offendit*. The poor man who has come, say five hundred miles, to hear the senate, is standing by this time near the door, with a longing look toward the president, if he has found an opportunity to turn his head back again; and now the debates begin, but, alas! the ladies, also, begin; our unlucky traveller retires, all he has heard of the senate having been a hissing from sweet lips, directed, perchance, to a polite senator himself. I truly and sincerely think, that legislative halls are, generally speaking, not places precisely calculated for ladies, for many, and, I humbly think, very weighty reasons.

"Taken all in all, it seems to me, that woman, in the best times of the Roman republic, had a position in society as near to what she ought to have us at any other period of the world, and with any nation. Thus much is certain, that the history of no people has recorded so many admirable examples of female virtue and elevation of soul, as the history of 'better Rome.' But Lucretia, Valeria, Victoria, Volumina, Cornelia, Porcia, and the late and noble Atria, never went to the senate-house. I know full well that our society, resting on different principles from that of ancient Rome—witness our refinement, our industry, our generally diffused system of education, our social nature, &c., which has grown out of a natural transformation of that of the chivalric times, of which, nevertheless, many elements have passed over as integral parts of the new order of things,—has different demands, and requires different positions in members composing it; yet much is ever to be learned, from whatever once was great.

"Why not have, in the good old style of the early church, a box with lattice work, or some seats for a few matrons, but as to giving up the whole place, left for humble listeners to young ladies of sixteen and seventeen, who turn the senate-house into a lounge & place: it is, permit me to say it with a how, which craves indulgence, unfair. Now, if a law were passed that no lady under twenty-five years should be admitted, I bet my life the whole difficulty would be removed. The English, as yet

the great masters of what I would call parliamentary management, in which we are the next best, but the French, to no little injury of their whole scheme of liberty, are totally deficient, do not admit ladies, except on some particular occasions, in the gallery of the house of lords.

"Suppose the same disappointed man, whom we have seen swimming, without success, against the current in the senate-house, is desirous of hearing an oration on some political subject, to be delivered in a public hall or church. He starts early to be certain of a place, but, oh Jove, protector of the strangers! when he arrives, all seats, below and in the first rank above, are already taken by the ladies, whose pretty heads are in as quick motion as their fans, which gives to the whole scene the appearance of an agitated sea between breakers. But the stranger espies a yet empty space; to this he directs his course; it is difficult, and may cost him a flap of his coat, but, never mind, he is anxious to hear the orator of the day. He penetrates, at length, to the spot where he expects to rest in peace. 'Sir,' says, very politely, a man with a short stick in his hand, 'these seats are reserved for the gentlemen who form the procession.' Confound it, internally exclaims the disappointed man, and makes his exit. I remember, I was once unable, on occasion of the delivery of a Latin oration at a public commencement of some college, to penetrate a crowd of ladies, composed, almost without exception, not of mothers, but of young fashionables. I am resolved to do my best to get up a *Polite anti-ladies-thronging-poor-men-out-of-every-chance-of-seeing-any-thing-Society*, and have branches established all over our Union. If I am made president, I'll certainly use my influence to get Mr. Stuart elected an honorary and corresponding member."

Our author now diverges, for an instant, to the blacks, and asserts, in the following paragraph, what we hold to be a mistake; calling persons of that colour, ladies and gentlemen, is confined to individuals of their own hue.

"Every female person in the United States is a lady. But a few days ago, my boy went out with a coloured servant, and as they had not returned when it began to grow dark, I felt uneasy, and went to the ferry, at which they had intended to cross the Delaware. I asked the ferryman, 'Has a coloured woman with a child gone across this afternoon?' describing both. 'No coloured lady has gone to the other shore,' was the answer, not with the intention to correct me, but because the words were more natural to his lips. He repeated, afterwards, 'No, sir, no coloured lady, no coloured woman has gone across, within the last two hours.' I'll tell you more. They had, notwithstanding what had been said, gone across, but in another boat. My boy found a little girl on board the ferry, with whom he soon made acquaintance, and speaking to the gentleman who was in charge of her, said, 'I wish I had a sweet little sister like this little girl.' 'Have you no sister,' asked the gentleman. 'No,' said my boy, 'but I have begged God to give me one.' The coloured girl, mentioned above, told at home this innocent story, and added, 'I did not know where I should look, when the little boy said, he had begged God to give him a sister.'—*I'iohi de la delicatessé!*"

The writer proceeds: to a certain extent his remarks are correct.

"There are strange inconsistencies in the character of every nation, and one of the strangest in the Americans is the immense freedom young ladies



enjoy upon some points, and their primness in others, upon which latter the English often comment, altogether forgetting how prudishly prim the ladies of England appear to foreigners from the continent. Nothing is more common here, than for the young lady of the house, perhaps seventeen years old, to give invitations to a ball in her own name, to single gentlemen as well as others, though there may not be the slightest reason for the mother or father not issuing them in their name. I fancied I had made a great impression upon some unknown beauty when I received my first invitation from young Miss So and So. 'I,' were my thoughts, 'invited by Miss X. Y. Z.' 'She writing my name?' It was not long, however, before I discovered my mistake. The mother is put quite in the back ground. This is village-like, and is rapidly growing out of fashion in the best educated families. As soon as the lady is married, she drops like a *Cactus grandiflorus* after twenty-four hours blowing; she recedes to give the ground to other young ladies yet unmarried. This is *mourais ton*, no one dares, and you see less of it in New York than in Philadelphia, in Philadelphia less than in Boston. However, it is *pure ton* still in Italy, where the girl is shut up in a convent till she marries, and when she is married, tries to regain, in all possible ways, all she has lost in her early youth. Yet the true value and refinement of society depend upon the married women. Young damsels, occupied but with themselves, may be found any where. People perceive this more and more, and I have myself observed a change toward the better since I have resided in this country.

"An American girl is never embarrassed, a child of ten years,—and I would hardly except a single class of the inhabitants,—receives you with a frankness and good breeding which is astonishing, and, I can assure you, not displeasing. So perfectly self-possessed are they, that blushing is decidedly of less frequent occurrence here than with you in Germany. My attention was lately drawn to a young friend of mine, a most amiable girl, who blushed; and I then thought how rarely I had seen it here. I could remember but very few girls of a large acquaintance that will now and then so soon blush, I mean when nothing but false *embarras* is the cause. This pleasing ease and sensible frankness sometimes degenerate, as you may suppose, into unbecoming and ungraceful forwardness, as German timidity and bashfulness degenerate sometimes into shy *gaucherie*.

"American ladies are possessed of much natural brightness, and converse very freely, and entirely more so than gentlemen. Altogether, boys and girls are earlier *developed* here than in Europe, partly perhaps owing to the climate, partly because they are allowed more freedom,—left more to themselves. A young man of twenty has a much more advanced position in life here than in England, and in England more so than on the continent.

"Good education among ladies is general. Not a few are truly superior in this respect. I think there must be numbers who are bright and fluent letter-writers, to judge from my own correspondence."

Probably, our female readers would be as much disposed to hear what a foreigner says of their personal appearance, as of any thing else connected with them. We shall, therefore, present, in extenso, his remarks upon the point.

"It must be allowed, in the first place, that American women have generally a fine, and—more frequently than the women of other countries—a genteel, rarely an imposing appearance. Their shoulders are generally not wide enough, and too sloping; their busts not sufficiently developed; but the waist is small and round, and the lower parts of the body finely formed; their feet are not peculiarly good—they are better than German feet indeed,

and better than English. Yet so capricious are exceptions! The smallest pair of correctly shaped feet, so small as would be justly criticised, if an artist were to give them to a work of his imagination, and the neatest pair of ankles, 'turned by Cupid,' with corresponding hands and wrists, that I ever beheld, I saw on this side of the Atlantic. A pair of feet which might induce an admirer of the beautiful to sing but of them, as Conti sang only of the hands of his mistress.

"Their walk is much better than the ungraceful dipping and pitching of the English ladies, which looks rather like an unsuccessful attempt at a gallop than a walk. However, for feet and walk you must go to Andalusia; what is there equal to *la gracia andaluz*?

" 'Their very walk would make your bosom swell;  
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,  
Nor liken it—I never saw the like.

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb  
New-broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle—  
No—none of these will do.'—

"Their arms—where are fine arms any longer to be found if not by way of exception? Sleeves have spoiled them. Their colour—I do not now speak specially of the arms—is generally delicate, which contributes to give, even to the lowest classes, an air of gentility. An English face here is known directly by its florid colour; and it is sometimes very agreeable to meet with a rosy cheek lately arrived. Their eyes are not as large as the Spanish, nor *ojos adormidillos*, yet they are fine, well cut, and well set, and of much mental expression. They look bright, and are generally of a fine dark brown colour. The general expression of the face is again that of handsomeness and delicacy, rather than of great and striking beauty. From all this, you will see that American ladies look better in the street than in the ball-room, yet I can assure you, you find there also many charming faces. It is a peculiarity of the United States which has often struck me, that there are more pretty girls than in any other large country, but fewer of those imposing beauties which we meet in Europe, and who have their prototypes in a Mad. Recamier or Tallien, or the beautiful Albanian, when I saw her in Rome, or even as you find many in the higher ranks in England, or those noble faces, necks, and figures of the women in the marine villages near Gensano, which made a Thorwaldson rave—beauties which 'try man's soul,' which will not depart from the mirror of your mind, and disturb your quiet, though your heart may be firm as a rock. After all, I come back to my old saying, there is no European nation that can—taken all in all—compete for great beauty with the English, as there is no nation where so many pretty and delicate faces are seen as in the United States. Heavens! what an array of beauty in one single bright afternoon in Hyde Park, or at a ball in the higher circles! Amongst other nations, there are also beauties, for example, the Roman ladies, the peasant women around Gensano, whom I just mentioned, and the Tirolese men; but I call the whole English nation a handsome one. The very first time I took a walk in London I was struck with the beautiful children, even in that confined city; a handsome English boy of ten years is one of the flowers of creation. Go even to the London 'Change; among the merchants, who, with other nations, surely do not exhibit many specimens of beauty, you find there tall, well-shaped, fine-looking men, whom Frederic William I. would have put directly into a uniform of his grenadiers. Call me a heretic, as the distinguished ——— did in the Roman *osteria*, I cannot help it; English beauty outstrips all the rest, and what seems peculiar to that nation, is, that the higher the class in England, the greater the beauty, whilst the

aristocracy of other European nations is far from forming the handsomest part of the inhabitants.

"Brightness of mind, as I said before, is a general attribute of the American lady. They seize with ease the *salient points of things*. Let me, instead of a long description, give you an instance. In a conversation between a lady and myself, *tableaux vivans* happened to be mentioned, and when it was found that I was acquainted with the mechanical details of these charming entertainments, she immediately resolved to have some represented in her house, and entered into their whole character with an ease, which surprised me, as she had never seen any before. The æsthetic part as well as the mechanical was soon perfectly understood. I will not detain you by relating all the trouble we had to find the proper gauze for the frame, and my delight in arranging and placing the pictures on the occasion. I will only say, that not a single one of the company showed either false primness or a coquettish desire to show herself to the greatest advantage. But one wish animated all, to make the *tableaux* as perfect as possible—and they were made perfect. I have never seen more beautiful ones, though I have seen them on a larger scale; the stage, curtain, light, music, the ease and grace of the performers, the subjects, the steadiness with which the ladies and gentlemen stood, the style of the whole, in short, every thing conspired to make these *tableaux vivans*, the first ever seen by most of them, as perfect as they could be wished. Several European gentlemen, who, like myself, had often seen them, were quite astonished, and the whole *performance* gave me a high opinion of the tact, taste, and grace of American ladies. I will give you the subject of some of the pictures, so that you may the better judge: Niobe, Hagar and Ishmael, Ali-Pacha and Vasiliki, Cumean Sibyl, Margaret and Faust, Baptism of Malek Adhel, Amy and Janet Foster, Death of Cleopatra, Marino Faliero, a Vestal, all after engravings or pictures. I can assure you, that while the first was a truly classical picture, there were others, for instance, Hagar and Ishmael, or the Cumean Sibyl, which produced in me, for the first time since I had been in the United States, that peculiar feeling, which a picture of the glowing Italian school, of Raphael, Giulio Romano, &c., never fails to pour through all our veins."

Of the correctness of the ensuing passage, perhaps the ladies may consider themselves better judges than ourselves. His opinion in regard to *flirts*, we should respectfully doubt; and think, moreover, that the compliment paid to the *patience* of American husbands, a little equivocal.

"Before I close my chapter on American beauty—a chapter, which, I dare say, has proved very unsatisfactory to you, although I gave you fair warning that it is very difficult for a conscientious writer to generalize such things—I must mention the fact, that American women make most exemplary wives and mothers, and strange, be a girl ever so coquettish—yea, even a positive flirt, who in Europe, would unavoidably make her future husband unhappy as soon as she were married, here she becomes the domestic and retired wife. That unhappy marriages seem to be comparatively rare in America, may be partly owing to the great patience of an American husband, which again is referrible to the greater want of excitability, but it is undoubtedly owing also, and probably in a greater degree, to the temper of the women.

"The American women are kind and very charitable; I think they are peculiarly so. Married ladies do not only give, if a case of misfortune happens to present itself, but they undergo considerable personal trouble

in compliance with their charitable disposition. And again, I have known here several ladies of the most worldly appearance, living, apparently, but to gain admiration, who, nevertheless, would visit the poor and sick in their humblest dwellings."

We will close our extracts from this work, by an account of a rare beauty, whom, we confess, we envy our author the sight of, and, whom, as a specimen of *perfection* in female loveliness, we should be delighted once to have gazed upon. We can readily realize Thorwaldson's raptures.

"I have mentioned above the beautiful Albanian. You know who she was? *was*, because, by this time, alas! that matchless beauty must have begun already to become a prey to all-corroding time. I had the enviable fortune to live with the great historian, Mr. Niebuhr, then minister in Rome, and resided with him also for some time in Gensano, in a palace belonging to Cardinal Consalvi. One afternoon, it was the 3d of October, I took a walk in the vineyards around that lovely place, and met a peasant driving home his ass, laden with grapes. After a short conversation, I expressed a wish to buy some, when the peasant asked me to go along with him, as he had much better grapes at home. I, who like to mingle with the people, and am always desirous to observe life as closely as possible, accepted the invitation with great pleasure. When we arrived, the hospitable peasant called his daughter to bring some wine, bread, and grapes, and who should come in!—'the beautiful Albanian.' This girl, the daughter of Antonio Caldane, was, as to her head, face, neck, and bust, such perfect beauty that her reputation had rapidly spread far and wide, and the father justly apprehended evil consequence from the many visits which were paid by artists and others. He, therefore, cut the matter short, and allowed nobody to paint her or to pay any visits to the house for the purpose of seeing his daughter. Mr. Thorwaldson alone obtained permission, after this injunction, to take a bust of the wonderful maid. He himself showed it to me one day in his *atelier*, and said, pointing at it with that beaming joy which a great artist feels when the pleasure at meeting with perfection thrills through his heart, 'There! no art has ever produced a purer beauty.'

"Her aquiline nose was of the finest make, and clearly defined; her eyes were large, dark, glowing, and overshadowed by long silken eye-lashes, full of a playful expression, yet tempered by the gravity of perfection—eyes which made me think, the moment I beheld them, such were the eyes of a loving goddess, such the voluptuous expression of the Paphian maid! Her eyebrows were distinct and dark, yet so fine and gracefully arched, that they appeared as if painted by the steadiest hand with the most delicate brush. Her forehead was a vault of perfect dimensions and delineation, and the tense, clear, youthful skin, showed the unbroken circles which mark serenity and nobleness of mind. Neither care, nor vulgarity, nor littleness were stamped there. Her full, black, and moist hair had that lustre of youth, which renders still deeper its darkness and richness, and grew down from one small and transparent ear to the other, in a line as well marked as if drawn by a skilful draftsman, and not too deep in the neck, where close above it, the rich, Grecian *nest* of her abundant hair, pierced with the coral arrow, permitted the matchless beauty of her head to appear, set on the neck in the most perfect angle. The line of her chin was as graceful and as distinctly drawn as that of her forehead, while the vividly coloured, full, and well-cut lips of a mouth not too small, gave her a slightly *earthly* look, that the nobleness of her forehead might not be too grand for a youthful female beauty. Her small and square

teeth were neatly set, showing, when she smiled, two narrow white stripes, lining the deep carmine of her lips, which, arched like Cupida's bow, full, swelling with health, and yet delicate, had that firmness mixed with tender softness, which is unlike any thing else in nature. Her skin, though darkened by a southern sun, was clear and of the finest texture, and showed the rosy colour of her cheek like the first glow in the East, under her large eyes, dark as night. The lines of her shoulders sloped off in the most correct angle to the outer points; and with these round, as if turned of ivory, and with a bust and neck betraying youthful health, and striving in budding fulness, towards the time when her beauty would be in its noon—the appearance was that of graceful vigour in its development. There was in all her head, and face, and bust, a grace, a grandeur, a voluptuous richness, and a pride of purity, such as I never had believed could exist but in imagination. Her figure was not as that grand tourure, so common in this part of Italy, even among the lowest, would have induced the beholder to expect with such a head and such a bust; nature had exhausted herself, she had concentrated all her plastic power to produce this univalled, perhaps never to be equalled, head. Such beauty appearing on earth, reveals to man the secrets of nature, and shows him of what perfection she contains the germs. I am thankful for having been permitted to meet her even once."

We have but space left to commend generally, the letters of this German gentleman to our readers. We will merely indicate some of the subjects we have not had time particularly to notice. They will be found both curious and instructive. They are, his remarks upon "Music"—"Cookery"—the love of "the horrid," a fruitful topic—"Poetry," and "Slavery," in the United States: a letter upon "Geographical Names"—an interesting episode, a description of the Battle of Waterloo, in which the author was personally engaged—and finally, his descriptions of "Life in Hospitals"—a "Camp Meeting"—a "Burial at Sea," and of the famous "Falls."—These will all be perused with interest.

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ART. X.—*L'Adamo, Sacra Rappresentazione di Gio. Batt. Andreini, Fiorentino. Seconda edizione. Lugano, 1834, pp. 155.*

THE above is the title of a work which, to English and American readers, will possess no small degree of interest. It is the Mystery or Sacred Drama which originally suggested to Milton the idea of *Paradise Lost*, and to which the world owes in all probability, that immortal production. We are aware that much doubt has been entertained by his biographers, whether the piece referred to was ever seen by Milton; nor are we surprised that the fact should have been questioned, since the first publication of the play, if so it may be called, was in 1617,

and after its representation for several years upon the stage, it gradually sank into oblivion, no attempt being made to introduce it again to public notice. But this doubt could only have been founded upon ignorance of the character and merits of the piece.

Voltaire, in a sketch of the life of Milton, gives the following account of Andreini's production:

“Milton, voyageant en Italie, dans sa jeunesse, vit représenter à Milan une comédie intitulée: *Adam, ou le péché originel*, écrite par un certain Andreini, et dédiée à Marie de Médicis, reine de France. Le sujet de cette comédie était la chute de l'homme. Les acteurs étaient Dieu le père, les diables, les anges, Adam, Eve, le serpent, la mort, et les sept péchés mortels. Ce sujet, digne du génie absurde du théâtre de ce temps là, était écrit d'une manière qui répondait au dessein. \* \* \* Milton, qui assista à cette représentation, découvrit à travers l'absurdité de l'ouvrage la sublimité cachée du sujet.” From these and other remarks of a similar nature, respecting this “ridiculous farce,” connected with the palpable injustice of the criticism, we have reason to believe that the learned writer, quoted above, had never read the piece on which he bestowed such unmingled scorn, but formed his opinion upon uncertain rumours. Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, gives little credit to the report that Milton had ever witnessed such a performance.

In relation to *Paradise Lost*, he says:

“Whence he drew the original design, has been variously conjectured by men who cannot bear to think themselves ignorant of that which, at last, neither diligence nor sagacity can discover. Some find the hint in an Italian tragedy; Voltaire tells a wild and unauthorized story of a farce seen by Milton in Italy, which opened thus:—“*Let the rainbow be the fiddlestick of the fiddle of Heaven.*” This unfortunate beginning of the chorus in the prologue, seems to have cut off the tragedy from any further trial of its merits, for we cannot suppose that it would have been condemned, even by prejudiced judges, had those merits been candidly weighed.

It is to Signor Maroncelli, now resident in New York, the accomplished author and excellent individual, whose misfortunes have endeared his name to every lover of liberty, that we are indebted for the present edition of the “Adam” of Andreini. He has been the first of modern critics, discovering the excellencies so long buried in obscurity, to reveal to his countrymen and the world, the treasure they were unconscious of possessing. With the acute perception of an ingenious and independent mind, he has detected and exposed the injustice of other writers, and assigned to Andreini that rank among the poets of invention, to which the energy and lofti-

ness of conception displayed in his work fairly entitle him. Maroncelli's remarks upon this production, in his volume of *Additions to Pellico's 'Imprisonments'* first awakened attention to it in Italy, which resulted in the publication of a second edition, exactly two hundred and seventeen years subsequent to the first. We have now the opportunity to examine the relations of the work with that of our own illustrious bard, and to prove or disprove the justice of the contempt with which its claims to consideration have hitherto been treated. To enable our readers to judge how much the author of *Paradise Lost* has really borrowed, we shall present an analysis of the piece, together with such extracts as shall convey the most correct idea of its general character, and which we shall translate as literally as possible.

The interlocutors in the tragedy are the Eternal Father, the Archangel Michael, chorus of Angels, Adam, Eve, Lucifer, Satan, Belzebub, the Seven Deadly Sins, the World and the Flesh, Hunger, Fatigue, Despair, Death, Vainglory, and the Serpent, with a chorus of infernal spirits and messengers. The scene is placed in the terrestrial paradise. The first scene discovers the Eternal Father, with a choir of attendant angels, completing the vast work of creation by the formation of man. The Cherubim sing in solemn and appropriate strains the praise of their Creator, "who writes his glory on the starry page of heaven."

"Andrèini, with the dramatic company under his direction, was invited by Mary of Medicis to the court of France, where awaited him honours extraordinary in those times. A magnificent edition of *Adam*, with plates, was printed at Milan, in 1617, before the departure of its author for Paris. Not from the period of a few years after its first success, the work of Andrèini gradually sunk into oblivion; or, if subsequently brought into notice, it was only to heap upon it unmerited contempt. It is true that the author wrote it in an age when an unworthy style prevailed—but why should a school more correct trample upon the substance of this sublime conception?

"In such an age, it was to be anticipated that Andrèini should meet the neglect he experienced; but it is not less to be expected, in these more enlightened days, that justice should be rendered to this great poet of imagination and thought—while at the same time we confess his faults, I shall esteem myself happy, should I be able to induce my countrymen to redeem from oblivion this honour to Italy, which will so much augment the credit of our literature at home and abroad, especially among the English, who owe to Andrèini their *Paradise Lost*. It is well known that the first plan of Milton was to compose a tragedy, after the example of his model; but after the composition of a few scenes, he chose a wider range for the employment of his creative pencil."—*Maroncelli—Addizioni alle Opere Prigioni.*



Adam, fresh from the forming hand of Omnipotence, and endowed with immortal spirit, is welcomed by the celestial train as a being destined, with his successors, to occupy the stations which had been filled by Lucifer and his fallen angels. As pride had occasioned the apostacy and ruin of the first rebels, the new creature is formed from clay, and made subject to a probation of humility, to teach him his dependence and secure his happiness. His transport of admiration at the wonders which burst upon him in the exercise of his new-born faculties, are conveyed in language replete with glowing and beautiful imagery. Oppressed with the extacy of enjoyment, and the inability to express it by speech, he prays that his whole being may be absorbed in the ineffable essence of his Maker. The angels then point out to him the beauties of earth, and their fitness to represent the glories of heaven. He sinks into a gentle slumber, when Eve, his beautiful companion, is created, and committed to his care and love; after which the munificent Creator, having blessed the children of his bounty, and bestowed upon them every production of the earth, save one, utters his solemn command that they shall abstain from tasting of the tree of knowledge, and returns to heaven. Adam then directs the attention of his companion to the beauties which surround them.

“Lo! the deep azure of the skies, where oft  
That bright and wandering star,  
Herald of radiance yet afar,  
Shall dart its welcome ray,  
And light the richer glories of the day.  
Then the majestic sun,  
To fill the earth with joy,  
O'er her glad face shall fling his golden light—  
Till weary of his reign,  
The pure and silvery moon  
With all her starry train,  
Shall come to grace the festal pomp of night.  
Lo! where above all other elements  
The subtle flame ascends, outshining all!  
Lo! where the soft transparent air uplifts  
Bright plumaged birds, with notes of melody,  
Measuring the happy hours!  
Lo! the vast bosom of propitious earth,  
With opening flowers, with glowing fruit adorned,  
And her green tresses that sustain the crown,  
Gilding the mountain summit—and her sceptre  
Of towering trees. Behold the azure field  
Of Ocean's empire! where 'mid humid sands,  
And his deep valleys, and the myriad hosts  
Of his mute tribes, and treasures of fair pearls  
And purple gems—his billows roll and plough—  
Rearing to heaven his proud and stormy head,  
Crowned with the garlands rifled from the deep!  
Glorious and wondrous all! They tell of One—  
Their high Creator.”

Lucifer, the prince of hell, is next introduced to our view; and here we recognize the mighty apostate of the bard of Edin. He is the same fierce, majestic being, "of regal port, though faded splendour," racked with despair, but nerved by unconquerable pride; and in the midst of his degradation still not "less than archangel ruined." The same tone of bitter irony and impiety pervades his contemptuous praises of the new work of God. He enters upon the scene alone, and soliloquizes upon the newly-created universe:

"From my abode of gloom  
Who calls me to behold this hateful light?  
What wonders strange and new  
Hast thou prepared, O God! to blast my sight?  
Art thou—Creator—wearied of thy heaven,  
That thou hast made on earth  
A paradise so fair?  
Or why hast thou placed here  
Beings of flesh, that God's own semblance wear?  
Say—condescending Architect—who framed  
Such work from clay, what destiny awaits  
This naked, helpless man, lone habitant  
Of caves and woods?  
Perchance he hopes one day to tread the stars!  
Heaven is impoverished—I alone the cause,  
The exulting cause of that vast ruin."

I was that high superior light which sent  
A thousand splendours to the farthest heaven:—  
To which these lights are shadows—or reflect  
With faint and feeble beam my greater glory.  
Yet reck I not—what'er these things may be,  
Or this new being—stern unyielding still  
My aim, my purpose, is hostility  
Implacable, 'gainst man, and heaven, and God."

He is then joined by his associates in crime, who deliberate on God's design in creating man, and concert plans of revenge.

"*Belzebub.* Fierce is the torturing flame,  
And deep the flood of venom in my soul;  
Madness rules all within,  
And my forced sighs, like peals of thunder roll.  
Each glance is scorching lightning, and my tears  
Red drops of fire. From my seared front I shake  
The serpent locks which cluster round my face,  
To look upon the boasted work of heaven,  
These new created demi-gods."

He then alludes to the fallen state of himself and his comrades:

"Wretched! the lustre of eternal day  
Forever quenched for you—and every sun  
That fires the empyrean—a lost sorrowing race  
Heaven deems you now. Ye who were wont to tread

The radiant pathways of the skies—now press  
 The fields of endless night. For golden locks  
 And mien celestial—slimy serpents twine  
 Around your brows, hiding the vengeful glance ;  
 Your haggard lips are parted to receive  
 A hideous air, while on them blasphemies  
 Hang thick—and ever with the damning words  
 Escape foul fumes of hell.

*Satan.* \* \* \* In deep abodes  
 Of gloom and horror and profound despair,  
 Still are we angels—still do we excel  
 All else, even as the haughty lord excels  
 The humble, grovelling slave. If we unfold  
 Our wings thus far from heaven—we yet remember  
 That we are lords, while others wear the yoke.  
 That losing in yon heaven a lowly seat  
 We raise instead, stupendous and sublime,  
 A regal throne—whereon our chosen chief,  
 Exalted by high deeds, mocks at his fate;  
 As the vast mountain bounded by the skies  
 Murmurs its kindling wrath against high heaven,  
 Threatens the stars, and wields a nightly sceptre  
 Of lurid flame, consuming while it shines,  
 More deadly than the Sun's intensest ray,  
 Even when his beams are brightest.

*Lucifer.* Oh! ye powers  
 Immortal, valiant, great—  
 Angels, for lofty, warlike daring born !  
 I know the grief that gnaws your inmost hearts :  
 A living death, to see this creature man  
 Raised to a state so high,  
 That each created being bows to him.  
 In your minds' depths the rankling fear is wrought  
 That to heaven's vacant seats and robes of light,  
 (Those seats once ours, that pomp by us disdained)  
 These earthly minions one day may aspire,\*  
 With their unnumbered host of future sons."

Satan then darkly alludes to the future incarnation of the Son of God.

"*Lucifer.* And can it be, that from so feeble dust  
 A Deity shall rise !  
 That flesh—that God—whose power omnipotent  
 Shall bind us in these chains of hell forever ?  
 And can it be, those who did boast themselves  
 The adored, must stoop in humble suppliance  
 To this vile clay !  
 Shall angel bend a worshipper to man ?  
 Shall flesh, born from impurity, surpass  
 Celestial nature ? Must such wonders be,  
 Nor we divine them, who, at price so vast,  
 Have bought the boast of knowledge ?

\* \* \*

I, I am he, who armed your noble minds

\* "Into our room of bliss thus high advanced,  
 Creatures of other mould."—*Paradise Lost*, Book IV.

With haughty daring to the distant North,  
 Leading you from the wrathful will of Him  
 Who boasts to have made the heavens. You I know,—  
 I know your roaring pride and valour too,  
 That almost wrung from heaven's reluctant hand  
 The mighty victory. Yes! the generous love  
 Of glory fires you still! It cannot be  
 That He whom you disdained to serve above,  
 Shall now be worshipped in the depths of hell!

\* \* \*

Ah! matchless is our insult! grave the wound,  
 If we unite not promptly to avenge it.  
 Already on your kindled brows I see  
 The soul's high thirst—and hope, by hate inflamed;  
 Already I behold your ample wings  
 Spread to the air, eager to sweep the world  
 And these stern heavens to the abyss of ruin;  
 And man, new-born, with them to overwhelm.

*Satan.* Alas! command,  
 And say what thou would'st have. With hundred tongues  
 Speak, speak, that with an hundred mighty deeds,  
 Satan may pant, and hell be roused to action!

*Lucifer.* \* \* \* Most easy is the way of human ruin  
 Opened by God to his terrestrial work;  
 Since nature wills, with mandate absolute,  
 Man shall his life preserve with various food  
 And oft partaken. Probable it seems,—  
 The bitter ruin in sweet food concealed,—  
 That he will taste this day the fruit forbidden,  
 And by the way of death,  
 From nought created, into nought return."

The proposition of Lucifer for the achievement of man's destruction is received with fierce demonstrations of joy by his compeers, who hope thus to baffle the designs of Omnipotence. The chief of the infernal host next summons to his aid the dark impersonations of the seven mortal sins. These he commissions to hover around, and assail with every variety of temptation, his intended victims. Pride and Envy are first despatched, and are directed to fill the soul of Eve with discontented thoughts; to awaken vain imaginations of superiority, and suggest regrets that she was not formed before Adam, as every man must hereafter receive his being from woman.

"*Lucifer.* Say, that the lovely gifts  
 She hath received, do merit not their doom:  
 Submission to the will of haughty man,  
 That she in price doth far exceed her lord,  
 Created from his flesh, as he of dust:  
 She in bright Eden had her gentle birth—  
 He in the meaner fields."

Dulciato, who personates Luxury, declares the heart of woman particularly open to his fascinations.

“ Even now fair Eve at yonder crystal fount  
 Rejoices to behold the blushing rose  
 In beauty vanquished by her vermil cheek :  
 The regal lily's virgin purity,  
 Matched by the whiteness of her heaving breast ;  
 Already charmed, she wreathes her flowing hair,  
 Like threads of gold, fanned by the wooing breeze,  
 And deems her lovely eyes two suns of love,  
 To kindle with their beams the coldest heart.”

[Act 1st. Scene 6th.

The second act opens with the chant of a heavenly choir, descended to celebrate and partake the joys of man.

“ Weave, weave the garlands light,  
 Of fairest flowers,  
 In these primeval bowers,  
 For the new being and his consort bright !  
 Let each celestial voice  
 With melody rejoice,  
 Praising God's work, of latest, noblest birth ;  
 And let the tide of song  
 To gratitude belong,  
 For man, the wonder both of heaven and earth !”

When their hymnings cease, Adam and Eve enter upon the scene, followed by invisible foes. Eve is the same lovely creation which charms all hearts in Milton's description:

“ For softness formed—and sweet attractive grace.”

possessing the same exquisite beauty—the same graceful modesty—the same winning consciousness of dependence. The expressions of affection and thankful happiness uttered by the gentle pair, are beautifully appropriate to their state of perfect innocence; while the foul spirits, “with jealous leer malign,” envy the pure peace they are yet unable to mar. Eve weaves for Adam a garland of flowers, which he places on his brow as a chain of love. In reference to this, Lurcone says,

“ Chains of infernal workmanship  
 Shall shortly bind you in a subtle fold  
 Which mortal stroke can never loose.”

The innocent pair then bend in adoration to the Divine Bestower of all their blessings, while the inhabitants of Hell fly in shame and rage from the hateful spectacle of human piety. In scene third, Lucifer, having assumed the form of the serpent, enters, attended by his spirits, and Vainglory, as a gigantic figure, magnificently attired. He speaks with malignant pleasure of the ruin impending over the fair scene, and the desolation that follows his footsteps.

“ *Serpent.* How lovely smile these flowers,  
 These young fair huds ! and ah, how soon my hand  
 These pathways shall despoil of herbs and flowers ;

Lo! where my feet have pressed their fragrant tops  
 So graceful—they have drooped, and at my touch,  
 Blasting and burning, the moist spirit is fled  
 From the scorched petal. How do I rejoice  
 Among these bowers with blighting step to pass,  
 To poison with my breath their leaves and flowers,  
 And turn to bitterness their purple fruits!"

Eve appears, and starts with surprise at the appearance of the serpent, half hid in the clustering foliage; for the tempter has not wholly taken the figure of the brute, but exhibits a human face and shoulders. She approaches, unconscious of danger, and curious to know more of this wondrous and beautiful creature; and is accosted by her wily foe in the accents of flattery. He informs her that he was placed as a gardener in Eden, to tend its flowers and fruits, occupying an intermediate rank between man and the lower animals, and endowed with human reason and speech. He, moreover, artfully insinuates, that her knowledge and Adam's is far from corresponding to their superior excellence of form and high capabilities. Eve inquires how he can regard the knowledge of man as trifling—"Doth he not know"—she cries, "the most hidden virtue of each herb and mineral, each beast and bird, the elements, the heavens, the stars, the sun?" The Serpent then enters upon the immediate object of his design, employing all his subtle and persuasive eloquence to overcome her scruples, and induce her to eat of the prohibited fruit, whose taste is to impart to her heavenly wisdom. The whole scene of the temptation is admirably wrought—the advances of the arch-deceiver, now cautiously sounding her, now eagerly urging her to disobedience,—and the unsuspecting credulity, the increasing curiosity of Eve—are drawn with the pencil of a master. The Serpent speciously insinuates that man is degraded by being compelled to seek his food from the same source with the inferior creation.

"Ah! 'tis too true, that drawing sustenance  
 From the same source with brutes that throng the fields—  
 In this at least ye must resemble them.  
 Surely, it is not meet or just that ye,  
 Noblest creations of all-forming power,  
 The favoured children of the Eternal King,  
 In such unworthy state, 'mid rocks and woods,  
 Should lead a life of vile equality  
 With baser animals."

To the inquiry of Eve, why he exhibited so much solicitude that she should partake of the tree, the beguiler replies by the plausible assurance—that when herself and Adam, by means of the mystic food, shall have been exalted to a higher state, he will remain sole sovereign of Eden and the earth.

"But this my rightful empire o'er the ground,  
 While man exists, and breathes earth's vital air,

Is changed to base and grievous vassalage—  
 Since man alone is chosen, by Heaven's command,  
 Lord of this lower world—this universe  
 Just sprung from nought.

But when, by virtue of this loveliest  
 Of all fair Eden's fruits, secured and tasted,  
 Ye shall be made as gods—full well I know  
 Ye both, forsaking this frail sphere, will soar  
 To eminence divine, leaving to me  
 The heritage of power, the sovereignty  
 O'er every living thing by your ascent  
 To higher bliss, secured. Full well thou know'st  
 How pleasing is the consciousness of empire !  
 Pleasing to God—to man—and to the serpent.

*Eve.* I yearn to obey thee—Ah ! what would I do ?

*Serpent.* Say rather, leave undone ! Pluck it, and make  
 Thyself a goddess in the highest heavens ;  
 And me a god on earth !

*Eve.* Alas !—I feel  
 An icy tremor through my shuddering frame,  
 That chills my heart.

*Serpent.* It is the languishing  
 Of mortal nature, 'neath the glorious weight  
 Of that divinity, which, like a crown,  
 O'erhangs thy head.

Behold the lovely tree,  
 More rich and lustrous in its living beauty  
 Than if indeed it pointed toward the skies  
 Branches of gold, with emeralds bedecked ;  
 Than if its roots were coral, and its trunk  
 Unspotted silver. Lo ! the gem-like fruit !  
 Glowing with gifts of immortality !  
 How fair it shows ! How to the vivid rays  
 Of sunlight, with a thousand changing hues  
 It answers, like the train of brilliant birds,  
 When to the sun their broad and painted plumes  
 Expanded, glitter with innumerable eyes !”

Eve, fatally deluded, possesses herself of the fruit; and the scene concludes with the exultations of Vainglory and the Serpent.

An interview between Adam and his consort ensues—the former yet sinless, and unconscious of the guilt of his partner.

*Eve.* How do I joy—not only to behold  
 These flowers—these verdant meads, and waving trees ;  
 But thee—my Adam !

'Tis thou alone, in whose blest presence seems  
 This scene more fraught with ever new delight ;  
 More bright the fruits, and every fount more clear.

*Adam.* No blossom that adorns this blissful plain  
 Such beauty can unfold to greet mine eyes,  
 As those sweet flowers whose charms I gaze upon  
 In the fair garden of thy beauteous face !  
 Be calm, ye plants of earth, nor deem my words  
 False to your loveliness.

Ye, with the silvery dews of evening sprinkled,



When the sun sends his ardent glance abroad,  
 Make glad the bosom of the grassy earth,  
 But drop and wither with decaying day,  
 While the last living flowers rest on the cheek  
 Of my loved Eve, are cherished—watered ever  
 By the sweet dew I joy that o'er them flow,  
 When to her God she bends in grateful praise—  
 Warm'd into life by the twin radiant orbs  
 That light the heaven of her face—there live  
 In green and bloom perennial, and adorn  
 Their own untroubled paradise."

As in Milton's poem the ruin of the man is not achieved by guile or persuasion, but voluntarily brought upon himself, willing, rather than be separated from his beloved, to embrace death with her. He takes "the bane of all his peace," in full consciousness of the evil attendant on his disobedience; but even in view of the loss of God's favour, cannot withstand the tears of Eve. She, still intoxicated by her dream of greatness, which she fancies will be perfected by the participation of her husband, allures him by her entreaties, and is only awakened to the appalling truth when it is forever too late. The Almighty descends and pronounces the solemn malediction upon the guilty pair, upon the Serpent, and the ground, which is cursed for their sake. A compassionate angel, tarrying after the departure of the Divine Judge, clothes the naked sinners with the skins of wild beasts, reminding them that the roughness of their new raiment signifies the suffering they are to sustain in the journey of life. The Archangel Michael, the minister of wrath, next appears, to banish them from Paradise, no longer their home, while the guardian cherubim bid farewell to their wonted charge, and return to the skies.

"*Michael.* These stony fields your naked feet shall press,  
 In place of flowery turf—since fatal sin  
 Forbids you longer to inhabit here.  
 Know me the minister of wrath to those  
 Who have rebelled against their God—for this  
 Wear I the armour of Almighty power,  
 Dazzling and terrible.—I am he,  
 Who, in the conflict of immortal hosts,  
 Dragged captive from the North, the haughty chief  
 Of rebel spirits, and to hell's abyss  
 Hurled them in mighty ruin.  
 Now to the Eternal King it seemeth good  
 That man, rebellious to his sovereign will,  
 I should drive forth from his fair paradise,  
 With sword of fire.

Hence—angels, and with me  
 Speed back to heaven your flight;  
 Even as like me ye have been wont to joy  
 On earth with Adam,—once a daguod,  
 Now feeble clay. Then with the fiery sword,

A cherub guardian of this gate of bliss  
Shall take your place."

Scene second of the fourth act displays Lucifer in council with his spirits, whom he commands each to unfold his opinion respecting the sentence pronounced against the human pair. While all the rest behold in it but the manifestation of Eternal indignation and vengeance, the tortured chief discerns but too truly in the denunciation of wrath the latent promise of mercy. He foresees the pardon of man, and his restoration, through a Redeemer, to the heavenly blessings from which his destroyer vainly hoped his transgression had cut him off; and, racked with disappointment, vaunts anew his impious defiance of Omnipotence, and his resolution to pursue his revenge till he shall complete the destruction of the human race, and reduce to primeval nothing that world which God had created. In his speech is expressed that characteristic thought so often admired in Milton's "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

"Since greater happiness  
It is to live, though damned, in liberty,  
Than subject to be blest."

Meanwhile Adam and his companion, robbed of the shield of innocence, are haunted by the miseries incident to their fall, personified under the names of Hunger, Thirst, Fatigue, Despair, and Death. Adam upbraids Eve as the cause of his wretchedness, while she endeavours by tears and supplications to propitiate his anger. They are further assailed by infernal temptations. Flesh, in the shape of a beautiful female, strives to beguile Adam from duty; her machinations being assisted by Lucifer, who represents himself as the brother of man, but created in heaven. While the object of their treachery is sore beset, he receives aid from his guardian angel, who is represented, with exquisite delicacy, as following him unseen, and breathing soft and salutary warnings into his ear.

"*Angel.* 'Tis time to succour man :—Alas ! what dost thou,  
Most wretched Adam ?

*Lucifer.* Why remainest thou mute ?  
Why art thou sad ?

*Adam.* I seem a voice to hear,  
Sorrowful, yet mild—which says, 'Alas ! what dost thou,  
Most wretched Adam ?' "

[*Act 5th, Scene 3.*

By the counsel of his invisible protector, Adam proposes that Lucifer and his companion shall prove their truth by kneeling with him in prayer to the Almighty; they refuse to pray, and assuming their proper form, endeavour to crush him by force, but are repulsed by the cherub. The fifth scene contains a beautiful lamentation of Eve over her lost happiness.

"Darest thou, Oh! wretched Eve,  
Lift up thy guilty eyes to meet the sun?  
Oh no! they are unworthy, well thou know'st—  
Once, with unfaltering gaze, they could behold  
His beams, and revel in their golden light;—  
Now they too daring look  
His dazzling rays rebuke—  
Or if thou gaze upon his face, a veil  
Of blindness shrouds thy sight. Alas! too truly  
I dwell in darkness, if my sin has stained  
With horrid mists the pure and innocent sun!  
Oh, miserable Eve!  
If now I turn my feet where fountains gush,  
To taste the limpid current, I behold  
The crystal wave defiled, or scorching sands  
Usurp its place. If famished I return  
To pluck the grateful fruit from bending trees,  
Its taste is bitter to me—or the worm  
With blasting touch doth revel on its sweetness—  
If wearied I recline among the flowers,  
Striving to close my eyes—lo! at my side  
The serpent rears his crest, or hissing glides  
Amid the clustering leaves. If to escape,  
Faint, from the noontide heat, I seek the shade  
Of some thick wood, I tremble at the thought  
Of wild beast lurking in the thicket's gloom;  
And start with dread, if but the lightest leaf  
Sirs with the wind."

Lucifer, with his infernal train, once more appears to seize his victims, but is met by the Archangel Michael, armed with the thunders of heaven. We extract part of the scene between the rival chiefs

"*Michael.* Tremble, thou son of wrath,  
At the fierce lightning of this barbed spear,  
The smiting hand of him who leads heaven's host.  
Not against God, but 'gainst thyself thou wagest  
War; and in thine offence offend'st thyself.  
Back to the shades, thou wandering spirit of hell,  
From this celestial light shut out forever.  
Thou wilt but droop beneath the glory, which  
The Father of all light, who formed the suns,  
Imparts to me. Hence! with the noxious band  
Of God's accursed foes—nor tarry here,  
An evil host, with your infernal breath,  
These precincts to pollute—to scatter gloom  
Through man's pure air of life.  
No more thy hissing, vile serpent of hell,  
Shall harass innocence.

*Lucifer.* Loquacious messenger  
Of heaven's high will, clothed in the vaunted garb  
Of splendour—sailing in the attribute  
Of daring soul; minion of heaven's indulgence!  
Angel of softness, who in solemn ease,  
In seats of sloth, nests of humility,  
Dost harbour—on thy face and in thy heart

The coward stamped—a warrior but in name—  
 Spread, spread thy wings, and seek thy Maker's arms,  
 There shelter, there confide thee! too unequal  
 The strife would be 'twixt fear and bravery—  
 Betwixt the warrior and the unwarlike one.  
 The weak and strong, betwixt a Michael vile  
 And a proud Lucifer. But if thy boldness  
 Aspire to rifle from my mighty hand  
 This frail compound of clay,  
 This animated dust—I here declare  
 Against thee, war—bitter and mortal war—  
 Till thou shalt see, by this avenging hand,  
 The wide creation of thy God laid waste.

*Michael.* The doleful victory,  
 Oh fierce and desperate spirit, which thou gained'st  
 Against Heaven's forces and this creature frail,  
 Whom thou indeed hast vanquished—conquest poor,  
 Already snatched from thee—while in the chains  
 From which thy prey is freed, *thou* art involved—  
 May teach thee with what justice thou canst claim  
 The palm of honour."

The haughty monarch of Hell then reminds Michael of his first great rebellion against the Most High, and his success in dragging into ruin "the third part of Heaven's host."\* Vaunting these proofs of his might, he boldly threatens destruction to the throne of God himself! bidding the inhabitants of Heaven flee from a place which can no longer afford them a refuge of safety.

"*Michael.* Why such delay to check the impious vaunt  
 Of this proud rebel?  
 Written indeed with pen of iron—marked  
 In living characters of blood, upon  
 The page of everlasting misery,  
 Shall be thy glory for this victory.  
 To arms, to arms—then, for the swift destruction  
 Of outcast devils, and let man rejoice,  
 Heaven smile, Hell weep!

*Lucifer.* To the intemperate boast  
 Of lips too bold, but rarely doth the daring  
 Of truth succeed. To arms! and thou with me  
 Sustain the contest. Ye, my other foes,  
 Invincible, avoid the impious strife,  
 Effeminate followers of a peaceful chief.  
 —Alas! he who already hath received  
 From heaven small grace, of ill a plenteous dole,  
 On earth must also prove his strength unequal,  
 Despite the powerful spirit, to the stroke  
 Of power supernal, driving to the abyss  
 Of gloom again. It is well meet, the wretch  
 Vanquished in battle, should too lose the light  
 Of this celestial sun. Angels and God!  
 Ye are victorious—Ye at length have conquered!

\* Terza parte di Stelle.

Proud Lucifer, and all his vanquished train  
Have dearly paid the forfeit. They forsake  
The day—they sink to everlasting night!

*Michael.* Fall from the earth—baffled and wounded fall!  
Monster of cruel Hell;  
Down to the shades of night, where thou shalt die  
An everlasting death;  
Nor hope to spread toward heaven thy wings again,  
Since implous wishes fire thee desperate,  
Not penitence. And thou hast fallen at length,  
Proud head, despairing in thy downward course,  
Even as exultingly thou thoughtst to soar  
To height divine. Once more thou know'st to sink  
Thundering to hell's dark caverns. Thou didst hope,  
Fool, to bear with thee back thy prisoner man;  
Alone thou seek'st thy dungeon, deep, profound,  
Where to its depths pursued, the added flames  
Of endless wrath thou bearest, to increase  
Its ever burning fires.

Thou wouldst have made this vast world with thine ire  
A desolated waste,—where at thy breath  
Summoning to devastation, clouds, and winds,  
And lightnings, tempest-winged, and thunders loud  
Vengeful should through the air, should shake the hills,  
And make the valleys with their din resound.  
And I, in skies, from thy foul presence freed,  
The spheres with louder music weave their dance,  
And the majestic sun, with purer rays  
Gladdens the azure fields on high. The sea  
Lies in his tremulous tranquillity:  
Or joyous pours upon the gleaming strand  
His pearls and corals. Never wearied sport  
His glossy tribes, and swim the liquid sapphires.  
Lo! in a green and flowery verdure robed,  
How shine these valleys in rejoicing light!  
While the sweet grateful notes of praise ascend  
From every soaring habitant of air.  
That now, a pilgrim in the scented vale,  
Makes vocal all the woods with melody.  
Let all, united on this glorious day  
Of scorn and shame to hell, exulting raise  
The hymn of joy to Heaven, and wildly horns  
By eager winds, the golden trumpet's sound  
To tell in heaven of victory and peace!

*Adam.* O welcome sound that calls me back to joy  
Whence sad I fled! Ah me! I fear to blot,  
Tainted by sin, the holy purity  
Of angels' presence!  
O thou who wearest the glorious armour wrought  
From gems celestial! Archangel bright!  
Dread warrior—yet most mild! thy golden locks  
Hiding with helmet of immortal beams—  
Wielding in thy right hand the conquering spear;  
Close the rich gold of thy two dazzling wings,  
And turn a gentle and a pitying look  
On him who prostrate at thy feet adores.

*Michael.* Rise both—ye works of God  
Thus favoured ; banish from your bosoms dread  
Of portents unpropitious. If our Master  
With one hand smite, the other offers you  
Healing salvation."

Adam and Eve, delivered from their foes, are comforted by the heavenly messenger, who assures them of forgiveness, on condition of future obedience. With his promise, we conclude our extracts:

" *Michael.* Now, since in heaven the star of love and peace  
Shines forth, and in ambitious Hell's despite  
The victor to the vanquished yields the palm,  
Raise still your humble, grateful looks above.  
Bend to the soil your knees, and suppliant  
Praise for his mercy your forgiving Lord ;  
So in reward for penitence and zeal,  
God will your Father be, and heaven your home." [*Act 5th, Scene 9.*]

We have thus endeavoured to show to our readers, by numerous translations, the merits of this noble poem; but it is impossible to make them acquainted with all its beauties, unless we could transfer the entire work to our pages. We imagine that we have proved the sublime plan and the gigantic conception of the character of the arch-enemy, as well as those of Adam and Eve, to be original with Andreini; and, though far from entertaining any invidious wish to strip laurels from the head of Milton, we feel a satisfaction in awarding to the true inventor the praise so rightfully due, and so long unjustly withheld. If it be true, "that a god and a great poet are required to produce another great poet," the present case will only offer another illustration of the sentiment. The work of Andreini, however, differs essentially from that of the English bard, in wearing a dramatic instead of a narrative form; thus excluding the ornaments of rich and magnificent description, while it labours under peculiar disadvantages. We can readily conceive, that the author of "Adam" could not anticipate, in the representation of his work, a success commensurate with its merits, since the trickery of scenic effect could poorly indeed represent the glorious creations of the poet. These transcend all imitation; and, fancying an attempt to make them apparent to the senses of a rabble audience, we can scarcely wonder that the whole should have been stamped with ridicule. In those passages in which the Italian poet ascends "the highest heaven of invention," where he puts words into the mouth of the Deity, and interprets the hymnings of angelic choirs, he has shown himself eminently equal to his task. There is no falling off to mar the greatness of the scene; all is elevated, solemn, and sublime. In the conspiracy of Lucifer and his peers, the malice of the fiends and the despair and impious pride of the lost Arch-

angel, though strongly painted, are dignified in the highest degree;—we never lose our awe and respect for the apostate, nor forget that his fearful aspect is but

“—the excess  
Of glory obscured.”

After a perusal of this wonderful production, we can fully appreciate the debt owed by the Italians, and by all lovers of Italian literature, to the distinguished individual by whose means it has been rescued from undeserved oblivion, and raised into public estimation. It is as yet unknown in our country; but while the extension of its reputation will considerably increase our sense of obligation to Italian letters, the admirers of Milton need cherish no apprehension that his epic poem will be hereafter read with an interest in the slightest degree diminished, from the fact that he can no longer claim the exclusive merit of the design.

**ART. XI.—*The Philosophical Rambler—A Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy.* By G. HUME WEATHERHEAD, Esq. London, 1834.**

MULTIFARIOUS as are the works in relation to that teeming region “*ch 'Appennin parte, e 'l mar circonda e l'Alpe,*” there is no one of them entitled to the praise of being an account altogether worthy of the subject; and we are much inclined to fear that such a production is not soon likely to make its appearance. Few themes present so many difficulties, from the diversity and character of the qualifications, both natural and acquired, which are indispensable for its adequate treatment. The knowledge, the taste, the philosophy, the temperament, the genius required, constitute a combination that will not easily be found, it is to be apprehended, in one individual. The writer, moreover, who would do it justice, must not be a mere traveller. He must be entirely free from the considerations which are calculated to interfere so materially with the proper exercise of the tourist's intellectual faculties. He must be under no necessity of hurrying rapidly through examinations from want of time, and, from the same cause, of pursuing them, *invita Minerva*, when in no mood for the occupation, and thus rendering pleasure a task, by which superficial and unsatisfactory impressions are inevitably received. He must be exposed to none of the petty annoyances of different kinds which the process of peregrination is constantly creating, that sour the temper, distract the perception, and warp the judgment. He must become



a resident of the country, with no other limit to his sojourn than the full accomplishment of his undertaking, so as to identify himself with it sufficiently, and disengage his feelings and opinions from the influence of prejudice; and he must prosecute his labours conscientiously and *con amore*, without precipitation, and when in the "humour on't," and following the salutary advice of old Horace—*nonum prematur in annum*.—When these conditions are complied with, we may hope to possess a work upon Italy, which shall furnish an accurate description of its curiosities and beauties, relieved and illumined by the ray of poetic enthusiasm, and enriched with the stores of classic erudition, both ancient and modern, together with a competent development of the character and condition of the people, and a philosophical exposition of the nature and effect of its institutions—one, that like the rolling orb which gives the day, shall immediately upon its appearance destroy the innumerable little lights that emit their glimmer upon the land, with the sole result, it might be affirmed, of rendering darkness visible.

How is it possible, indeed, for any satisfactory information to proceed from the style in which Italy is "killed," in the technical phrase of sight-seers, or rather murdered, by the generality of travellers? How can they obtain any knowledge worth communicating, by their desultory manner of bolting through the country and beholding its wonders, employing half their time in packing and unpacking their trunks, or quarreling with postilions and landlords, arriving to-day and setting off again to-morrow, as if running a race like honest John Gilpin, for a thousand pounds, and making no acquaintances but among the two respectable classes whom we have mentioned? They reach a place, having ridden all night, in order, doubtless, to see the country, and forthwith summon a *valet de place*, with whom a bargain is made by which he is to show them every thing for a certain sum within a certain space of time, about long enough to get a tolerable idea of one main object of interest. They start upon their "lion" chase, and then for "Atalanta's heels." That he may fulfil his engagement, the valet discards all care of method or congruity in the round, attending only to proximity, hurrying them from grave to gay, from lively to severe, from antiquity to yesterday, from ruin to perfection, from church to gallery, from gallery to any thing else that happens to be near, until their brains become so gloriously bewildered by the jumble, that at the end of their course, they are not very sure whether St. Peter's is not in a state of dilapidation, and the Coliseum the edifice where their eyes were almost blasted with excess of splendour. Day after day it is the same thing. They make a complete business

of the matter; rain or shine, disposed or indisposed, the day's work must be accomplished; and as soon as all is seen that every body must see, away they rattle to the next town, to treat it in the same style, and until they have re-crossed the Alps, the principle of perpetual motion is completely demonstrated by their never-ending, still beginning expeditions. If you ask one of these rail-road gentlemen the question, erst propounded by worthy Melibæus to his fellow rustic, "*et quid tibi fuit Romanum tibi causa videndi*," he will probably give an answer like that of Tom Sheridan to his father, "to say I've been there;" and if you are too conscientious to rejoin in the phrase of "Old Sherry," "well, could'nt you say it?" you at least cannot help thinking, that to purchase the power of saying so, with the labour which must have been endured, is paying dearly for one's whistle.

The following anecdote, related by the author of the work we are about to notice, is not out of place here.

"One of our travelling, or rather posting, countrymen was met the other day by an acquaintance as he was stepping into his *chaise de poste* to see Featstonehaugh's, at Florence, on his way to Rome, when the following characteristic dialogue ensued:—'Ah, Bob! you here?' 'Yes, my worth Bob;' 'but I am off for Rome. I came here, I've seen, the day before yesterday, and determined to see what is to be seen; now I am at hand, I mean to snooze on the way to the Eternal City, and examine all its curiosities as I have done here.' 'And what do you think of the Gallery, Bob?' asked his acquaintance. 'Gallery?' rejoined Bob, 'what's that?' 'What! have you not seen the Venus?' 'Not I; but, well minded, I will though.' So Bob ordered the postilion to drive to the Gallery: he ran up the stairs, and in five minutes was back again. 'Well,' said Bob to his friend, as he bade him good-bye, 'they can't now say when I get back to Old England, that I *han't* seen the Venus.'"

Although the volume under review is by no means calculated to supply the desideratum we have indicated, its author certainly ought not to be enrolled among the gentry just described—a class who may be supposed to have been in the mind's eye of Lord Byron's parodist, when he wrote the opening lines of the *cui bono?* rejected address:

"Sated at home, of wife and children tired,  
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam,  
Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,  
The restless soul is driven to ramble home."

On the contrary, he seems to have gone very leisurely to work, his peregrinations having been accomplished on foot, which, we believe, is not the most rapid mode of journeying. At first, we must confess, we were inclined to suspect that our pedestrian was one of those ramblers who achieve more wonderful feats than if they possessed the old giant's pair of scro-

leagued boots—who, by merely making a *voyage outour de leur chambre*, in a Grub-street garret, are enabled to deservy and describe all the attractions, as well as the *disagreeabilities* of any country which it may suit their fancy or their pockets to examine. But we did not continue to harbour the idea, after we had proceeded a sufficient distance in the perusal of his lucubrations, as they wear an aspect of real Purism, strong enough to exact confidence. The world, to be sure, is still deceived by ornament, if Shakspeare may be credited, and the diaries of the gentlemen who make the tour of their rooms, concocted, as they are, from those of genuine roamers, with marvellous skill, are often, in the words of the Irishman, describing his portrait, “more like than the original;” or *originalissimi*, as the Ciceroi say of miserable copies of the pictures of great masters, in reply to the questions of the sapient dilettanti, who talk of “Correggio and stuff,” with all the blissful presumption of ignorance. It may be, therefore, that this also is a “most original” publication, notwithstanding its *prima facie* evidence of ingenuousness; but it is not much matter if it is. Whether there be such a personage as G. Hume Weatherhead, M. D., or not, and whether or not, supposing that our great progenitor has really been honoured by such a descendant, he performed the pedestrian tour through France and Italy of which he writes, one thing is certain, that the volume put forth with that name and that subject inscribed upon the title page, may occupy a few hours in a manner neither unpleasant nor unprofitable. The Doctor is, we are sure, not at all of the Sangrado species in his professional practice, if he is as lively and agreeable a fellow with his medical as with his intellectual patients. We can promise those who may wish to become the latter, that they will run no danger of being either bled or dosed with warm water, although they may not be provided with a nostrum of any extraordinary virtue. The draught which he proffers is not of a character to produce a very powerful and durable effect, but its flavour will cause no wry faces to be made as it passes over the palate, and it may create sensations of a pleasant nature for a time. In other words, the Doctor’s book, without being remarkable for learning or wisdom, is written in a sprightly, amusing vein, and contains a tolerable quantity of interesting information and remark, which, if not intrinsically very new, is yet attired after a fashion that prevents it from seeming very old. There is often a virtue in style, similar to that possessed by the famous fountain in the West Indies, of which the worthy Hidalgo, who conquered the Islands, used to go in search, for the purpose of being restored to youth by drinking of its waters; and it is a lucky circumstance that such is the case, if the assertion of La Bruyere, that “tout est dit,” be as correct as

present as we must suppose it to have been the time it was written.

The Philosophical Pedestrian Rambler did not commence making any extra use of his legs until his arrival on the French side of the channel. Starting from the coach office in Piccadilly, he was whirled to Brighton by four steeds that Phæton might have gloried in driving; and thence, as his "*march*" is not like his country's, "on the mountain wave," he was transported to Dieppe in a steamer. In that venerable place he purchased a peasant's *blouse* and a soldier's old knapsack, and then began to

" Seek sweet content on foot,  
 Wrapped in his virtue and a good surtout—"

No, we are wrong—dressed, if we may believe himself, in a shooting-jacket, short knee-breeches and gaiters—not that he meant to shoot, any more than certain dandies who sport spurs ever intend to trust their valuable persons on the back of a horse—with the *blouse* over all, to keep off the dirt, the knapsack behind containing his "twa sarks," a staff in his hand, to help him along in his pilgrimage, a few naps in his girdle to "pay the piper," and his philosophy in his cranium or his feet, or any where and every where, to serve any and every purpose to which it could be applied.

Proceeding on the Scottish maxim, "hooly and fairly,"—in our vernacular, slow and sure—he reached Paris in good condition, where he turned no blind eye and deaf ear to the multitudinous attractions by which he was surrounded. We may make one or two extracts from the pages which he has devoted to the French metropolis, as specimens of his lively style.

"Settled in my hotel, I began to consider of my vocation and amusement; and, without losing time in long and dubious deliberations, debating with myself whether I should first visit the catacombs or the theatres, the *Champs Elysées* or the *Pandemonia* of the Palais Royal, I sallied out,—“Let me go and see the sights in the streets of Paris,” said I.

"Why, the very names of the streets are sometimes singular enough. You have the Rue des Bons-Enfants, des Mauvais Garçons, and, as a consequence, des Mauvaises Paroles; Rue P-t du Diable, Rue Lavande; Rue Pique-puce, Rue de Délices; Rue Paradis and Rue d'Enfer. Even the signs will amuse a stranger: over a brandy-shop, for example, you read 'au Saint Esprit;' a milliner, again, invites you 'à la Diane.' Your sentimentality is next assailed by 'à la Mère de Famille,' your parsimony by 'au Petit Gain,' your virtue by 'la Fille Mal-gardée,' and your patriotism by 'la Belle Anglaise.' Not unfrequently you see written on a perruquier's window-shutter 'Ici l'on rajeunit:' I should be apprehensive that a fellow so accustomed to the use of a razor might bethink himself of Medea's renovator—a warm bath of blood. But of all the industrious tradesmen in Paris, none seem to go about their business more comfortably and becomingly than the street-beggars. Passing along the Boulevard Italien the other evening, the sound of lamentation struck my ear, and on turning aside, I perceived, shocking to relate, a beggar on his knees, *with two*

lighted candles before him; and lest he should dirty his velvetten breeches, or execrate his delicate shins, he had taken especial care to kneel on a tabouret of wicker, with a nice, thick, downy, fluffy piece of carpeting spread over it!—and the *poivre miserable* was right. A man may kneel on the cold, bare flags of a church whilst he begs of Heaven his daily bread; but surely it may be permitted to ask 'charité, pour l'amour de Dieu,' with more regard for one's marrow-bones, of a mortal. Two of my particular acquaintances, mendicants here, keep their carriages, vehicles on four wheels, drawn by a pony. The *poivre miserable* sits inside at his ease, before an organ, and, trundling round the handles, you may have Malbrook, an air from the last new opera, or any other rage of the day, and all for a sou. But as craving your bounty himself would be mightily *infra dig.* for one who drives his own carriage, this *poivre miserable* generally keeps two footmen in the literal sense, stout, lusty stentors, neither lame nor blind, who walk by the side of the carriage, and solicit your bounty *en prince*. Well, there is nothing like taking things easily in this charitable world; and if the fortune of Belshazzar ever be mine, Fate! shave my head, and make me a capuchin, or set me up a carriage, and pass me on to Paris!"

"The cause of the French Revolution is mainly to be attributed to the blind security and obstinacy of the government, in persisting in a system of outrageously corrupt polity, instead of meeting the exigencies of the age, in not yielding, in short, to the necessary changes demanded by the advanced and advancing progress of knowledge. Whilst society is in its infancy, some degree of absolute rule is perhaps both wholesome and requisite for its proper guidance; but when the crude, unfermented mass of the populace gets the leaven of knowledge and inquiry mixed with it, and has thoroughly begun to work, any attempt to stay the progress of change towards the ripening of the intellect, is in danger of producing an explosion. Allow but the effervescence of the mental ferment to dissipate itself unchecked and unheeded, and no accident can happen; for its turbulence is mere froth, which will quietly settle down, when the dregs of ignorance will be found at the bottom, and the spirit of intellect, where it ought to be—superabundant.

"As you walk along, you not unfrequently come to streets that were uncanonized during the blasphemous times of the Revolution, with the place where the word "Saint" stood, effaced—*as Rue (blank) Dominique, &c.* This circumstance at the time gave rise to several ludicrous mistakes. St. Barthe suffered a second martyrdom in this manner among the rest; and it often happened that, on inquiring for Rue Barthe (rhobarb), the person was directed to the nearest apothecary's. They tell another story of these times. A linen-draper, whose shop was quite the fashion of the day, happened unluckily to have the figure of the holy precursor for his sign, with the words "au Saint Jean Baptiste" below. When the law joined for effacing the names and effigies of all saints exposed to public view, the man of muslin was obliged to take down the "*vox clamantis*," who had proclaimed his fame so long and so far; but as a substitute, he had painted on the same board the figure of a monkey wrapped in a coat-skin, under which was written "*au Singe en Baptiste*," and by this ingenious euphony he preserved the name in sound, though forced to change the personage of his well-known sign.

Napoleon himself, in the zenith of his glory and power, did not escape an occasional lash from wit's cat-o'-nine tails, as the following epigram exemplifies:

"Par une faveur sans égale  
L'Empereur me serrant la main,  
Me dit, 'Quelque chose vous aura demain.'  
Et le lendemain—*f'cuz la gale!*"

One story more of the Revolution. The voice of prophecy hath long been silent, and yet something of its spirit seems to have awoke when the following "petite chansonnette" was written to ridicule the indiscriminate rage for denunciation which prevailed during the bloody sway of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre :

AIR—*Les Trembleurs.*

"Je dénonce l'Allemagne,  
Le Portugal et l'Espagne,  
Le Mexique et la Champagne,  
Le Limagne et le Pérou.  
Je dénonce l'Italie,  
L'Afrique, et la Barbarie,  
L'Angleterre, et la Russie,  
*Sans même excepter Moscou !*"

The day on which our Rambler left Paris to prosecute his walk, was not one very well calculated to put wings to his feet, and remove that undefined feeling of dejection which almost invariably attends the commencement of a long journey, however exhilarating in prospect, even when "fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows." The roads were excessively muddy, owing to a heavy rain during the preceding day; "the sun had risen sad and gloomy, shining dimly by times, like a sulky child that tries to smile with the tear-drops hanging to its eye-lashes; now chasing the lighter mists before him as a ship does the rippling waves; now plunging into the thicker and denser, and as he dashed the surging clouds from his prow, I felt the spray fall on my face." Dr. *Weatherhead*, however, was not to be affected, as his name might indicate, by any such *contre temps*—so he trudged through the mire towards Fontainebleau, to inspect its splendid palace, so celebrated by its associations with the glory and the fall of the great "mad-man" of our era; but here he encountered another mishap of a more vexatious character. The king was at the royal establishment on a hunting-party, and when this is the case, no admission is granted to visitors. Summoning his philosophy to his aid, to enable him to bear up against his disappointment, he crossed the forest, and continued on to Lyons, where he arrived in due season. This noted town, once the centre of the Roman dominions in the north, the birth-place of Germanicus, Caracalla, and Marcus Aurelius, now the second city of importance in France, the seat of the richest manufactures, and famous, or rather infamous, for the fearful revolutionary scenes which have been enacted in its streets, found no particular favour with our author. He "hung out" at the Hotel de Milan, and fancied himself uncomfortable; thought the manufacturing vigour was on the decline; saw nothing that deserved a second look, except the fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV.; and imagined that the people were less ready to uncover their heads than is

usual in France, because the Lyonnese are renowned for possessing the characteristic feature that distinguished King Midas, and according to Rabelais, enjoy, in consequence, the right to wear their hats even when going to be hanged:

"Privilege fort authentique  
Pour sacher l'oreille arcadique."

So, "not relishing his company, he strapped his knapsack on his back once more, and left these modern Arcadians to 'go and be hanged,' after their own fashion."

Whilst, however, he was making these remarks about Lyons, the goddess Nemesis was not certainly shedding her influence upon his pen. We recollect passing two or three days there pleasantly enough, notwithstanding the circumstance of being enveloped for the greater part of the time in as dense a mist as a reasonable traveller could desire, especially if he wishes to obtain a *clear* idea of the place in which he is sojourning for the moment. The town itself, we must confess, is not the neatest and most delightful collection of buildings on the globe, and not unfrequently, as we travelled along its miserable alleys, called streets, ankle deep in mud, with eyes filled with tears, and respiration almost stopped by the atmosphere and the smoke, we were tempted to utter a hearty blessing upon our stars for having cast our existence in a city of cleanly, spacious pavements and unfoggy climate; but it possesses sundry objects of sufficient interest to enable the traveller to put up with its inconveniences for a period. The examination of the manufacturing establishments furnishes of itself a quantum of agreeable and instructive matter for an inquisitive mind; and one who is out upon an expedition for "killing lions," as every tourist professes to be, will encounter some few animals of that genus worthy of the pursuit—such as the Hotel de Ville, an imposing old edifice, where are two colossal bronze statues of the Seine and the Rhone, the first represented by the figure of a female, the other by one of a male; the Hotel Dieu, an admirable hospital, attended by an order of nuns, a hundred and fifty in number; the Public Library, containing more than a hundred thousand volumes, eight hundred of which are valuable manuscripts; the Museum, in which are an excellent gallery of paintings, and a collection of antiquities of considerable attraction for one who has not yet crossed the Alps. The Theatre is internally one of the chastest and most beautiful structures of the kind we have ever seen; but the operatic performances on its boards, judging from what we heard, are by no means of corresponding merit. Every thing superior of that description in France, is drawn into the greedy vortex of Paris, and if dramatic excellence is to be met with in the provinces, it is because every Frenchman is endowed with more or less of the acting faculty.



We should not forget to indicate, among the things to be admired in Lyons, its numerous bridges—some, remarkable for their architectural splendour, others, venerable from their antiquity; its magnificent quays, which may challenge a comparison with any structures of the kind in the world; the beautiful *Place de Belle Cour*, adorned by the equestrian statue of Louis XIV., mentioned above; and the prospect afforded from a hill, which may be considered as forming a part of the town. The surrounding country, studded with country-seats, and watered by two rivers, with the snow-capped summits of the Alps in the distance, and the picturesque appearance and situation of the city itself, combine to constitute a landscape of exquisite finish. The environs are very beautiful, especially as you approach in the steamboat on the Soane from Chalons. What an evidence, by the way, of the comprehensiveness of language, is furnished, by applying to the miserable craft which drag their slow length on the French rivers, the same appellation as is given to the magnificent vessels which dash through our waters with the speed of the wind! It is a pity the good people of France do not devote a portion of the time which they employ in creating political confusion at home and abroad, to the improvement of their means of internal travelling. Not a few changes for the better might be made in both their land and water conveyances.

With regard to the inhabitants of Lyons, we do not particularly remember their attachment to their chapeaux, which our author remarked, but we certainly retain a very distinct impression of their propensity for cigars and playing cards, as we were prevented by it on the first morning after our arrival from getting breakfast as expeditiously as the importunity of appetite demanded. Going to a café for the purpose, our eyes and olfactories were so warmly saluted on entering, by volumes of smoke rolling from the mouths of Messieurs seated at the little tables, the hands of most of whom were also filled with clubs and spades, and the other implements of gambling, that we were fain to make as precipitate a retreat as possible; and the same annoyance was encountered in all the establishments into which we thrust a glance, in order to discover one untainted by the fumes of tobacco, until we abandoned the hunt in despair, and contrived to eat and drink in spite of the fumigation which person, and bread, and coffee underwent. The same scene was observable throughout the entire morning, indicating that there was a quantum of gentlemen in the place who agree fully with the Italians that *é una dolce cosa il non far niente, e anche é una dolce cosa il non far niente*, or at least nothing that can be productive of any advantage; and we were informed by good authority that such is the fact.

On leaving Lyons, our pedestrian was wise in determining to proceed to Marseilles, and thence make his descent upon the Italian plains by the maritime Alps, as he was thus enabled to see an interesting part of the south of France, and to journey over a road more wonderful in its construction, and more grand as well as lovely in its scenery, than almost any other in the world. Several of the French towns through which the traveller passes in pursuing this route, are well calculated, by the vestiges of Roman greatness and magnificence which they possess, to prepare him, as it were, for his investigations in the region where the masters of the universe displayed those attributes in all their marvellous extent. At Orange, near the banks of the Rhone, and little more than half the way between Lyons and Marseilles, there are ruins which might make the blood of an antiquary tingle with delight. Those of the theatre are in a better state of preservation than any of the kind extant, some of its parts, especially the episcenia, being quite perfect; and a triumphal arch which our author appropriates to the honour of Domitian *Ænocharbus*, in commemoration of his victory over the Allobrogi at the battle of Uindalon—deeming this the most probable of the conjectures which have been hazarded concerning its erection—exhibits the utmost finish of workmanship and beauty of construction. Nîmes is not in the direct route, but it is at too short a distance from it to authorize any one who pretends to the slightest tincture of feeling for the remains of by-gone times, to pass it by unvisited. Two of its antiquities, the amphitheatre and the *maison carrée*, are inferior in beauty to very few even of their brethren in Italy. The last is a perfect bijou in high preservation, and the other is less dilapidated than any amphitheatrical ruin in existence. The outer walls, and more than half the rows of seats, are almost unimpaired. It is also remarkable for the size of the stones with which it is built. Some of them are seventeen feet in length, a magnitude so extraordinary, as to have given rise in the dark ages to the idea that the Romans possessed the secret of casting stones in the manner of metals.

More striking, perhaps, even than this, is the ruin encountered on the route from Avignon to Nîmes, of which a description is given in the following extract from our pedestrian's volume.

"*POUR LE GARD.*—March with me one day more, and we are at the pen-house; to arrive at which, by the shortest route, you cross a ferry at Remoulin. The ruin known by the name of the Pont du Gard is the noble remains of an ancient aqueduct, situated about a mile from the town, which modern necessity has rendered necessary to the city by an obnoxious bridge. This splendid monument of antiquity stretches, between two hills, over the river Gard, and served to convey the waters of the fountain of Avre to the ancient city of Nîmes: it is 145 French feet in height, and

consists of three ranges of arches, the lower composed of six, the middle of twelve, and the upper range of thirty-five, and its greatest length, at the level of the water-run, exceeds 500 feet. This noble structure is of the Tuscan order, and built of *opus quadratum*, as the French well express it, that is, without cement. The blocks of stone of which it is constructed are enormously large: some are above seven feet long, and of great thickness, which will account for its fine state of preservation. A ruin of vast magnitude must be seen to be admired; for no description can convey an adequate idea of its grandeur and magnificence, nor can the imagination grasp by the aid of mere numbers the dimensions of what is colossal. Its erection is attributed to Agrippa, who, from his great attention to all matters of this kind, obtained the title of *Curator Perpetuus Hydruntis*, an appellation which it is probable he would strive to merit from this col as a particular, of which he was the patron. The attention paid to the plentiful supply of wholesome water was greater among the Romans than among us in modern times. The frequent and universal use of bathes among the ancients, and the quantity required in some of their religious ceremonies, oblations, for the sacrifices, and other mystic rites, made aqueducts so necessary. The fountain at Nîmes is as beautiful as after rains; and the principal resort here in heathen times was the drawing of the *pegeus* Apis, a steady and certain supply became a matter of religious concern. We, therefore, cannot wonder at the pains the ancients took to obtain good water in abundance, or that the aqueduct of the Pont du Gard should extend nine leagues in length, following the winding of the hills, before it got to Nîmes.

"Wild thyme and other fragrant herbs grow here in great plenty, and give a delicious flavour to the mutton fed on the neighbouring hills. Large square stones, part of the ruins, lie strewn on the heights; and well the aqueduct there is a subterraneous cavern, hewn out of the solid rock—for what purpose it is difficult to conjecture."

At St. Remi, also, which you pass through on returning from Nîmes to the direct road, are two monuments, sufficient of themselves to repay the extra trouble which has been taken. One is a mausoleum perfectly preserved, and the other a triumphal arch very nearly so, both upon a small scale. Their beauty, moreover, is greatly enhanced by their picturesque situation, under mountains whose rocky pinnacles overlook these remains of former glories like guardian spirits.

Having gone as far as Nîmes out of his way, our author thought that he might take further liberties with his feet, and trudged on to Montpellier, being, at the time, according to his own account, under the influence of a certain cacoethes of a stirring and metastatic nature, that no sooner was the propensity of curiosity allayed in one place, than it broke out in another with undiminished virulence. He was anxious to visit that haven of phthisical hope, in order to judge of its climate, as he did not exclaim *adieu la boutique* on leaving his home, with the intention of sinking the M.D. ship until his return. The result of his expedition was a sentiment of wonder, that the place should ever have obtained its reputation as a fit residence for the consumptive invalid, situated, as it is, in an open and unprotected position on a hill exposed to the *bise*, "which

tickles the weasand, like a notched razor, enough of itself, without other co-operation to produce the *chin-cough*."

Retracing his steps to Nismes, he thence proceeded to Arles, and next to Marseilles. The following is a graphic and faithful picture.

"As you approach the edge of the height which commands Marseilles, the air freshens on the senses; a few short miles more, and the frothing wave falls exhausted at your feet. The fishermen are seen watching or drawing their nets, and boys gambling in the water like as many ducks. The sun had now begun to woo the western horizon, and to set in an ocean of fire; while, in the east, the moon rose in majestic silence. A pale gleam lit the distant groups of mountains, and deep shadows reigned in the valleys: the little barks had unfurled their sails, and, like sea-birds on the wing, were preparing to seek a haven for the night; their ensigns and pennants float on the breeze; the oars plash with regulated stroke the briny flood, and, as the merry mariners ply towards their homes, the laugh flies round on the pinions of anticipated joy. A kind of peaceful tumult and confused murmur steals more and more audibly on the ear, and in another moment you find yourself in the midst of the gay crowd in the *Grand Cours* of Marseilles."

In this city there are none of those ruins of its ancient greatness, which prove that walls have tongues as well as ears, by the eloquence with which they speak of glory and power now extinct. Many columns, tombs, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions existed there before the revolution, but they were almost all swept away by the beam of destruction which was handled with such infuriate vigour by the madmen of that epoch. The few memorials that were found again, are now to be seen in the Museum, in which there is also a valuable collection of paintings.

The general aspect of Marseilles is cleanly and handsome. Many of the streets are wide and well built, and provided with *trottoirs*, an unusual circumstance; but these, it is true, are for the most part so narrow, that the inhabitants generally evince in their promenading as much respect for the Horatian maxim, in *medio tutissimus*, as is manifested in every other European town. The *cours*, or open squares, are numerous, and present a lively spectacle in the evening, from the multitude of persons and equipages with which they are thronged. That which is exhibited throughout the day on the quays, is equally interesting and animated, crowded as they are with natives of almost every country, Christian and Mahomedan, pursuing the business of commerce with characteristic vivacity, or staidness, or stolidity.

Between Marseilles and Toulon, a portion of the road runs through a gorge, whose savage sublimity would defy description. After visiting in the latter place the arsenal, and obtaining a much higher idea of the naval character of the French, than, perhaps, you previously entertained, and sailing in a *bateau* across the

harbour to an elevation commanding an admirable view of the city and environs, from which your guide points out to you, with all the loquacious complacency of a Frenchman detailing the glory of the *grande nation*, the sites among the surrounding heights where Bonaparte planted the batteries that caused the surrender of the town, you are very willing to recommence your journey and make the best of your way to Nice. The route thither is beautiful, at least from Frejus, where you sleep the first night in the very chamber in which Napoleon once reposed, according to the information of your landlord, who kindly communicates the same inspiring intelligence to the occupant of every room in his house. There you begin to ride along the shore of the Mediterranean, the dash of whose tideless waters upon the beach is as delightful to the ear, as its magnificent expanse fading away until its blue tints are blended with the azure hue of the heavens, is to the eye. The situation of some of the villages which you encounter, is romantic in the extreme, particularly that of Cannes, opposite to which is the island where the mysterious man of the iron mask was confined.

Nice is a handsome little town, but its reputation for salubrity is assailed by our Doctor with quite as much vehemence as he decries that of Montpellier. The cures accomplished by both of these places, seem, in his opinion, to bear a strong resemblance to that effected by the Irish veterinary physician, who brought in a bill to a gentleman for "curing his honour's horse until he died," or to that which was worked upon a stuttering individual of considerable powers of imagination, who, after having been under the hands of a professor of the art of removing the defect, asked a friend of his, afflicted in the same way, why he did not apply to the person by whom he was *cu-cu-cu-red*.

"'Long life to your honour, if you die to-morrow.' is a well-known Irish benison. Now that I am at Nice, I feel as if the Spanish salutation, 'May you live a thousand years,' was to be fulfilled in my proper person, were I to stay but long enough, *or to believe all that is said of it*, according to which the longevity of Methuselah ought no longer to be considered an anomaly, for here people (they say) are sure of becoming immortal—beyond the grave!

"Full of this consolatory persuasion, I walked out to the fine, terraced promenade by the sea-beach, where I found the *bise* blowing so keen and cold, that I, with lungs strong enough to sound the last trump, could not refrain from coughing. This devil of a wind is sharp enough to shave a *sapeur*, or put a fresh edge on his hatchet; that which I experienced at the Pont du Gard was a mere whistle to it. Next day it was altogether as hot; and invalids, to encounter such extreme transitions, ought to have their chest lined inside with sheet iron, and their pulmonary exhalations worked by steam;—and yet this is a residence recommended to those whose hollow lungs already reverberate the echo of death! Were it not

for these sudden variations of temperature, Nice would be a desirable retreat for the invalid: its situation on the sea-shore is delightful; its promenade unique; the orange-tree bears abundantly in the open air; and the breeze blowing from the sea tempers the excessive heat of the warmer months."

At Nice commences the passage of the maritime Alps, and those who have travelled the road will find no difficulty in acquiescing in what we have asserted respecting it on a former page. The succession of views, both of sea and land, is of endless diversity and exquisite beauty, and the road itself, cut from the side of the mountains, sometimes through solid rocks, is one of those marvellous works which it required the genius of Napoleon to conceive, and all his energy and resolution to accomplish. The finest portion of it is about the little principality of Monaco, the chief town of which, situated on a promontory jutting far out into the sea, is presented to the eye in a variety of admirable points of view by the windings of the road. The sovereign of this miniature state must be an immensely important personage in his own estimation and that of his subjects, judging from the deportment of the officers of his police and custom-house. His *altezza serenissima* is said not long ago to have had his complacency disturbed in a serious degree by the insolence of an Englishman, who, having been commanded to leave his dominions in twenty-four hours, sent him word in reply, that he had ordered horses and would be out of them in two.

Our author's progress through Italy was ordered in the most eligible manner. From Genoa he went to Pisa, Leghorn and Florence, thence to Rome, by the Sienna route, thence to Naples, from which he returned to Rome, and afterwards to Florence by the road of Perugia and the Falls of Terni. From the Tuscan capital he proceeded to Venice, passing through Bologna, Ferrara and Padua; and continued his journey to Milan, spending a day or two on the way, in Vicenza, Verona and Brescia. Had he also made a detour into the interior of the country, and honoured Parma, Placentia, Mantua, and Modena with his presence, and then bent his steps to Turin, he would have seen all that is comprized in the usual *giro*; but hearing at Milan, that "*la parque à la sourdine avait diablement hêlé*," in other words, that circumstances had occurred which rendered him anxious to get home, he hastened over the Simplon without even visiting Lake Como, one of the sights which, in the language of travellers, if you do not see, you have seen nothing.

He also appears to have properly timed his residence in the different cities, although he disdains to trouble himself with dates, and enables us to judge of the seasons only by inference.

different regard, it may be observed, is not always heeded by Italian tourists, upon the point of choosing particular periods for particular places, notwithstanding its indispensableness for obtaining the full fruition of the tour. In consequence of the various situations of the most important towns, the portions of the year best calculated for each, are, in a great measure, ascertained, and if they are not visited then, the impression received from them will, in all probability, be comparatively uninteresting. We mention this from sad experience, as it was our misfortune to be at Naples at a season when the generally delightful climate of that beautiful city is, for the most part, detestable, so that our recollections of what is usually the theme of the most enthusiastic eulogists or rambles, of the spot which after being seen you are advised to die, are less delightful than of any other metropolis in Italy. It was the month of March, and we do not think we ever were so much disappointed by weather before or since. Some fine days, of course, occurred, which furnished an opportunity of perceiving how delightful the abode must be under favourable auspices, but those of an opposite character were so frequent and so uncomfortable, that it was with little or no regret we departed when the allotted period of our sojourn had expired. When it did not rain—which it ever and anon did, as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened for another deluge—there was a chilly, sharp wind blowing often with excessive violence, that penetrated to the very vitals. The changes were also tryingly abrupt for the constitution of one at all liable to be affected by alterations of temperature.

We may copy here the theory of our author in relation to the great atmospheric pest of the Neapolitan region, the *sirocco*, submitting the decision of its justice to those better versed in natural science than we profess to be.

"*Sirocco*.—Yesterday and to-day Naples has been beset by the *sirocco*. Few it is here a more indelible memory, or have lately been more frequently abused and misapplied than that of *sirocco*, since every breath of air oppressive or offensive to a travelling Samolungus's feelings, must already be a *sirocco*, and so we read of *sirocco* every where, even at Palermo. Since Hydrunt lay the *sirocco* has, by the account of every subsequent traveller, been described as a suffocating blast coming from the deserts of Arabia. But if we are to credit travellers who have experienced the samiel of the desert, the *sirocco* and the samiel only resemble each other in some of their effects; but in none in the identity of their nature. The samiel is described as a blast of wind first seen approaching from some part of the horizon, and, as it passes over the prone traveller, it envelops him in a fine impalpable dust, which not only penetrates and overfalls his garments, but into the inmost recesses of his eyes and other baggage. It is this impalpable dust which produces suffocation, and blinds even, as well as to cover their countenances in the earth, that they may not perceive its so sensible and so fatal approach.

"Among the places the *sirocco* infests, Naples, Messina, and Palermo.



are those principally, and, until the word became misapplied, almost exclusively, spoken of by travellers who have treated of the subject. Agrigentum, and the whole south side of Sicily, which are directly opposite to the point whence the sirocco is said to come, are not noticed by any writer as being particularly exposed to its stifling influence, or, indeed, as being obnoxious to it at all. Is this not very singular? let me ask. Is it not, in fact, subversive of the very idea of its origin? Again, no part of the coast of Greece has ever been reputed as liable to the effects of the sirocco; and yet no rational cause can be assigned for this exemption, if it be true that it comes from the opposite coast; and, after various inquiries made of naval officers who have been stationed in the Mediterranean, and who have navigated this sea at all seasons and in all directions, I have not been able to find one who had ever experienced its effects while traversing for years the very track of its supposed course. How is it possible, let me again ask, that this could have happened, did the sirocco cross the Mediterranean from Africa?

“Its denomination of a *wind*, in the first place, is misapplied; for it must be well known to every one who has felt its baneful impression, that when this state of atmosphere exists there is no wind at all. The day it prevails is overcast, sultry, and calm; look around, and you see nothing but a lurid haze, as offensive to the eye as its breath is poisonous to every other sense.

“But after having endeavoured, by the foregoing observations, to set aside the unfounded and mistaken notion entertained of the nature and source of the sirocco, how otherwise, the traveller has a right to inquire, is the phenomenon to be explained? The following is the view I am inclined to take of it.

“From the fuming mouths and crevices of Vesuvius, and the pseudo-volcanic vicinity of the Pisciarelli, Solfatara, and Baïæ (*vaporiferæ Baïæ*), from Stromboli and Etna, there is constantly issuing mephitic vapours and gases, which, from their heated and rarefied state, naturally ascend, and, mixing with the purer circumambient air, get diluted and dispersed by every casual wind. But let us suppose not an unusual occurrence to take place, namely, that this mephitic atmosphere shall suffer a sudden diminution of its elasticity through a change of temperature taking place high up in the air, while the aqueous vapour it holds dissolved becomes in consequence more condensed; and that at the same time there shall be no wind to disperse the gaseous exhalations as they continue to arise from below; the natural effect must be, for these dense vapours to descend, and for those which are being evolved to fall again, as soon as they have cooled down to an equilibrium of temperature with the surrounding atmosphere. The necessary consequence of all which must be, for this concentrated mass of mephitic vapour to lodge, by reason of its greater specific gravity, on the surface of the earth, and thus envelope within its range and influence every being that breathes.

“Added to this state of contamination are the fresh exhalations that continue to be emitted, thus saturating the more strongly with mephitism the already infected air; and in cities where narrow winding streets and high buildings entangle these mephites, and impede their dispersion, the suffocating adulteration must of necessity be more powerfully felt. Now, the effects on the human frame which the sirocco produces are precisely those known to be caused by mephitic gases when inhaled; and when we consider the proximity of Naples to Vesuvius, and of Messina and Palermo to Stromboli and Etna, we can no longer wonder at their being sites particularly exposed to experience the sirocco, or at the immunity of other places in the same parallel, which, if it really proceed from the African coast, would encumber the other difficulties attached to the hypothesis of a wind which is no wind, with an additional paradox. In a word, the sirocco,

properly so called, is nothing else, in my opinion, than volcanic mephitis deposited from a humid and unstrung atmosphere, which, when inhaled into the lungs in a condensed and concentrated state, produces those effects in a poisonous manner, which the animal of the desert produces solely as a mechanical.

"A phenomenon familiar to all who have resided a winter in London, and precisely similar in its philosophical rationale, often occurs about November. I allude to the dense and dark fogs of London. About this time of the year the atmosphere is liable to sudden diminutions of elasticity, which, when they happen, precipitate the smoke proceeding from innumerable coal fires along with the humidity, in a way precisely analogous, as I conceive, to what takes place at Naples, Messina, &c. when the *sirocco* prevails, and many delicate invalids, especially the asthmatic, suffer in a way very similar to that produced by the *sirocco*. Coal-smoke, we know, consists principally of mephitis and sulphureous fumes.

"The exhalations given out all round Naples are extremely irritating to the lungs, aggravating every pulmonary disease; and I am afraid the Italian saying, "*See Naples and die*," has often been too literally verified by many an English victim, led to a premature death by the pernicious and self-interested counsel of itinerant medical practitioners, the *medici ambulanti*. According to Dr. Ruggieri, deaths from consumption form the fifth part of the bill of mortality in Naples. This impurity of the atmosphere is even sensible to the nostrils, for the air never has that sweet refreshing aroma which makes an English spring so grateful and fragrant."

During the summer months Rome is to be avoided, on account of the malaria by which it is then infected. Some, indeed, are of opinion that it is never perfectly free from the malarious influence, and we are very much inclined to coincide in the idea, from what we have seen and felt. There is always something heavy and morbid in the atmosphere, which operates perniciously on the nerves, creating an indisposition for exercise, and at times a depression which it is impossible to shake off. We know persons who were constantly distressed by headache, of a dull, dispiriting character, during their entire residence in Rome, which would almost immediately disappear on their going somewhere else, and return as soon as they came back.

"With regard to the fitness of the climate as a residence for the pulmonary invalid, I cannot agree in those unqualified commendations which some have bestowed upon it. The air, as I have said, is heavy and malarious, and certainly there are some whose lungs such a temperament of atmosphere may suit; but this I think is certain, that if it prove not beneficial the trial cannot be made with impunity; and no physician, if honest to his opinion, can say, *a priori*, whether it will prove so or not. In spring again, and even in summer, a cold wind blows at times from the Apennines, which suddenly chills the air. This is an observation of Pflanz. My conviction is, that many a consumptive patient, who might have long since walked to the grave elsewhere, galls to his goal at Rome. His languor increases under the depressing influence of so moist and relaxing an atmosphere; his nocturnal paroxysms become more frequent and obdurate, his expectoration more exhaustingly copious, a quickened circulation fans the inflammatory combustion, and a keener hectic feeds on its vital principle until it is consumed, when death, closing the scene, bears away the last sigh, fraught with regret for having ever left home."

As to the source of the malaria, he offers the following hypothesis:

"Walking on the Monte Pincio one day, I perceived thin and variously composed strata of volcanic dust, developed by the partial cutting away of the hill for the path which ranges on its height, and examining it in different places, I found it to be entirely formed of a mound of the same volcanic material. It is of a bluish colour, speckled with white spots, perfectly calcined, and possesses a strong attraction for humidity. Some that I got several months ago is even now more damp than when taken from the hill, though repeatedly dried by the sun as carried about in my knapsack. This property of the soil of Rome is, in my opinion, the chief source of the malaria, so fatal in its effects here at certain seasons of the year. Its line of distribution marks the limit of its operation, and this circumstance will explain how one side of a street should be notoriously unhealthy, and the other free of any noxious influence. The most heedless observer must frequently have witnessed how speedily the roads in the neighbourhood of Rome dry after even great torrents of rain. He mistakes much, if he thinks this proceeds from evaporation, for the heat of the sun, even in the hottest summer months, could dissipate but little in so short a space of time. It is absorbed by the thirsty nature of the soil; and he may convince himself of the fact, by remarking how permanently moist this is all the year round a few inches under the surface. Heat and moisture, we all know, vivify and disengage the fœtuses of disease; no wonder, then, that these, acting on the debris of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, buried for ages, and daily gaining fresh accumulations, should generate pestilential effluvia, and by contaminating the atmosphere of Rome during summer, produce fevers of so fatal a type.

"This pernicious condition of the soil is not confined to Rome (six out of seven of the hills on which it stands I ascertained to be volcanic), but extends as far as the deliquescent earth (its peculiar matrix) itself does; and hence the unhealthiness of the whole of the Campagna. Circumstances certainly modify its degree of intensity; but I think facts will bear me out in circumscribing the sphere of the operation of malaria to the demarkation made by the line of its extent. The Pontine Marshes, again, owe any peculiar unhealthiness they possess to another kind of formation, of which I shall speak hereafter."

On a subsequent page, he makes these additional observations in reference to the health of the Eternal City.

"It is a disputed point, whether Rome was equally noxious to health in ancient as it is found to be in modern times. I think a review of its peculiar topography can settle this matter, independent of history. Livy tells us of the nineteen plagues\* that occurred between 287 and 460 A.C., for which Saturnus,† with a prophylactic view, instituted the *Ludi Surrentini*. Cato mentions several places which were rendered uninhabitable from the malaria. Tacitus, in his 16th book, likewise relates how a pestiferous air, in Nero's time, laid waste the Campagna, desolating its towns and villages, and thence extending into and devastating Rome itself: it attacked all classes of the people indiscriminately. The houses were filled with the dead, the streets with funerals; and it was lamentable to hear the wailings and cries of a universally bereaved people mourning the loss of husbands and wives, of mothers and children.

\* Vide an interesting work on the Malaria, by Dr. McCulloch.

† Cicero in Bruno.

"I think a wrong idea is entertained of the former high state of cultivation of the Campagna di Roma, since the soil generally seems never to have been disturbed by the plough—a fact distinctly demonstrated by the unequivocal volcanic character it still bears; whereas, over the entire of the Campagna Felix, which we know to have been subjected to tillage for ages, the several ingredients composing the soil are so amalgamated as no longer to possess their original character, now only cognizable by its dry, pulverulent, and cineritious appearance, and by what remains yet untouched about its outskirts. When last in Rome I took occasion to explain my views of the strong attractive nature of its soil for humidity, of the tenacity with which it retains it, and of the morbid effluvia engendered by the united action of heat and moisture on the remains of animal and vegetable corruption embedded in a soil so favourable to putrefactive decomposition. With such facts before our eyes, there is no necessity, nay, it is absurd, in my opinion, to look so far as the Pontine marshes, a distance of forty miles, with the Alban hills intervening as a barrier, for malarias, which, be it remembered, must have unvarying winds, at a certain season of the year, to blow them thither undiluted, otherwise they will not account for the periodic autumnal unhealthiness of Rome. At this time of the year the weather is sultry; the miasmata have attained their intensest virulence, and most abound; the constitution of the inhabitants is, at the same time, predisposed by the relaxation produced by the continuance of the heat; and hence arises the prevalence of those remittent fevers that prove annually so fatal in this place. It is these accumulated exhalations, indeed, that constitute what has been denominated, so improperly, the *sirocco* of Rome, which, when condensed and precipitated by their own gravity, or by a change of atmospherical elasticity, diffuse themselves throughout the narrow streets and low situations of the city, and thus engender fevers of the most dangerous type. It is computed that above 10,000 pounds weight of bark are yearly consumed in Rome and its vicinity. The population of Rome is estimated at 148,000, and the deaths exceed the births in the proportion of 6114 to 4299. Phthisis, I may add, is far from being an uncommon disease among the inhabitants. With such an undeniable and frightful fact before him, I take that medical man to be either unpardonably ignorant or cruelly unprincipled, who can recommend such a place indiscriminately as a fit residence for the consumptive."

Whilst upon this subject, we may as well, also, extract what he says about those aguish places, the Pontine Marshes, which, if they are fit for nothing else, would certainly be admirably calculated for an establishment of *Shakers*.

"The volume of water which escapes from under the limestone mountains of the Apennines is truly astonishing. The principal drains run on each side of the road, and more resemble wide canals than drains, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. They are so well levelled, that the stream of water cannot stagnate, but runs freely away. With the object of ascertaining the nature of the soil of these celebrated marshes, I made excursions to the right and left of the road, where the water allowed me; and the result of my observations surprised me a good deal. The soil in most places is exceedingly superficial, often not deeper than two or three inches; and below this, there is a foundation of solid stone. This last is a calcareous deposition from the waters flowing from under the mountains, and is precisely similar to the travertine, found and formed in the neighborhood of Tivoli. This sediment encases, and, in time, petrifies, the reeds and other tubular vegetables that grow in the soil, thus forming con-

geries of interrupted conduits for the lodgment of water. It is to this peculiarity of formation, that the miasmata of the Pontine Marshes, in great part, owe their origin; but while there is no denying its pernicious influence, to a certain extent, the degree of alarm this excites appears to me one of those common errors perpetuated by idle repetition, unconfirmed by personal investigation, and unreasonably exaggerated by the fears of the pusillanimous. In my way, I passed above forty labourers at work, widening one of the drains; and, as far as I could judge by appearances, they all seemed robust and healthy, working with vigour under a scorching sun, and half up to their knees in water. Habit, it is true, is Nature's lieutenant, and we see elsewhere indigenæ thrive in a climate which is almost certainly fatal to a stranger not inured to it."

We believe that imagination has had its full share in creating the delightful idea, which is generally entertained with regard to the climate of Italy. Its serene skies can be darkened by vapours quite as black and as continuous as are to be witnessed in the gloomiest portions of the globe; its balmy atmosphere may produce a shivering throughout your frame, quite as uncomfortable as is experienced in even hyperborean regions; and the changes are often quite as violent, as in the United States themselves, where one may well reply to the remark, "Fine weather to-day," as a foreigner, used to do, shaking his head at the same time, with a dismal air, "Yes sir, but God alone knows what it will be to-morrow!" Moreover, the means of protecting one's self against the inclemency of the weather, at least against cold, are by no means of a description to enable one to set it at defiance. The Russian who returned to St. Petersburg, in winter, from Italy, for the purpose, as he said, of getting warm, was not guilty of so ridiculous an act as might be imagined. In his own compact domicil, constructed with a view to the climate of the north, so as to allow the external atmosphere to obtain no more ingress than might be desired, whilst his ignipotent stove diffused a grateful heat into every corner, he could look out upon the frozen face of nature, and listen to the roar of the wintry wind with sensations even of delight, from the increase of the feeling of comfort which the contrast occasioned; but in the *airy* apartments of an Italian mansion, designed for refuge from the power of the sun, with their marble-floors, loose windows and badly arranged hearths (if any) he might well have apprehended congelation, when the thermometer was at the freezing point. We can assert that we have suffered more from cold in Italy within doors, where such suffering is most to be deprecated, because not to be so easily removed by exercise, than in any other country, however less may have been the frigidity without. It may also be affirmed that the Italians ~~endure~~ endure cold much better than the inhabitants of severer regions, either from

the circumstance of being indurated by the habit of living as they do in winter; or on account of the greater degree of caloric in their blood, infused by the protracted continuance of "the nearer course" of the sun. Fire is by no means generally prevalent among them; it is even deemed, in Rome at least, unhealthy; and they sit tranquilly, and, to all appearance, comfortably, in a room where the temperature is such, that an American, if obliged to remain in it, would not think of any thing but endeavouring to keep his circulation active. In the churches, especially, they exhibit this characteristic in a remarkable manner. The atmosphere there, during the winter months, is, for the most part, intolerable; few strangers possess sufficient warmth of devotion to endure it for any length of time, unless abundantly provided with covering: but they seem to be insensible to it altogether.

One church there is, indeed, and that the one most attractive in a worldly point of view, to which you may resort for the purpose of escaping the cold, so delicious is its temperature. In summer, also, it affords a refuge from the heat, of equal delectability. We allude, of course, to St. Peter's, whose immense extent and the numerous lamps kept constantly burning in it, preserve an almost unvarying atmosphere throughout the year, unaffected by the weather, and exactly at the point between the two extremes, which is the most congenial to the human temperament. The physicians in Rome affirm that if they could keep their consumptive patients there entirely for a time, a great many lives would be saved. As it is, not a few are lost by visiting the other churches, and the galleries. The difference between their temperature, and that without, is often so sensible as to be perilous to the strongest constitutions. It may thus be imagined that persons of weak lungs are exposed to the most serious danger from such sudden and violent transitions. Yet pulmonary invalids go to Rome for the purpose of recovering their health, and forthwith commence the business of sight-seeing, heedless of the circumstance just mentioned; the consequence is that death, in most cases, arrests them before they have completed the round.

Our author is not as communicative with respect to his observation of the character and habits of the people, as his vivacity and acuteness might authorize us to wish; but what he does say upon the subject, manifests, on the whole, no unkindness of sentiment. The Italians we believe to be a well disposed, kind-hearted race, however much the lower orders of them may be inclined to evince their hospitality, after the fashion of the worthy John Bull, whose treatment of a Frenchman caused the latter to express the most fervid gratitude to him for his good-

ness, because, said the Gaul, "I was a stranger and you *took me in*." Notwithstanding this trait in their character, we may hazard the assertion, that even those who have suffered the most from it, depart with a feeling towards them, of sincere good-will, and a higher opinion of them in general, than was at first entertained, having been brought to the conclusion of one of the most intelligent observers of their nature, that "whatever there is of good in them, is their own, and achieved in despite of circumstances; whilst what there is of evil, is the necessary consequence of the destiny which has befallen them in the great lottery of nations." The axiom which would fix upon them the blame of bringing this destiny upon themselves—that nations always deserve their fate, whatever it may be, is more plausible than just. Force, fraud, circumstances against which virtue in all her strength and majesty can be of no avail, may bind chains, in the first instance, upon the noblest land; and its energies may be subsequently cramped to such a degree, by the compression of the fetters, as to disable it from making efforts sufficient to throw them off when the deed might be achieved. If the Italians are still slaves, it is because they are still pinioned to the earth by superior power; not because they are quietly submissive to their condition, and destitute of the desire to raise themselves erect. *Servi siam*, says Alfieri, *ma servi ancor fremanti*. A spirit is rife, now at least, amongst them, which may be affirmed, in the words of another poet, to be one "*qui mord en fremissant le frein de l'esclavage*." Sympathy with them is the strongest sentiment that is excited in the stranger's breast in relation to their lot, and this would not be the case if they did not exhibit qualities to demonstrate that it is their misfortune quite as much as their fault, if that "frein" continues to disgrace their mouths.

Concerning the inhabitants of the Eternal City, our author speaks thus:

"With regard to the private character of the Romans, I cannot, as far as my own experience and observation go, speak too highly. They are a polished and very friendly people, though seemingly somewhat reserved on first acquaintance, from being more grave and sedate than the French; sensible of their present degraded state, and secretly anxious for a change; above many of the contemptible practices which debase the character of some other nations that enjoy more liberal institutions; and if their virtues are of a less prominent and exalted cast, so also are their vices less mean and universal. The greater the restraints of despotism, the more it seems to diminish the general extent of crime, whilst it aggravates its degree of atrocity. Hence a Roman, when an abandoned character, stops short at the commission of no crime, how flagitious soever; and among the most prevalent, the disregard of human life is conspicuous. I was credibly informed by one of themselves, that, on an average, there are about five assassinations committed weekly in Rome; but as no public notice is given



of the facts, a stranger may live long enough in this city without hearing of them, unless by accident. Jealousy is the most frequent cause for such sanguinary vengeance, and very often proceeding, I was informed, from illicit intrigues."

The Florentines he denominates a race of gentle people, "genteel in exterior seeming even;" and the praise is not hyperbolic. Generally speaking, foreigners appear to sojourn amongst them with greater satisfaction than amongst the inhabitants of any other Italian town. They possess a refinement and a tempered gaiety of deportment, which act with a most genial effect upon the stranger's feelings. A sympathy may be discovered, in some respects, between their character and the aspect of the beautiful region in which they dwell, whose appellation of Florentia is abundantly justified by its graceful loveliness and enlivening fertility.

Our author's criticisms upon the master-pieces of the peacock and the chisel, with which Italy is filled, are sufficiently numerous, and indicate considerable taste. We extract, concerning the most noted objects, a few which are certainly not the worst in relation to them that have been obtruded upon the world.

"THE VENUS DE MEXICO.—Innumerable as were the casts I had seen of this celebrated statue, how imperfectly they all represent the original! The chilliness which Paris plaster imparts to a statue is like the icy hand of death on the human form. The lineaments may remain entire, but the beauty of life is destroyed; and such it is with every cast of the work of Cleopatra the Athenian—to cast it in plaster is to embody but its shade—to imitate the original à l'ombre Chinoise. It may be seen to be appreciated, for nothing else can convey any just idea of this extraordinary production of Grecian sculpture.

"The entire surface of this delicate statue blooms with youth and shines with divinity. Seeming unconscious of any one gazing at her, Venus's attitude is that of naked modesty alone and unseen. Her countenance breathes the innocent voluptuousness of Nature in full bloom; and the eye glides from beauty to beauty, and from grace to grace, in fugitive playfulness, embracing each charm in endless succession unsatiated, for there is no resting-place. It darts not settle on her lips, they are too resting; it ventures not to repose on her bosom, it is so pure. Naked, and yet the figure is not lewd; it warms the feelings, but does not inflame them. Observe the soft contours of her body, and with what grace the timid foot steals from under that charming knee. Venus is on earth, and yet she does not seem to press it; for the Queen of Love treads so lightly, that she appears to stand on the froth of a fresh-broken wave."

"CAPOVA'S VENUS.—This celebrated statue will bear no comparison, in my judgment, with the divine Venus of the Tribune. Though modest certainly, yet the goddess looks as if sensible of her nakedness; and as she shrouds her beauties from sight, she seems as if aware of your beholding her. The dorsal view is the finest, or facing her as she looks aside. The view to front is spoiled by the drapery, which, however decorous, gives an ungraceful stiffness to the figure; and as your eye instinctively drops, it falls on limbs that are coarse when compared with those of the Grecian Venus, every contour of which, as you endeavour to gaze, is so slippery

and fine, that the eye glides off the polished surface like tears from the cheek of sobbing girlhood."

"THE APOLLO.—This glorious example of marble made god by the creative chisel of the sculptor, stands in the first hall to the left. Time has fortunately respected this combination of human forms the most perfect. The body exhibits proportions of the noblest and most harmonious description; the limbs are freed from all the wants of humanity—the countenance depicts the perfection of manly beauty, somewhat ruffled by a frown: and the entire figure may be considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the beau-ideal; not masculine, nor yet adolescent—the god of day and of music. Whatever be the action represented, it is performed with the fiat of a divinity: the arm which had bent the bow is still extended, the other hangs down by his side, as if the shaft had fled: from his eye darts a look that precedes the arrow, and his lips indicate vengeance triumphant; the serpent Python is pierced, and writhes in the agonies of death. This beautiful statue was found on the sea shore, among the ruins of ancient Antium, towards the end of the fifteenth century.

"THE LAOCOON.—This celebrated group, as the reader knows, represents the misfortunes of Laocoon, a priest of Apollo, whose story is related in Virgil. At the first glance the traveller is struck with the difference between this and all the copies he may have seen of it. Bandinelli's, in the Florence Gallery, is the group defunct—the mere corpse of the original. To represent outline and muscle is a mere mechanical excellence—what the hand can copy; but what genius inspires is wanting—the vital principle of originality.

"Pain, sentiment, and courage, are the three athletics which you see wrestling for mastery in this admirable group. Laocoon is attacked in flank by one of the serpents, which winds its coils round his arms and body. The cry of pain from the bite is almost forcing itself from his half-opened lips, but the courage of the man closes them again. What perfection of anatomy! every tortuous vein swells with exertion and agony. But the sufferings of the man are what you least and last notice: it is those of parental tenderness that engross the feelings. The children, whilst flying to their father for protection, are seized by the serpents; and here note the judgment of the artist. To have represented them both bitten would have been a sameness: one alone shall be their immediate victim, and that the youngest; the other is merely imprisoned in the folds of one of the horrid reptiles, and his sacrifice is deferred. The fate of the youngest is the most pathetic: he runs to shelter himself in his father's bosom; the serpent seizes him—coils round his tender limbs, and lifts him up in the air; while with another fold he fixes one of his feeble arms: another coil winds round his infant breast, stifling the dying scream which calls on his father for succour. But the tragedy is not finished: the fate of the elder is not decided. Pinioned in the horrid embrace, in vain the boy casts a piteous look on his helpless parent; in vain his hands attempt to sever the folds which entwine him; his hands, alas! are too feeble. Will these reptiles be satiated when they have devoured Laocoon, and sucked the life's blood of the younger boy? What a sublime genius it indicates to make of an event so horrible, a scene so pathetic! In Virgil, the action is successive; here, it is simultaneous. In Virgil, the serpents have already destroyed the two children, when the father flies to their succour; here, the children and their father are bound together in the same fatal coils. Laocoon, in Virgil, utters piercing cries; on the marble he is silent. Virgil describes the bodily, the sculptor the moral, sufferings of the father. The artist is the poet, and Virgil the mere artist: the latter gives a narrative; the sculptor has made a poem of the subject. The group of the Laocoon

was found on the Esquiline Mount, in the ruins of Titus's palace. Pliny mentions having seen it in the same place; and it is from him we learn the names of the authors who executed it—Agesander, Polydorus, and Athénodorus."

"**PERSEUS OF CANOVA.**—Canova, when he conceived this statue, evidently had the idea of the Apollo in his mind's eye, and his attempt is obvious—that of rivalling this inimitable statue. Medusa's head is in his left hand, and he holds the sword which severed it in his right. The head and trunk are fine, yet want the fascination of the grand prototype; while the thighs appear too short for the body; and there is a harshness and stiffness about the limbs, which disfigure the grace and ease of the upper parts. The fault in the proportion of the limbs, which is so manifest at a little distance, disappears as you approach the figure, owing probably to the eye being incapable, from its position, of embracing it entirely. The drapery is well cast, excepting that the roll round the arm is too precise and formal, and checks the eye as it pursues the direction given to it by the look of Perseus.

"The figures of **THE TWO WRESTLERS**, again, by the same artist, are still more faulty. That to the right of the Perseus advances the left leg so far as completely to enfeeble the position. This is most conspicuous when seen in profile; while, in his antagonist, the great breadth under the axilla, the enormous projection of the ribs and *latissimus dorsi*, and the stunted length of the left forearm, are defects which cannot but strike the most superficial observer. Canova's forte, in fact, was not of a colossal cast: a Hebe, a danzatrice, or an angel, were the legitimate offspring of his delicate chisel; and though the Perseus partakes of the latter character, it cannot be considered otherwise than a failure. Icarus, when he ventured to approach the God of Day, failed in the bold attempt; smaller, then, the marvel that Canova should not surpass the son of Dedalus."

"**THE DYING GLADIATOR.**—Sitting on the ground, and supporting himself on his arm, remark how finely the faintness of approaching death is portrayed in his countenance: his head droops, as the life-stream gushes from his wounded side; but this expression is not confined to the countenance—every limb dies. It was in this school that Michael Angelo studied; and the arm on which the Gladiator rests was restored by this inimitable artist. But to call this statue a Gladiator, is, in my opinion, a misnomer. His short, coarse hair, the profile of his nose, the form of his eyebrows, his mustachios, a kind of collar round his neck; nothing, in short, accords with the figures of gladiators, elsewhere represented, but denote appropriately that of a barbarian warrior. Ctesilas was the sculptor. The character of soul represented in this statue is truly astonishing, and beautifully illustrates the remark of Hume, when he says that, "it will be found that the most perfect production still proceeds from the most perfect thought, and that it is mind alone which we admire, while we bestow our applause on the graces of a well-proportioned statue, or the symmetry of a noble pile."

"**THE TRANSFIGURATION.**—This celebrated painting affords an example of the inadequacy of all verbal description to convey aught save a feeble idea of a fine picture. It has been objected to it as a fault, that there is a want of unity in its structure, by its representing a double action; but how else was it possible to make so fine a painting of a subject which, if treated to the letter, afforded so contracted a scope even for the divine imagination of a Raphael? Though a double action be its composition, yet how admirably has the annealing skill of the artist surmounted this objection and difficulty, by his intimate identification of the two subjects; a circumstance that becomes the more obvious the more critically strict it is examined.

"In every picture the eye naturally fixes on the largest group, that is, the largest mass of colouring, first, which in the Transfiguration is placed in the foreground; here every eye and finger direct the regards towards the boy possessed, and after wandering in varied delight from figure to figure, they fix on the terrific yet sublime subject of the miracle; here they rest, partaking, I had almost said, of the possession, till, stirred by curiosity to behold the whole, the eye is led upwards by the right hand of the boy to the mystic scene which gives name to the painting. Follow the impulse, and as you regard the Redeemer spiritualized, you find it insensibly involved in a vortex by the magic circle, made by the prophets and the apostles on the eminence. Giddy with its own involuntary revolutions, the wearied eye sinks downward into the distant landscape for a moment's repose; but caught in its fall by an outstretched hand, it is thrown to the opposite side of the painting, only to be seized by another; where, getting again entangled in the eddy of this painted whirlpool, it recommences making the same revolution it has so often made before.

"This celebrated painting exhibits in its composition a fine contrast between divinity in all its glory and power, and humanity in all its infirmity and nothingness. It was this eloquent *chef-d'œuvre* of art that spoke the artist's funeral oration, for it was placed by his side when his corpse lay in state."

"GUIDO'S AURORA.—While night still envelopes the vast sea in her mantle of grey, lit only here and there by the foam of the bubbling waves; young, innocent, and beautiful, clothed in variegated veils of every iridescent hue, emblematical of the clouds which accompany her, Aurora of a sudden appears with flowers in both her hands, and the sky reddens around her. She advances with her head reverted, and eyes full of tenderness, regarding the God of Day, who, with looks not less affectionate, is gazing at his beloved harbinger as he follows in her train. In full day these two lovers never can have but a glimpse of each other. Four superb coursers playfully graze the azure waves: these acquire the tint of the blushing star, and are magnetically harnessed to a car of vermillion. The youngest daughters of rosy-fingered Morn, the Hours, so like their mother, laughing, hold each other by the hand around the chariot of the Sun, whilst hovering between the goddess and the steeds, Cupid bears the flaming torch of day; he shakes it over the universe; parting tears tremble on the eyelids of Aurora; and in an instant daylight shines abroad."

"GUERCINO'S APOTHEOSIS OF ST. PETRONILLA.—Fault has been found with Raphael's TRANSFIGURATION, because it represented a double action. Here this objection is more forcibly applicable, for the unities of both time, place, and action, are still more manifestly disregarded, without any redeeming skill in the composition of it to compensate the transgression. In the lower part of the picture you see the interment of Petronilla; and in the upper, her apotheosis. The first is so managed as to drag the eye downwards, and there bury it in the same cold grave with the dead body of the saint. Escaping from this uncomfortable scene, by a sensible effort of the will—a circumstance always unfavourable to a pleasing impression, for the chain of feeling is broken in upon, and its unison destroyed—the eye now rests, in the upper part of the canvass, on the figure of the saint received into heaven. There it may rest, and with pleasure; but, should it wander towards two figures behind that of Christ, it is carried involuntarily hence, to admire the white-washing of the ceiling. Yet, with all these defects, it is a noble painting, abounding in beautiful, though unconnected groups; and time has given it its richest, mellowest tint."

Guido's *Beatified Spirit*, in the palace of the conservatorio

at Rome, is censured by him for defects which are owing to the circumstance of its being an unfinished picture. It is strange that he did not perceive this immediately, as the appearance of the work indicates it plainly enough, and instead of finding fault, admire the exquisite merit of the sketch, and regret that it was not completed by the ethereal pencil which commenced it. The eulogy, also, which he bestows upon Titian's Deposition from the Cross, in the Manfrini palace at Venice, of being the master-piece of that glorious artist, is certainly not a conclusive evidence of his proficiency in art. The one to which that title is almost unanimously accorded, by both the learned and the unlearned, is the martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican, in the church of St. John and St. Paul, at no great distance from the mansion above named. By many cognoscenti it is ranked as the third picture in the world, inferior only to the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome; and it would be difficult to prove that it is surpassed by any other. Algarotti asserts that the greatest master esteemed it a work "in which it is impossible to discover a defect." In achieving it, Titian excelled himself, and reached the highest pinnacle of the art. His productions are usually more remarkable for material excellence, if we may use the phrase, than for that which stamps a painting with the most glorious impress of genius, expression—soul. The physical rather than the moral attributes of human nature constituted in general the domain of his pencil, but, in the picture in question, the marvellous perfection of mechanical skill which it exhibits, is almost merged in the enthralling power of its representation of various and sublime emotion. The countenances of the three actors in the scene portrayed, are complete personifications of their appropriate feelings—diabolical rage and malice in the woman, celestial resignation and fortitude in the martyr, and mingled horror and terror in the living companion of the latter. We doubt whether a more inspired effort than the head of the saint, combining, as it does, the noblest manly beauty with the most exalted sentiment, can be found in the region of art—one which realises more strikingly the admirable observation of Madame de Staël, that "*ce qui touche profondément dans les ouvrages du génie, ce n'est pas le malheur même, c'est la puissance que l'âme conçoit sur ce malheur.*" The composition is limitless; it is almost as expressive as the physiognomies themselves. The travellers are attacked as they are pursuing their way—through the perplexed paths of a drear wood,"

"The smiling horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger!"

and threats them not in vain. The victim is prostrate upon his back, his eye "that lifted speaks its commerce with the sky," fixed upon the heavens above, from which proceeds "a golden emanation gleaming mild," whilst a host of angelic beings of loveliness worthy of their abode, seem to be awaiting the moment of the release of his soul from its earthly bonds, to receive and conduct it to "the bosom of his Father and his God." The murderer is standing over him to complete his fiendish work, at the same time casting a glance at the attendant, who is endeavouring to escape with all the wings which fear lends to the feet, as if he were about to make an effort to overtake and involve him in the fate of the saint. The landscape is of ineffable richness, and exquisitely finished, in its minutest details. Every plant and herb with which the ground is covered, is painted with such fidelity to nature, that botanists might here find a study of no inconsiderable interest and advantage. We were enabled especially to appreciate this merit from the circumstance of there being, at the time of our first visit to the picture, a couple of artists engaged in copying it, who, by means of a mirror, threw a powerful light successively upon the different parts, so as to bring them out, one after the other, into the strongest relief. A proceeding of this kind is requisite, on account of the gloomy aspect of the church. It is only, indeed, at a particular portion of the day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, that the painting can be enjoyed at all, in consequence of its situation, the sun giving upon it efficaciously at that hour alone.

In preference to any additional extracts from our author's accounts of curiosities, which can scarcely be called so any longer, from the multitude of descriptions of which they are the object, we transcribe a narrative of an adventure arising from his promenading propensity, which demonstrates that the maxim "*serpit humi tutus*," is not quite as applicable to corporeal as to intellectual pedestrianism.

"The next post-house is at SPARINISI, where I anticipated comforts in store to make amends for my privations the night preceding: but Hope has told more than one 'flattering tale,' and too often flatters only to deceive. Having spent so much of the day at Snessa, it was becoming dark by the time I got within three long Neapolitan miles of the post-house. By the road side there was a wretched hovel, made of the unhewn branches of trees, where they sold *aqua ritæ*; and here I inquired the distance to Sparanisi, when a woman within advised me, with some earnestness, not to proceed further so late at night, lest I should fall in with bad characters. Her manner somewhat excited my attention; but when I learned that there was no osteria in the village which stood on the height above, I considered there was no alternative but to proceed. Guess my astonishment on being offered hospitality for the night in her hut, alone with her and her husband, away from every house except on the distant height, with nothing but a little straw to lie upon, and that spread on the ground!

What a commodious opportunity to get murdered on the sly, thought I, were a man used of this weary world! However, not feeling disposed so, I deemed it better to run any uncertain risk there might be for me as possible, and with this estimate of the chances, I bade my obliging attendant take "good night." Yet a man may sometimes receive good counsel too slightly; and, what is worse, refuse to be dissuaded, put on his "mattresses" on weary and late hours. I was weary, it was dark; and as I began pushing along, at first a noise I heard & seen, and the next moment I found myself in the midst of three ruffians, who stood over the body of a man lying on the ground, on his back, with his person, as it seemed to me, and, as I passed close by, a man at treading upon it. I observed that the body was lifeless, its appearance, half-understood, with blood about the mouth, and so forth. Turning on them so unexpectedly, the men seem startled; they simultaneously made way for me to pass, and we exchanged no salutation. I had not got out of sight when one of them called out to me in a strong and rough tone of voice, to stop. "*Alto!*" to which I replied in a tone not more kindly, "*Que volete?*" but did any thing but stop. In fact, I took to my heels, and, although already more than sufficiently fatigued, I ran as fast as I could. Again I heard the word "*Alto!*" but this only made me run the faster. I heard footstep in pursuit of me, as also my apprehensions decreed me; but luckily the night was quite dark, and when I got to Spaurholz, I was ready to drop down with exhaustion.

"I had walked (and to a) eighteen Neapolitan, which are equal to twenty-seven Roman miles, with a heavy knapsack on my back; I had passed a restless night, the night preceding; and, moreover, I was now really unwell. On arriving at the inn, I threw myself into a chair, unable to speak for some minutes, when observing the house full of a detachment of German soldiers, I mentioned to them what I had seen; but no one seemed inclined to go in pursuit of the assassins,—for such I had every reason to believe them to be. I was told, that only a few days before, the bodies of three of their comrades had been brought in naked from the mountains, and dressed for their clothes. But my troubles were not yet ended; for, on asking the landlady to show me into a bedroom, I was again told that I could not be seen undressed, and must leave the house; indeed the landlady seemed determined to drive me out; but as I felt no sort of relish to face again the dangers I had just escaped, I was not to be afflicted so easily as on more ordinary occasions.

"The Neapolitan desert the Germans, and as the soldiers did not pay for their inlets, the woman soon began to be weakening her ill humour on me, who had no wish to offend her—she even denied me leave to sit in a chair all night, and appeared determined to be satisfied with nothing less than driving me out of doors. Luckily, one of the soldiers, seeing how harshly I was treated, took my part, and very good-naturedly offered me part of his bed. The kind-hearted fellow showed me up stairs to an apartment where there were three, and, although without curtains, I eyed them with the look of an epicure. My next step was to see if I could not get the centre of one of the beds to myself, so, procuring half a gallon of wine, I plied my comrade with such good humour, that, unsolicited, he insisted upon my having the undivided whole, just as I had contrived; and by way of establishing our friendly feeling towards me the more firmly, I gave him and his two comrades another measure of wine. Fortunate to excess, I slept the sleep of the contented. A little next morning at parting, for my kind acquaintance to drink my health, squared accounts to his satisfaction;—as for the landlady, I took no notice of her."

One principal motive of our rambler's journeying on foot,



seems to have been a fondness for geological investigations, which he was enabled to pursue with greater ease in that way. Of the results of these, however, we have room but for one, of rather a remarkable character.

“Facing the northern extremity of the Pincian hill, on the left of the new road near the Porta del Popolo, I was struck accidentally one day with the singular appearance of the ground; and on approaching it, I was surprised to find it formed of a pile of petrified matter, eighteen or twenty feet in height by about forty in length, entirely composed, at the lower part, of the petrified trunks of very large trees, lying obliquely forward or outward; above which the whole rock consists of petrified branches and typholitic leaves, intermixed in various places with volcanic sand and gravel. I made a selection of specimens from each, several of which are very beautiful.\*

“Some of the branches that were in contact with the volcanic matter have a torrefied appearance—the ligneous fibre is entirely consumed, but its texture is perfectly preserved. My surprise and joy at such a discovery, to which, I believe, I may justly lay claim, was not lessened by finding this petrified forest to extend up the Via Flaminia towards the Ponte Molle—forming, in fact, the entire escarpment to the right of the road, now full forty feet in thickness. Before getting to the bridge, it branches off still more to the right; and about a mile above it there is an interruption of this subterranean forest, where you perceive, under the petrifications, the original aqueous formation of the country, consisting of cemented gravel, sand, and clay, before it was covered over by the volcanic dust and the forest we have been describing. A quarter of a mile higher up the Tiber, you come to a mineral spring, having a subacid taste. It seems once to have been frequented for its medicinal qualities. The petrified forest now crosses the Tiber, and you perceive detached parts of it ascending in the direction of the stream. The question naturally arises in the mind, what could have occasioned so singular a catastrophe? Is this the work of an earthquake, when this part of the country was the scene of the volcanic convulsions, which so many contiguous appearances confirm? The gigantic nature and extent of the phenomenon admit the probability of the conjecture; the admixture of volcanic dust among the trunks and branches of the forest, strengthens the supposition; the overthrown position of the whole mass shows that the event was simultaneous; and the scorched impressions on the petrifications point out the agency of fire. The petrific matter is calcareous, but of a peculiar appearance, different from any I ever saw: it is of a light brown colour, and very pulverulent. The upper parts of the petrifications partake of the friable nature of the petrifacient; but as it gets deeper, it becomes more and more indurated by the increase of the superincumbent pressure. The abrupt manner in which this extensive bed of petrified wood terminates, is not one of its

\* “A notice of this discovery, which has escaped observation for so many ages (for the catastrophe that caused it must have happened prior to the foundation of Rome itself), appeared in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for Jan. 1832, conducted by my respected and distinguished tutor, Professor Jameson. In making the ancient Via Flaminia level, they had cut away the flank of the hill; and it is this section of it that forms great part of the exposition now to be seen. Previous to this, the road had in all probability led over its shoulder, as the high ground in some places must have approached close to the banks of the Tiber.

least singularities ; and altogether it is, perhaps, one of the most anomalous circumstances of the kind yet discovered."

Like almost all English travellers, our author has not been able to resist the temptation of exercising his wit and powers of invective upon the religion which predominates in Italy, and favours us with an abundance of ludicrous versions of miracles, and sneers at ceremonials and articles of faith. The spirit in which this is done, is, as usual, by no means that of Christian charity, resulting from a desire to give "glory to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will." Nothing to our minds is more ridiculous, not to say disgusting, than the virulence with which the poor Italians are thus assailed, for sins that are infinitely less reprehensible than that virulence itself; and nothing can be more unfair than the manner in which they are judged. No allowance, whatever, is made for difference of temperament and character: the traveller has a pair of his national spectacles tightly fitted before his eyes; every thing is viewed through their perverting medium, and every thing condemned which they do not exhibit with the *couleur de rose*. An inhabitant of the North is not competent to decide upon the habits and feelings of a Southern people, unless he is able to enter into and appreciate their dispositions, throwing aside all reference to the standard of home. What would otherwise appear to him exaggeration and nonsense, is neither one nor the other, when their livelier susceptibilities and more enthusiastic natures are understood. Thus their very language is, to an English ear, a succession of hyperboles, but their *illustrissimi*, *carissimi*, and like superlative phrases, which they address to each other in private intercourse, are intended to convey no more than our most temperate expressions; and if the stranger, upon the strength of a note directed to "the most honourable, the most illustrious Signor A. or B.," should imagine himself an object of particular consideration, he must be much more amply provided with vanity than with reflection or knowledge. So it is in respect to every thing else. The scarlet colour of the cardinals' dresses and equipages, which is such a *flaming* subject of vituperation, and is so delicately employed in illustration of a passage of Scripture, offers no extravagant spectacle to Italian eyes; and the decoration of the churches—that heinous crime, although to bedizen one's own house is a matter almost of conscience, naked as the house of God must be left—which is reprobated with such vehemence for its gorgeous glitter, appears to them not at all beyond the limits of propriety and good taste.

In commenting upon the ceremonies which are used in the Italian service, the consideration which we have indicated should be regarded in an especial manner. Ceremonies are

meant to be merely the adjuncts, as it were, of religion, to assist its eloquence in appealing to the human breast, and affect the soul with emotions consonant to the exalted and all-important themes upon which it speaks. They may be compared to the orchestral accompaniments of vocal music, the object of which is to enhance the effect of the latter—to increase its power of delighting the ears or penetrating the hearts of the listeners. They must, therefore, be adapted to the temperaments of those upon whom they are intended to operate: being designed for the *weakness* of human nature, which rarely, if ever, can elevate itself into a purely spiritual atmosphere without some sensible aid, they must be accommodated to the different degrees and modifications of that weakness. It is on this account that the ceremonies of the Catholic Church in England and America, are of a much less multitudinous and showy species than in Italy. Doubtless, an American or English Catholic, however earnestly attached to his religion, must be unpleasantly affected by some of the concomitants of the service in the latter country; and, judging from his own feelings, he might be disposed to condemn them as not only useless, but positively wrong. His sentiments, however, would undergo a material change when he should direct his attention to the effect produced by these, to him, objectionable ceremonies, upon the mass of the persons to whom they are immediately addressed. What would perhaps absolutely shock his ideas of propriety, and occasion a reaction of feeling altogether destructive of the desired impressions—what would appear absurdity, even profanity, to his calm and comparatively unimpassioned mind—would strike chords in the ardent bosoms of the individuals around him, whose vibrations would be in unison with the highest sensations of our nature. Whatever system of faith might be introduced into Italy, there can be no doubt that it would soon be indispensable to invest it with forms and ceremonials calculated to harmonize with the glowing imaginations and enthusiastic temperament of the people, or, these would be apt to seek for sympathy to the detriment of more essential matters, of the faith itself.

It is not to be denied, that some beneficial alterations might be made in the ceremonies as they are celebrated in Italy, even with respect to the Italians themselves. Being of human institution, they necessarily partake of human imperfection. This, however, cannot certainly warrant the ridicule which is heaped upon them by those who do not understand their nature—who, in relation to their spirit and import, may be said to have eyes that see not, and ears that hear not. *Barbarus hic sum*, said the exiled Ovid, *quia non intelligor ulli*; and in the same way that the refined and accomplished poet was a barbarian to

the rude people amid whom he was condemned to dwell, is the Catholic ritual a mummary to the members of other sects—because it is not understood. And what can be more irrational and ungenerous, than to decide and denounce without *connaissance de cause?* to ridicule and revile institutions which are venerated by a majority of the civilized world, without comprehending either their object or their effects? If, to the crowds of strangers who flock to the Sistine chapel during the Holy week, in obedience to an impulse of mere curiosity, the spectacle which they witness appears nothing but a spectacle, a show, a pageant, a theatrical exhibition—if it is really such in seeming, as, in fact, is the case, they themselves are the cause of its wearing that aspect. Going to it with the same sentiments as they would to a profane representation, behaving at it as if it were so, squeezing, jostling, pushing one another to get in, with the most indecorous eagerness, and, during the celebration, gazing about, whispering, and manifesting every sign of carelessness, except as to the simple sight, it is no wonder that the whole scene becomes divested of its visible sacred character. The presence of so many mere spectators is quite sufficient to impart the appearance of a mere spectacle to the most unadorned service. A very different scene is presented in the other churches of Rome during the same period. In these, however repugnant some of the rites may be to the curious stranger, he cannot be mistaken as to the sacredness of them in the eyes of the congregation. Their affecting sincerity as to what he may deem even censurable observances, must operate in conveying a serious impression to his mind, and if he came to scoff, in all probability, he will be induced to return to pray.

As to the superstitious credulity about miracles and other misdemeanors of the sort, for which the Italians are arraigned with such philosophical contempt, we would ask, whether, amongst the ignorant classes in every country of the world, there is not quite as much of the same species of folly to be found, only in a somewhat different shape, the result of different temperaments? That of the people in question affords, indeed, a more pregnant theme for ridicule, because the absurdities of the imagination are more vivid and salient than those of stolidity, and at the same time less repugnant and disgusting in themselves. We confess we would much prefer being guilty of believing that a man, who is supposed to have won divine favour in an especial manner by the sanctity of his life, has been permitted to perform some action out of the ordinary course of things, to playing a part in the burning of a venerable dame as an evidence of our abhorrence of witchcraft; or devoutly crediting all the prevalent stories about bogles and

hobgoblins, and the visitations of their lord and master, Belzebub, to this mundane sphere. "Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow," whilst, on the other hand, those of Italian creation are, at least, for the most part, of a nature rather to instil fertility into the soil upon which they tread. Their "unreal mockery," at all events, is not meant to affright, but to comfort the mind; of them it might be said that they "gales from blooming Eden bear," the others bring with them "blasts from hell." Both illusions, of course, are to be deprecated, but the effect of the former is, we conscientiously believe, far less pernicious than that of the latter.

Let the Italians alone, then, good travellers, in these respects, we beseech you. Your sneers and your invectives can do no good. Most of you afford pretty strong evidence that in your hearts you care very little for aught else than to point a phrase; and if you really are imbued with religious sentiments, better each of you exclaim with the poor penitent, "Be merciful unto me a sinner," than thank God with the Pharisee that you are not as those publicans.

This propensity to find fault, which seems to domineer so generally in the breasts of scribbling tourists, proceeds at times to an extent that is positively ludicrous. Some of these worthy personages are deprived of almost all enjoyment, if we may believe their stories, by the melancholy reflections which the history of the greater portion of the objects of interest they encounter, excites in their minds. They cannot even find pleasure in gazing at the eighth wonder of the world, the temple, "worthiest of God, the holy and the true," because, sensitive beings, it cost a great deal of ill-gotten money, they say, and gave a great deal of trouble to numbers of poor people who were employed in its erection. The glories of the Vatican only serve to remind them of the wicked Popes by whom they were collected, and of the naughty actions which these terrible old gentlemen committed, according to their accounts, for the purpose of constructing the magnificent receptacle, and filling it with the wonders of art; and as for many of the palaces of the Roman nobility, how can they be endured, admirable as is their architecture, when they were built by the inhuman nephews of Anti-Christ, or others of his detestable relatives? The effects produced by the Doge's palace, at Venice, upon the nerves of the individuals mentioned, are absolutely distressing. Their eyes wander listlessly over the fantastic splendour of its exterior, and the profusion of master-pieces of the pencil with which it is adorned within—they can behold nothing but the two dread tribunals, the Councils of Ten and of Three, engaged in the performance of their mysterious functions, whilst their poor ears are agonized by shrieks, extorted

by the rack from the victims of despotism, and dismal groans issuing from the prisons above and the dungeons beneath. The Bridge of Sighs usually puts them into hysterics. We marvel why these ladies and gentlemen subjected themselves so long as they did to the fearful torture which they suffered in their tour, or could ever, in fact, have persuaded themselves to trust their tender feelings at all to the rude attrition which a visit to Italy was sure to produce. Fine as these feelings doubtless are, we would yet prefer, we must confess, to be under the influence of sentiments of a different character, whilst sojourning in "the home of all art yields and nature can decree"—sentiments such as we cannot help deeming to be decidedly more congenial to the hallowed region,

"Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathes around,  
And every grove and sacred fountain  
Murmurs forth a solemn sound."

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**ART. XII.**—*Report on the Military Academy at West Point, by the Committee on Military Affairs, submitted to Congress by its Chairman, COL. R. M. JOHNSON, May 17th, 1834. Pp. 19.*

*Regulations of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. J. & J. Harper, 1832. Pp. 91.*

*Report of the Board of Visitors at West Point, in June, 1833.*

It seems to be the fate of all institutions of any value to undergo a great degree of opposition and disparagement ere they work their way to that reputation to which they are justly entitled. This opposition, too, does not always arise solely from the headstrong and the grossly ignorant. Is it not fair to infer, that the resolution of a select, deliberative assembly, is usually attended with a certain degree of reflection, and that it has received the notice of, at least, a few acute minds? The legislatures of two states have severally passed resolutions in disparagement of the Military Academy at West Point. The legislature of Ohio resolved, "that the Academy at West Point had been wholly perverted from the objects of its founders, and that the best interests of the nation require that it should be abolished."

We might suppose that this is a subject into which party-spirit could not enter; that it would claim the dispassionate consideration of a body of legislators, assembled at a distant point, and apparently having no local motives to sway their



determinations. The fact, that public opinion in some districts has been thus aroused in reference to the academy, shows that an investigation should take place, and that the nation needs to be made fully acquainted with the character and claims of this institution.

The objection of unconstitutionality is one which demands the most careful and mature discussion. To preserve the grand charter of our rights and liberties inviolate—to eschew all lax and indefinite constructions, we should be ready to weigh rigidly its meaning and intent, and to submit even to hypercriticism on a subject where the error of yielding too little must be preferred to that of granting too much. It cannot be doubted that the idea has gone abroad in some states of the Union, that the constitutionality of establishing a military academy can fairly be questioned. It is not our intention to enter into a minute investigation of this question, but we will simply say that the clause of the constitution which authorizes congress “*to raise and support armies,*” is that which, in our opinion, fully and clearly sanctions the establishment of this institution. How is an army to be created? The very first inferences, in reflecting upon the attainment of this grand constitutional object, are, that the organizing of an army requires, as a primitive object, the providing for its proper discipline, and that this discipline can only be obtained from enlightened and well-instructed officers. Hence the necessity of an academy of instruction. Our standing army is, and ever should be, small. The peculiar policy of our government points at once to the creation of some grand fountain-head of military discipline and knowledge, whence can emanate those who will be our resource in war, and who can cherish and preserve the little nucleus of soldiery which is our sole representative of discipline in time of peace.

But any further discussion of the constitutional question is totally unnecessary, after the very able, and, as we think, conclusive arguments furnished in the first of the documents named at the head of this article. This is the report on the military academy, submitted by the chairman of the committee on military affairs, during the last session of congress. After giving most fully the history of the academy—developing the overwhelming argument, that it has met with the approbation of every executive, and every congress—the question of constitutionality is thus eloquently summed up:

“The committee have now completed what may be termed the history of the opinions and action of the executive and legislative departments, in relation to the academy. They have shown the correctly balanced mind of Washington, passing from doubt to assured conviction, upon the question of its constitutionality; the philosophic mind of Jefferson, whose biasses were ever against free constructions, relinquishing the confident opinion he had expressed in the negative upon the same question, and



proposing an enlargement of the institution; the clearly discriminating mind of Madison exerting its great powers to perpetuate the existing and create new establishments, unshackled by a doubt of the constitutional authority of the government, and his example imitated by his friend and successor. They have shown the recognition by congress of the soundness of the principle upon which these institutions are based, in the acts of 1794 and 1798; the distinct and not to be mistaken expression of the conviction of the same body, of their power, and of the expediency of exercising their power, to establish a military academy, in the act of 1802; and this, too, after the project of such an institution had been fully developed, in all its extent, in the official report of 1800, and had been two years open for their consideration, and the consideration of their constituents; and, lastly, they have shown an unbroken series of legislative enactments for the support and extension of the academy, running through a period of nearly twenty years, and the failure of the attempts which have been made to induce an opposite course of legislation. In the apprehension of the committee it will be difficult to find, in the recorded history of the country, a question upon which public sentiment has been more fully and fairly tested, and has been more unanimous."

To devise the system of study and discipline necessary for a military academy was no slight task. The problem of education for any object or profession is one of difficult determination. But on the system of education for the student in classics or general literature, the world has had far greater and maturer experience than on the subject of military education. In the former case the many old and justly celebrated universities of the principal European states have been gradually improving in all the means of nurturing and bringing to light the mental faculties in every department of knowledge; whereas the improvements and discoveries in military science have advanced so fast as all along to precede and accumulate upon its students, giving no opportunity to acquire and systematize them.

The genuine military character stands in the first rank of intellectual greatness. It must be prepared for thought as well as for action; it must combine the careful and far-sighted calculations of the closet with the ready energy of the field—the power for sudden and masterly combinations. It must be comprehensive as well as energetic; it must add a knowledge of minutiae to its capacity for comparison and generalization. To an acquaintance with science it must add an intimate knowledge of the world. Let the mind leisurely pass in review the long train of illustrious commanders whom the exigencies of war in past ages have brought forth; let it dwell upon the peculiar and varying qualities they evinced, the actions they achieved, the glory they realized for themselves and their country, and it will begin to obtain a glimpse of that grand military "*beau idéal*" which must fill the vision of him who would devise the education necessary for this sphere of action.

But the past not only affords these master-models for imitation; it has, in the science of war, as in every other science, been

gradually carrying on a series of improvements, the fruits of experience and discovery, the knowledge of which demands of the modern officer a much more arduous task than belonged to the subaltern of ancient armies. Fortification, so materially modified since the invention of gunpowder, and the consequent use of the musket and cannon as weapons of war, was comparatively unknown to the ancients. To the same cause must be attributed the origin of all the different arms of the service, now essential to war; and that science of enlarged strategy which has substituted the skilful arrangements of a campaign, and the masterly manœuvres of the field, for the triumph of mere physical superiority, as formerly evinced in the "struggle of the line."

As to the moral traits and personal qualifications essential to the military character, we find them embalmed in the hearts of mankind, and we see them rewarded by that renown which has ever been readily bestowed upon valour and chivalry, and which has been cherished and perpetuated in the glowing pages of both ancient and modern literature. In the accomplished officer we find united to that "morality of life which proves itself worthy of command," and to courage, both moral and physical, cool, reflecting and decisive, a firmness and due severity of character, ever necessary in the control of vast bodies of men. To these qualities we should be able to add that courtesy of manner and that attention to the wants, and influence over the hearts of others, which belong to the gallant officer, and which have a wonderful effect in uniting the soldiery in attachment to a beloved leader. To enlarge upon the necessity of tempering ambition with moderation, of joining wisdom and prudence to valour, belongs rather to a political homily than to the object we have in view. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing a remark of Steele, in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*, in giving the character of the famous Prince Eugene: that "he appeared to have nothing in him but what *every one* should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune had placed him." This points directly to the greatest danger in the character of the military chieftain, the forgetting himself, and deviation from his own strait-forward character, amid the heat of combat or the flush of success.

It is perfectly needless to mention the abundant examples of military character, furnished by the pages of history; but, if it can be allowed on such a topic, we fain would take, for the purpose of illustration, a character from fiction, and that is Claverhouse, in "*Old Mortality*." Uniting gentleness to firmness, courteousness to a noble military bearing, we think he may be taken to exemplify the *perfection of manner* in the

soldier. And were it not for the hidden cruelty and selfishness of his character, we might apply to him that description which the lamented bard of Abbotsford has elsewhere given of the "Genius of Chivalry."

"Around the Genius wave their spells,  
Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells,  
Mystery half veiled, and half revealed;  
And Honour with his spotless shield;  
Attention with fixed eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

And gentle Courtesy; and Faith,  
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death;  
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
Leaning upon his own good sword."

These are some of the grand lineaments of that character, both intellectual and moral, which must be kept in view in laying the foundation of a military education. But at the same time that they retain in their minds this beautiful *beau-ideal*, the projectors of a military academy have to do with subjects of an humbler nature. They have to provide for young and buoyant spirits, in general totally ignorant of the degree of personal self-denial necessary for the service of war, and wholly unprepared, from their habits of civil freedom, for that rigid discipline and subordination essential to all military action.

The location must be retired and separate from the world. This object, all will confess, has been most perfectly accomplished. For a military academy, no spot could be more appropriate, from its situation, its salubrity, its scenery, from all the nameless associations which cling around the heart of the soldier, than West Point.

The discipline of the academy is, and should be, of almost Spartan character. Even if it should press lower than the mark of absolute necessity, it will find its counterpoise in that disposition inherent in all youthful spirits, to rise beyond the limits within which they are confined. That the whole system must be highly conducive to health, that indispensable requisite for the soldier, is readily inferred from the nature of the exercise which, in their daily drills, the cadets are obliged to receive. The initiation into military duty, which, during two months' encampment, the cadet receives on first entering the academy, serves the very important object of *putting the stamp of the soldier* upon him, ere yet his studies have claimed for his mind that attention and discipline which his profession demands should be first given to his body.

In determining the system of study (the whole term being limited to four years,) it became necessary to provide for all arms of the service, engineering, artillery, and infantry. And it could well be questioned whether different courses should be

adopted for those intended for the different corps, or whether one grand course of study should be prescribed for each cadet, thus instructing all in the military duties as well as knowledge appropriate to the different departments. The latter method is adopted, and it serves the very important purposes of allowing a proper length of time to select those fitted for the different services, and of imparting to each the ability, so very desirable, of performing all the functions which the emergencies of war may demand, and which might not belong to their peculiar arm.

Mathematics is the study which forms the foundation of the course. This is necessary, both to impart to the mind that combined strength and versatility, that peculiar vigour and rapidity of comparison necessary for military action, and to pave the way for progress in the higher military sciences. All experience shows that the mind, in order that it may act with efficiency, must be accustomed to exertion. It should be taught gradually to develop its own powers, and as it slowly learns their capacity and the manner of employing them, the increasing lights which are thrown upon its course will enable it to go on for an unlimited extent in the path of improvement. Algebra and geometry, and the application of algebra to geometry, form the studies of the first year. The text-books used are generally from the French mathematicians. The French claim the high honour of having introduced a revolution into all the branches of this science, and of having substituted analysis for the Newtonian method of investigation. French is also studied the first year. Translations, which are used during this year's course, will thus be unnecessary in the next. Descriptive geometry is also studied during this year. This is a science peculiarly necessary in civil and military engineering, and which has been no where else cultivated with advantage or assiduity, save in France. The foundation for analysis is well laid by the study of that prince of algebraists, Bourdon.

The course of the second year extends to the higher branches of mathematics, to the theory of curves, and to the differential and integral calculi. In these branches the works of those illustrious authors, Biot and Lacroix, are employed.

The advantage of a gradual and systematic initiation into these different branches of analysis cannot be too highly appreciated. It is perhaps needless to dilate on the peculiar discipline of mind which such a course is fitted to create. It gives tone and strength to the reasoning faculties. It imparts to them a facility of application—a ready power of apprehension, as much owing to education as to the original character of individual minds. To use a phrenological idea, a function of the

brain may slumber for years, until it is brought forth and taught to perform its appropriate duties.

But it is customary to decry mathematics as too dry and abstract, having a withering, absorbing effect upon the youthful intellect. To this we must demur. We deem that devotion to mathematics is not incompatible with the most brilliant, most poetic imagination. This may seem a startling assertion. It could not, indeed, be asserted of weak minds; but weak minds never have strong imaginations. We could go farther, and say that mathematics are absolutely useful in the culture of a vigorous imagination. For instance, for success in the study, and especially in the application of geometry, versatility of thought and readiness of invention are absolutely necessary. In this beautiful study, what so essential as the memory of formerly discovered relations, and the ability to fancy the disposition of lines and circles in the varied manner necessary to ensure the solution of the problem or demonstration of the theorem in question? and in the higher analysis, to ready calculation and great ingenuity, must be joined a facility of transition from truth to truth, which is alone possessed by the imaginative mind.

Addison, in his very elegant dissertation on that subject, regards the pleasures of the imagination as arising from the three sources of novelty, beauty, and grandeur. Will it be asserted that these studies are incapable of contributing to such pleasures?

The pleasure of novelty arises from agreeable surprise and the gratification of curiosity. What is more striking, what is more gratifying to the curious mind, than many a beautiful geometrical truth, brought to light perhaps from some unlooked-for combination of mathematical relations; or, it may be, evolved, very unexpectedly, in the weary discussion of some collateral subject? And in algebraic analysis, how often does the student reach some novel and interesting, but simple result, which is developed in the course of complicated investigation? We maintain that, in such cases, the mind experiences something else than a mere gratification of the love of truth and the passion for knowledge; frequently that enticing gloss of novelty is superadded, inseparable from the feelings and passions of humanity.

And, too, in the world of beauty, (which so many lovers of theory and metaphysics have endeavoured to develope and analyze,) we are unwilling to exclude from its hallowed precincts but few of the sciences. In geometry the eye comes to assist the mind; and its theorems and truths address themselves to both organs, presenting to the one beauty of curve and lineal

disposition, and to the other that intellectual beauty which attaches both to the proposition and to the solution of one of its demonstrations. The character of beauty, however, which we are willing to attribute in such cases, generally comes from a mixed sensation of several great and related ideas of light. As instances of this character, we would mention the principles of the *"Palae-School"* in all the cases of constructions and problems of descriptive geometry, and its application to shadows, surfaces, and perspectives. On the other hand, in the field of analysis, might be cited many beautiful questions in maxima and minima or fluxions, and the discussion of the properties of the cycloid, and of cycloids and cycloides. In such instances, as the ideas we experience do produce a distinct pleasure of the understanding, and so far as would be expected to excite every other faculty, and feeling, besides reason, we are banished from the mind. The other, would not be admitted, yet the imagination keeps its golden portion of the treasure, and is thereby included in the gratification of its love for the symmetrical, the appropriate, and the beautiful.

But we deem that it is in the contemporary generation that grade at that most precious is derived from these sciences. From it may be expected that they will exert an influence and little in the gratification which will necessarily accompany such education. The most of our youth, who comprehend its benefits, do so, that the love of the science would lose some of its force, and with it some of its power. It is a fact, not been generally admitted, that the contemplation of idealized innocence, that it finds respect to the style wrought, having to say, "It is a fact," as a common saying, "in general, it is a fact, it is a fact, it is a fact." All this is done, because it is a fact, it is a fact, and it is a fact. The science of mathematics, generally, is a science of the nature of mathematical truth, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. The truth remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. It remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. It remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application.

But analysis affords direct investigation and intensity, of character very rare, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. It remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. It remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. It remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application. It remains, though we choose for the field of its physical application, and it is a science of the nature of its proof, and it is a science of the nature of its application.

nation; the asymptote to the hyperbola, continually approaching but never touching its curve, or, as is beautifully expressed, "*tangent to it at infinity*;" and that class of spirals which are ever winding and winding towards their centre, but are never able to reach it.

The very indeterminateness and uncertainty of all discussions on infinity, has its charm for the adventurous mind. The nature of non-existence is just as incomprehensible to human reason, as that of infinity. Anomalous as it may appear, the same emotions are excited by the contemplation of what is infinitely small, as in speculating on a finite extent. That maze toge of infinite divisibility has led to many a bright conception, if it has not been highly conducive in founding an entire branch of mathematics. Dr. Johnson has the following singular ideas on these subjects:—"The highest being, not infinite, must be at an infinite distance below infinity." "Between the lowest possible existence and nothing, wherever we suppose positive existence to exist, is another class infinitely deep; where there is room again for endless orders of subordinate nature, continued forever and forever, and yet infinitely superior to non-existence."

It is by regarding the elements of things, by taking their relations in an elemental state, that we arrive at the science of the differential calculus. And it is highly gratifying to the imaginative mind, to witness the great and important results, attained by a science founded on such minute considerations. The very progress from one branch of analysis to another, opening wider and wider the field of investigation, is of a nature very pleasing to the enlarged and liberal mind. The object in view, in every question presented, is always the attainment of some unknown quantity or relation, by the use of certain known conditions which are given. In simple algebra, the number of conditions is always equal to the number of unknown quantities, so that the latter can always be attained. In indeterminate analysis and the calculus, and in their application to the theory of curves and surfaces, the number of conditions is one less than the number of unknown quantities:—so that the result obtained is a certain range of values, which may, for instance, be made to comprise all the different points of a curve or surface. Finally, in the science of variations—a science by no means matured, and which leaves much yet for future discoveries—the conditions known are so entirely disproportionate to the relations sought, that the latter are, in fact, made to vary in the most general manner possible, requiring the introduction of new suppositions to determine and settle them. Our object in thus glancing at the nature of these different branches, which it is impossible fully to explain in this brief



manner, is to give some idea of the variety and extent of range which they embrace. They still leave a wide field open for the genius of future Laplaces and Lagranges, to explain and unfold to mankind.

In thus maintaining that there exists a far less degree of dissimilarity between mathematics and the *Belles Lettres*, than is generally imagined, our object is to remove the repugnance, which the student of the latter has to enter the lists in the former, and to justify the admission of the former into a course confessedly intended to form the accomplished, as well as the logical and accurate scholar. Is there any good reason why a person of a great flow of animal spirits should not be a mathematician? A strong and ready memory is admitted to be one of the first requisites in this study. Who does not know that a lively imagination, a good flow of animal spirits, is highly conducive to a good memory? The power of association is greatly affected in this manner. To speak like a phrenologist or a Cartesian, the "memory-traces" on the brain are easily awakened by excitable animal spirits, which, through the faculty of association, have great effect in arousing the ideas which past events have imprinted on the mind. Euler was a man of great wit and conversational powers; and Lagrange was passionately fond of music and novels. The question has often been asked, why do the French, whose national character is so gay and volatile, so far outstrip all other nations in the exact sciences. Do not the considerations we have presented, do away, in some degree, the anomalous character of the case? It is a notorious fact, that many a very young and tender mind has advanced most astonishingly in the study of all the branches of mathematics. Is this not attributable as well to the fact, that their fancies were lively, fresh, and unoccupied, as to the existence of any precocious strength of understanding?

But if thus much can be said in favour of pure mathematics; if on such a stock we find engrafted the beautiful and the sublime, what may we not claim when we advance to their application to the Physical and Natural Sciences? Who will deny sublimity to the results obtained in astronomy, or beauty to the developments in Optics and Electricity—those even into which analysis enters? In these branches how frequently do we meet with elegant scientific deductions, which beautifully demonstrate the wisdom exerted in the works of nature?

These branches enter into the third year's course, and every portion of the mathematical scheme is here brought into play. This course is under the superintendence of a professor who possesses high accomplishments, great suavity of character, and a very happy faculty of explanation and elucidation, which,

if aided by better text-books, would enable him very much to assist the student in his progress in these interesting sciences. The text-books used, except those in Mechanics and Optics, are those compiled by, and employed in the Philosophical department of Harvard University, and which are notoriously unfitted for the use of an institution which aims to impart the best, the clearest, and the most systematic knowledge of all branches of study.

Much time, during the second and third years, is devoted to the art of Drawing. The cadet is trained to this from its very elements, commencing with crayon, and proceeding to pencil drawing and topography. To estimate the value of this art, we must look beyond its utility and necessity in a military point of view, and regard its influence in the formation of a good taste, its general effect upon the mind. If it fails in imparting to each, great skill and execution, it at least creates some ability to appreciate every portion of the fine arts. How much this should add to the pleasures of life! how valuable it is in the cultivation of the literary taste! It opens to the eye and to the mind an inexhaustible source of exquisite gratification. It subdues while it exalts the fancy; it gives wings to a vigorous imagination. By inuring the eye to estimating grace and beauty in external objects, the sense of internal poetic beauty is cherished, chastened and improved. Had the celebrated statue of the Venus de Medicis produced no other effect than to draw forth the poet Byron's glowing description of it, it would not have been lost on a stupid world. Who can estimate the effect of an increasing dissemination of taste and skill in the fine arts upon the future honour and glory of our country, at a time when its wealth may sanction, and its ambition prompt, an imitation of the states of Europe, in a field of competition from which it has been in a measure hitherto precluded? And is it not highly desirable that the officer should possess the knowledge of an art which may serve, together with many other accomplishments, to give a charm to the leisure of his life, and to gild the "pipino" hours of peace.

But the art of Drawing, especially of Military Topography, is indispensable for the service of war. In order that the general may be enabled to employ his *comp d'a'il* in strategy, in field fortification, or even in the primitive movements of a campaign, he must be thoroughly conversant with the conformation of ground, and the geographical details of the whole country. To accomplish this is the object of Military Topography; and whenever obstacles prevent the application of the latter, we must resort to the imitative and perspective arts. It has for a long time been the policy of the French government to collect

together in its Bureau of War a vast number of topographical maps of their own and of other countries, which will avail them much in times of future need.

To Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, great justice is done. The text-books used, especially in the first, are of a rigidly scientific and analytical character. For those who may have a passion for the Natural Sciences, an excellent foundation is laid by a thorough initiation into these studies. Though we would by no means depreciate the value of these important sciences, yet we must state, that we think a more minute system of study is adapted than is suitable to the Military Academy, *when its entire course is confined to four years*. So much is crowded into the studies of the last two years, that it becomes highly desirable to relieve the mind as much as possible from every thing which tends to overburden the memory with unnecessary details. That this is the effect of a very minute study of Chemistry and Mineralogy, must be admitted. We would not be in favour of any curtailment of this course, which would rob the cadet of the chemical and mineralogical knowledge necessary for the military or civil engineer. The mark of attainment should always be held high; yet it is imprudent to impose so much that there remains great danger of creating a distaste rather than a fondness for study. This is the more to be anticipated where the same task is placed upon all, without reference to their different memories, capacities, and tastes. But we think that the principle should hold, in reference to all those minor branches, which have a less immediate bearing upon the objects of a military education—that the most attention should be bestowed upon those which, either as useful or ornamental, best fit the officer for the sphere in which he will move, and which may form a welcome resource to him in his leisure moments.

The course of Civil and Military Engineering during the fourth and last year, is a comprehensive and liberal one, and reaps the full benefit of all the previous preparation which the cadet has received in the Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. The professor in this department has enjoyed the rare privilege of studying these branches in the French military schools, and brings to this country all the latest improvements in the art of fortification, an art so all-important to the military defence of this country. From our peculiar situation we shall ever be obliged to act more on the defensive than the offensive. Our extensive line of sea-board should be well fortified. The experience of the last three centuries has well demonstrated the necessity of fortification. Even Napoleon's brilliant system of tactics and strategy, enforced too by his own brilliant

talents, could not dispense with such aids; and alike when driven from Spain, and when surrounded by the allied powers at Paris, he was forced to bear witness to their necessity and utility. No science has reaped more improvement from time and experience than this. The attack and the defence have had a reciprocal effect upon each other; each developing the resources and sharpening the skill to be employed in the other. And it would seem as if human reason had brought almost to perfection the manner of fortifying a spot where the accidents of ground give equal advantage to the attack and the defence.

The military man has to avail himself much of the art of the civil engineer. One great difficulty occurs in the course of civil engineering, viz: the want of a good text-book. No work can be obtained which contains, at the same time, all the improvements which the science has undergone during the last few years, and which can bring into play, as the subject is so well fitted to do, the scientific knowledge acquired by the cadet. The deficiencies are supplied by the professor of that department. This course becomes peculiarly interesting and useful, on account of the great demand now existing in the country for scientific and skillful engineers, fitted to carry on the numerous works of internal improvement. In this branch, as well as in military engineering, the cadet is obliged to practice in the careful and minute drawing of all the numerous charts and plans necessary in these respective departments.

In speaking of the higher and most difficult branches in military science, it is common to denominate them "the sublime in the art of war." If an art which requires in its professors profound and various knowledge, which demands great vigour of mind, great intellectual and personal accomplishments, and the possession of the highest moral energy, if such an art deserves the appellation of sublime, then is the art of war fairly entitled to it. It is very remarkable, in reference to the whole series of studies at the Military Academy, that there is a complete and beautiful connexion of parts in the system. Each part of the course of the three first years has a direct bearing upon that of the fourth. And we cannot but deem it a happy coincidence, that the very course of mental discipline necessary to prepare the cadet to obtain a minute knowledge of professional science, is the very one fitted to develop and strengthen those powers most necessary for the active and practical officer. It certainly tends to bring out and apply, though it cannot impart, that "*coup d'oeil*," which is the most useful, as it is the most brilliant, of military talents. It has been defined "the talent of governing men, and of reaping the greatest advantages amidst any circumstances." It must be prompt, as well as vigorous

and acute. It is akin to valour, for it delights in difficulties, from the very pleasure of extricating itself from them. It is that talent which can plan the strategic movements for the field of battle, concentrate properly its own forces on the weakest point of an enemy's line of operations, and when brought into the critical moment of execution, show the rapidity of its decisions, and the vastness of its resources.

We think the small degree of attention to literature the greatest deficiency in the course of studies at this institution. The knowledge of words, rigid propriety in the use of terms, the easy and concise constructions of military orders, are highly necessary accomplishments for the officer. It is true that it was never contemplated to establish a collegiate or a classical course. But certainly it is much to be desired, that the graduates of such an institution should be well initiated into the graces of composition, and be able to appreciate those works of genius, which have ever made it one of their most grateful tasks to laud the virtues and the deeds of the warrior. The true modern soldier ever carries with him the intelligence and the refined feelings of the accomplished scholar, as well as the polished manners and manly spirit of the gentleman. But the time once was when there was a tendency in the military profession, from want of sympathy in feeling and occupation, to separate themselves from the rest of the community, and acquire a distinct and repulsive character. Shakespeare has the following:

"—— They grow like savages—on to'fore will,  
That thing that at a whistle shall be still,  
To swearing, giving, and uttering oaths, if faced a-mere,  
And every thing that seems unnatural."

The first effect of science and literature is to produce a community of feeling, and to give a charm to intercourse among their devotees. Boileau's *Lettres* certainly should afford the most agreeable occupation for the leisure of garrison-life.

The course in Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy, and National and Constitutional Law, is much circumscribed in time, and in all the faculties for successful study. These, together with civil and military engineering, and artillery, are all compressed into the last year's course. This is attended, too, with too great injustice to grand strategy and artillery; the former being almost entirely omitted, and the latter having but a scant allowance of attention. To remedy this, one of two courses might be adopted; to require a higher degree of preparation for admission to the Academy, or to prolong the term of cadetship to five years. The latter has been recommended by the Reports of several Boards of Visitors. It would, doubtless, allow all the

objects named to be compassed. The former plan would have a highly beneficial effect in securing the easier progress of the beginner, and would vastly aid him in insuring his final success.

It has been very properly considered that, in planning an institution for public instruction, it is well to impart every possible virtuous stimulus which can urge the student to devoted application to his studies. Not only does the sanction of legislative and military authority give peculiar power and force to the internal regulation and government of the West Point Academy; it also affords great facilities for multiplying those motives to exertion, by which the cadet can be influenced. In no other institution is the degree of attainment ascertained by so rigid an ordeal, so severe an examination;—a severity alike demanded by the rights and wishes of the government, and by the wants of the service for which the graduates are intended. At the same time, no institution furnishes a greater spur to ambition than the manner of bestowing distinctions, both military and academic.

We have thus given a slight view of the many excellencies, and the few deficiencies, in the system of study and instruction at the Military Academy. But, notwithstanding this devoted attention to the mental and theoretical education, the active and practical duties of war are not neglected. Martial law prevails. All the minutiae of military discipline, and the spirit of subordination, are most thoroughly instilled into every cadet, by the only proper mode of instruction—by actual experience. The Corps of Cadets is organized into four companies, in which the commissioned officers, sergeants, and corporals, are selected respectively from the first, second and third classes; so that every cadet is obliged to serve at least one year in the ranks as a private soldier. He who is destined to command others, is thus most effectually inured to the theory of subordination, by the necessity of obedience in his own person. During the two months of July and August, the Corps is encamped, and the time is solely devoted to military instruction, and to all the routine of a regular camp in actual service. The cadet, indeed, at all times, is subjected to many physical inconveniences, which serve to prepare him for the hazard, the fatigue and adventure, incidental to his profession. The whole system tends greatly to form and invigorate the body, and, like the games and exercises of the youth of classic times, to prepare it for laborious and powerful action.

Congress has taken good care to provide against abuses in the administration of the affairs of this institution, by directing that it shall be annually investigated by a competent Board of Visitors, appointed by the Executive. These Boards have, as is well

known, ever combined much of talent, knowledge, and weight of character. The Reports which they have yearly made to the Secretary of War, and which are always laid before the public, have ever (perhaps without exception) been favourable, have ever sanctioned, and recommended an extension of, the wise provisions which the national legislature has regularly made for this academy.

What now are the objections brought against this institution, and which have led to the broad assertion, that "it has been wholly perverted from the objects of its founders?" It would seem that a prominent objection is one totally foreign to the question in point, of merit or demerit in the institution; viz. the manner in which appointments have been bestowed on those who enter it. It is stated, that these appointments are guided by party and family influences—not by worth and merit. This objection is well answered in the very able Report submitted by Col. Johnson;—a report which, we trust, will have its deserved influence in disseminating just views on this subject. We believe that the appointments for the Military Academy, and for midshipmen in the navy, have been far less influenced by partisan views than the appointments in any other department of the government. It is intended, in general, that there shall be one cadet from each congressional district in the country; it naturally follows, that the members of congress should be the agents through whom applications are made, and through whom, in a great degree, they must succeed. Will it be seriously maintained that, in this way, the rights of the poor, or the meritorious, are likely to be spurned and trampled upon by the representatives of the people? By the present system, the American officer has acquired a very elevated and well deserved character. It is rightly asked, suppose that the Academy should be abolished, how would the vacancies in the army be supplied? How, but through the agency of that same patronage which is deemed so dangerous? Such appointments would be direct—would transplant the young citizen, of perhaps matured political opinions, directly into the military profession—a profession which should serve its country in the freeness of its spirit, the elasticity of its character, and the devotion of its patriotism, and not through partisan attachment. At present, as is well known, so severe is the ordeal through which the cadet must pass, ere his admission to the army, that not one-third, sometimes not one-fourth of a class, ever graduate at the Military Academy. Without adverting to the immeasurably superior qualifications of the latter, it is enough simply to contrast this careful selection of the few from the many, with the direct random appointment of lieutenants to the army. How absurd to argue the entire abolition of the Academy, when legislation, if any is



needed, should be directed at once to obviate the objection presented—an objection so totally irrelevant to the question of the character and management of the institution? This entire question was most fully and satisfactorily explained at a previous session of congress, by the publication of large documents, giving at length the names and the professions of the parents of all who have ever received the appointment of cadet, whether it was accepted or not.

But it is stated by some that the Military Academy is an *aristocratic* institution. To what this objection refers, unless we resolve it into the one above named, we cannot imagine. We have ever conceived it to be one of the greatest recommendations of the Academy, that all, the rich and the poor, (and there are many of the latter,) are here placed in precisely the same situation, receive the same pay, dress in the same uniform, eat at the same table, and in all respects enjoy the same advantages. It remains for talent and merit alone to draw any line of demarkation. Every thing tends to cherish the frank, generous, manly spirit and feelings of the soldier. There is no institution in the world whose members are placed on a more perfect, republican basis of equality, than are the cadets of the United States Military Academy. This has the happiest influence in cherishing attachment between those from different states, and from the most remote districts; in banishing sectional prejudices, and in imparting to the whole a firmer patriotism, a more just appreciation of the advantages of our inestimable Union.

It was the ardent desire of the illustrious Washington to establish a National University as well as a Military Academy. But the latter remains the only representative of the liberal patronage which the American government would (if constitutionally able,) willingly bestow for the encouragement of science—of sound and profound attainments in all branches of knowledge. Let not the ruthless hands of unthinking reformers or turbulent demagogues snatch from us this “pearl of great price,” this proud memento of American liberality and political forecast.

Our standing army is small; and it is well considered, that it should, therefore, be the more perfect. It constitutes, by no means, the numerical force to which we must look in time of danger. But we will mainly depend upon it for military knowledge and skill. We have not an immense standing army like those of European states, in which can be swallowed up the incapacity or ignorance of many. When first our horizon shall betoken war in the distance, it will be necessary to train and marshal our ponderous militia for the conflict. For this purpose our main dependence would rest on the officers of our

regular army, and the graduates, wherever they may be, of the Military Academy. Each member of the little band would stand out with full and weighty responsibility; and his knowledge and capacity would be tested by a most unwonted demand upon their resources. In the day of great prosperity let it be the part of wisdom to provide well for the future, and not leave to sad experience the task of forcing conviction upon the unbelieving and the improvident.

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ART. XIII.—*Calavar; or, the Knight of the Conquest: a Romance of Mexico.* Two vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1834.

THE audacity of Columbus, (start not, reader! we are not composing a history of Rhode Island or Delaware,) of Magalhães, and the other original surveyors of the deep, was of a piece with that of the great leaders of literature,—the Dantes and the Shakespeares, who plunged into the ocean of mind, and discovered its hidden isles and continents. In both cases, a world was revealed, to be explored and overrun by future adventurers; and, as the navigators of the three last centuries have had nothing left them but to pursue and complete the chains of exploration originated by the genius of the first, so have the authors of modern days done little more than to follow out the tracks indicated by the great pilots of the mind. At the present moment, we have approached the end of discovery, geographical and mental. The ocean has been ransacked, and so has the brain; and nothing found for the last generation, but some few paltry sandbanks and uncultivable conceits. The sea is abandoned to petty scalers, and literature to small traders. We are in the condition of the Macedonians, when he went at the spectacle of universal subjugation: we have no more worlds left to conquer. Geography and imagination are both nearly at a stand-still.

Such, at least, have been our thoughts, sometimes, when poring over the pages of the rhymers and romancers of the present day. We have been struck with the peculiarity of their efforts after originality; and, we think, we have seen in them a disposition to seek for novelty, not so much in manner and subject as in the *field* of authorship. The desperate haste and energy with which they jump at the few spots on the earth's surface, left untrodden by the Pegasus of others, have in them something that is touching. From the baronial castles and palaces of Europe, they have sped to the sands and moun-

mind of Asia; the monks of the Rhine and the Po have been eschewed for the Sautons and Hulgis of Syria, and ships of war-horses have given place to dromedaries and elephants. But one can be tired of Dervishes and Kuzailbashies, of Pashas, haccins and Indian Nabobs. The sweets of the soil grow more abundantly in the Orient than those of the brain; and by and by, the realms of Nadir Shah, and Aureng-Zeb will be the Peter Plunder's mine of knowledge—worked out. Our marks apply particularly to novelists; the flights of poets, east and west, to Asiatic bowers and South Sea solitudes, have not been productive, and now they are content to remain flutes of reed of the household thyme, at home.

Our hemisphere, as a field of romance, has not been yet overtrodden. The efforts of novelists have been confined to a solely in the latitude of the States—the portion presented in all respects, the fewest, and least promising peculiarities. The rise of republican liberty, however sublime as a moral phenomenon, is too much the creation of common sense, to be very applicable to the purposes of fiction; the wars of planter against wild planter barbarians, have but one feature of novelty, and the great vicissitudes of our Revolution are almost of too recent a date to have yet gained about them a new sphere of poetry. The fall of the Indian is interesting and affecting, but it is only the repetition of a sigh—no new and melodious.

But the lands of the South—the crimes of the *Crucibles*—are another thing; and it is wonderful to see, that they have been left so long unoccupied—so long undisturbed by the steps of modernity, and unadorned by the hand of genius. In 1805, was first discovered the spectacle of aboriginal savagery rising among the wilds of America, gathering wholly from the heart of the American world,—strange and magnificent, of our foot stepping upon the threshold of civilization—and hurled back into barbarism by the hands of civilized man. The character of these indigenous races—of their institutions and their customs—the character of the invaders—the character of the age—were all in the highest degree romantic, and formed together such an array of captivating peculiarities, that, we are sure we are warranted that they were neglected so long. It is true that Kieft's vessel cast out a sick of crew on the plains of America—that Marquette predicted the fall of Peru—and that Butte's vessel was wrecked into dramatic tragedies the drama of the law, that *Drake* wrote tragedy some ages about the question of sovereignty of Mexico, and that Voltaire called some of his best comedies which were thought to have a smack of the sublime. In more recent days, the genius of Chateaubriand

constructed an oriental romance on the banks of the Mississippi; Campbell carried the costume of the tropics to the groves of Wyoming; and Southey deposited his Welch prince in some unheard of region of the new world.

So much for the poets. As for the epical sublimities of Barlow and Orator Edmunds, they are not of a character to come under the present category. The only late attempts in the romance line, in the climes of the Hispano-American republicans, are to be found in the "Earthquake of Caracas," "Tom Cringle," "Francis Berran," and the various Constitutions of the southern republics.

The richest field of romance in the western hemisphere, and the period most admirably suited to the purposes of the novelist, the period, namely, of discovery and conquest, have been hitherto almost entirely neglected.

The conquest of Mexico is an event peculiarly and wholly romantic.

The age which gave birth to the conquerors of India and America, is the most interesting which has occurred since the era of Redemption. The use of gunpowder had changed the art of war; and, precisely at the time of the invasion of Mexico, the revolution in the military art had reached that point when the ways of chivalry were yet mingled with the arms and modes of the new science. The mailed knight fought with the comparatively naked fusilier; the iron buckler resisted the bullet, and the cross-bow twanged by the side of the cannon. It was the moment when the gallant knights of Rhodes—the last wrecks of devoted chivalry—were sinking before the Turks. The discovery of the art of printing was, at this moment, exerting its most astonishing influence over the masses of mankind, awakening them from the diurnal lethargy of the middle ages. The Reformation had just convulsed the Christian world; and men, released from their ancient religious bonds, were running madly into those frantic superstitions, which converted Matthias, the baker of Haarlem, and Beccold, the tailor of Leyden, respectively, into the Prophet of the Anabaptists, and the King of Sion. At this moment, also, the genius of maritime exploration was firing the minds of men with the spirit of adventure, and bringing together the ends of the earth. It was the day of the battle of ignorance and light—the birthday of rational religion and philosophy. A hot contest was raging betwixt Leo and Luther, betwixt Francis the First and Charles of Austria, and, in general, between Sclavin and the Great and Christendom.

The character of the Spanish conquerors of America combined more of the element of romance than that of any other Christian people of the age. The long struggle of the Spaniards with the Moors of Granada was over;—the incessant wars

waged between these two nations, had kept up in the former, and perhaps augmented, the chivalrous feelings, \* which were chilling and dying in other parts of Europe. The greatest monarch of the age was at the head of their government. The founding of the *Santa Hermandad*, or Inquisition, had given a new impulse, and a wilder character of enthusiasm to their religion;—and, finally, the new world which Columbus had laid at their feet, with its empires to be subdued, its millions of pagans to be converted, its wonderful splendour and boundless wealth—had infused into the national mind the loftiest spirit of heroic adventure, and lifted them in imaginary grandeur above every other people.† It was but to cross the ocean with a handful of followers, and a starving hidalgo might become the lord of a thousand island serfs; and then, when the continent was pointed out, a few blows might convert him into a Captain General, or a Viceroy. These facilities of aggrandizement made heroes of the Spanish settlers of Cuba and Santo Domingo, and, marked with their peculiar characteristic of adventurous daring, the chivalrous madmen who followed Cortes to the newly discovered empire of Mexico.

As for Mexico itself, the associations which attached to it were not inferior, in point of romantic interest, to those of the age, and of the invaders. Up to the moment of its discovery, the vast region west of Cuba, extending nearly from pole to pole, was not known to be occupied by any races of men superior to the trembling villagers of Cuba, or, at most, to the barbarous warriors of the Caribbee Islands. But now the veil was withdrawn, and empires, formed, as it were, without the pale of the world, were seen growing up in apparent splendour and power. Mexico was the first of these revealed, and had therefore all the charm of novelty, both to the invaders and to the lookers-on in Europe. The land was superb and grand, comprising within

\* Even Columbus could not help boasting that “he saw the banners of their highnesses planted by force of arms upon the towers of the Alhambra, and beheld the Moorish king come out at the gate of the city and kiss the hands of their highnesses, and of the prince, his sovereign!”—*Personal Narrative of the First Voyage*.

† The whole nation seemed to assent to the recommendation of Columbus, when he said, in his letter to the royal treasurer, Don Rafael Sanchez, immediately after his arrival in Lisbon, “And, now, let the king, queen, princes, and all their dominions, as well as the whole of Christendom, give thanks to our Saviour Jesus Christ, who has granted us such a victory and great success. Let processions be ordered, let solemn festivals be celebrated, let the temples be filled with boughs and flowers. Let Christ rejoice upon earth as he does in heaven, to witness the coming salvation of so many people, heretofore given over to perdition.”—*Personal Narrative of the First Voyage*.

itself the products and charms of all the zones—snowy and volcanic mountains, alternating with the loveliest valleys—the latter thronged with people, and adorned with villages and cities of hewn stone. The political and religious institutions of the country were equally strange and poetical. A military system of nobility, on the one hand, was set off by an imaginative mythology on the other. There were an emperor, kings, princes, warrior-barons, comuneros and slaves—gods, pontiffs, priests—and devotees, both male and female. The *gente que piden*, (which may be rendered, “the gentlemen who beg,”) were mingled in the streets, not only of the capital, which Cortes calls “*la mas hermosa cosa del mundo*,” but in those of the secondary cities, with *Tenctli*, *Tlataoni* and *Tlachcocalts*, (lords, royal dukes and field-mmarshals.) and with *Topiltzins* and *Nollazomahuilzteopixcatatzins*,\* that is to say, chief priests and country parsons. There, might be seen, at the same moment, a group of savage exquisites, smelling sentimentally at bunches of flowers, while the priests were extracting the hearts of human victims, to offer to the horrible *Merilli*; and, perhaps, at this moment also, one might hear, at a distance, the hymn sung to the beneficent *Centeotl*, the goddess of corn, beseeching her to hasten the period when the power of the sanguinary deities was to be destroyed, and blood no longer shed on the altars. Among these diverse ranks, it could not but happen that strong characters should be produced—savage though they were. Guatimozin would have made a figure by the side of Porus. The Mexicans, throughout the whole siege of their capital, preserved a conduct worthy to be commemorated with that of the Romans, in the leaguer of Brennus, or of the Jews, under the assaults of Titus. We have, in Cortes’s apology for the destruction of the city, the strongest evidence of the indomitable courage of these poor barbarians, when completely invested by thousands of their hereditary foes, and rebellious feudatories, led on and assisted by the Christians. The demolishing of each house, as soon as he had won it, was the “*medio para su (nuestra) seguridad y para poder mas estrechar á los enemigos*.”

The war between these enthusiastic foes is in the highest degree peculiar and striking; and all the circumstances of the conquest taken together—the era, the country, the invaders, and the invaded, make as rich a field of romance as could well be imagined. It has made the word *conquista* a sort of spell to Spaniards, so that the missionary, when plunging into deserts, with the cross, which he designs to plant among the heathen,

\* A Mexican word, applied to the country curates, and signifying literally, “*beloved and honoured priest of God, esteemed as a father*.”—*Clarigero*.

vaunts that he goes forth, not to the work of conversion, but—*à la Conquista*. If one need other proofs of the efficiency of these lands and their histories, in firing men's imaginations, he needs not go far—they captivated the mind of Humboldt, and almost converted the philosopher into a poet; they gave to Spain almost her only historian, (De Solis,) when their Moorish conquests failed to inspire; they made Bernal Diaz readable; and they gave even to Robertson's account of a people he had taught himself to despise, a charm which he could not develope in the wars of Charles and Francis, or in the misfortunes of Mary Stuart.

We need not pursue the subject in detail—What is romance? The romance of nature, and of circumstance, is agreeable novelty; the romance of the mind is excited, or exalted sentiment. A river foaming among mountain defiles, a rogue escaping from a dungeon and carrying off his jailer's daughter, a maiden's conceit that she is broken-hearted, or a man's that he is born to astonish the world—all these are romantic. In short, the novelty which addresses itself to the imagination, whether through the head or the heart, is romance. If this be the true philosophy of the subject, the history of the fall of Mexico is essentially and wholly romantic. We have studied it in our school-boy season—but the impression of novelty is hardly worn away. To this day, the spectacle of the Spaniards looking from the mountain ridges, down upon the city of Montezuma, inflames our imagination; and we sigh, when we think of the young Guatimozin, a prisoner, touching the dagger of Cortes, and beseeching him to send him after his people.

Upon the rich field, of which we have thus taken a cursory view, Dr. Bird has been the first to adventure. It is our present purpose to consider how well he has availed himself of advantages such as fall to the lot of few, or none, among our living writers, in this department of literature.

The narrative opens with the landing, in May, 1520, of the hero, Don Amador de Leste, at Vera Cruz, on his way to the city of Mexico, with the purpose of joining his relative, Don Gines Gabriel de Calavar, who is attached to the army of Cortes, in the character of a volunteer. Calavar is a knight of Rhodes, who has been engaged in its memorable defence; but having, subsequent to its fall, become afflicted with a settled religious melancholy, has gone with Cortes, as it should seem, to expiate his sin, by fighting against barbarian infidels. His character is very strikingly drawn, and its peculiarities serve to bring out some of the noblest traits in that of his young kinsman, Amador, whose more than filial devotion to the knight is his principal motive of action throughout the story. Amador himself is a novice, and not a knight of Rhodes, although entitled to that honour whenever he shall choose to claim it.



He leaves Vera Cruz in company with a young secretary of the Admiral, there stationed, and a party of attendants, and arrives at Zempoala, at the moment when Narvaez is in possession of the place, and the army of Cortes lies encamped within a league of the city, ready to attack him. Among the party who accompany him to Zempoala, are a Moor of Granada, recently captured at sea, and his child, apparently about twelve years old, who passes for his son, but who, in the sequel, proves to be his daughter, and sustains the important character of the heroine of the story. These Moors are treated with contempt by the rest of the party, but are protected, from motives of honour or humanity, by Amador. On their arrival at Zempoala, the novice presents himself to Narvaez with the intention of offering him a letter from the admiral, and requesting a safe conduct to the army of Cortes. While he is in his presence, and before he has made known his wishes to Narvaez, a prisoner\* from the conqueror's army is brought in, whom, as he plays a conspicuous part in the narrative, we will introduce in the author's own words.

"Amador surveyed the prisoner, though somewhat indifferently. He was, in figure and age, very much such a man as Baltasar, but in other respects very dissimilar. His face was wan, and even cadaverous: but this might have been the effect of the blows he had received from the dying soldier, as was made probable by the presence of several spots of blood encrusted over his visage. His cheeks were broad, and the bones prominent; his eyes very hollow, and expressive of a wild solemnity, mingled with cunning; his beard long and bushy, and only slightly grizzled; and a rugged mustache hung over his lips, so as almost to conceal them. His apparel was of black cloth, none of the freshest, the principal garment of which was a long loose, doublet, under which was buckled an iron breast-plate—his only armour; for, instead of a morion, he wore a cloth hat of capacious brim, stuck round with the feathers of divers birds, as well as several medals of the saints, rudely executed in silver. Besides these fantastic decorations, he had suspended to his neck several instruments of the Cabala,—a pentacle of silver, and charms and talismans written over with mystical characters, as well as a little leathern pouch filled with various dried herbs and roots. This mystagogue, an agent of no little importance among many of the scenes of the Conquest, was led into the presence of the general, and approached him without betraying any signs of fear or embarrassment; nor, on the other hand, did he manifest any thing like audacity or presumption; but, lifting his eyes to the visage of the Biscayan, he gazed upon him with a silent and grave earnestness, that seemed somewhat to disconcert the leader.

\* Botello, who is here introduced, was a real personage. Bernal Diaz says, he was of respectable demeanor, spoke Latin, and had been at Rome. Some called him *astrologer*, some *necromancer*, and some said he had a familiar. De Solis says, he was proud of his prophetic skill—devoutly abhorring the devil, but superstitiously believing in the magic of characters, numbers, &c. "He predicted," says Bernal Diaz, "all the fortunes, good and bad, which befel Cortes."

“‘Sirrah sorcerer,’ said he, ‘since the devil has deserted you at last, call up what spirits you can muster, and find me why I shall not hang you for a spy, early in the morning.’”

“‘*Tetragrammaton Adonai!*’ muttered the warrior magician in the holy gibberish of his art, with a voice of sepulchral hollowness, and with a countenance gleaming with indignation or enthusiasm. ‘In the name of God, Amen! I defy the devil, and am the servant of his enemy; and in the land of devils, of Apollyon in the air, Beelzebub on the earth, and Satan in men’s hearts, I forswear and defy, condemn and denounce them; and I pray for, and foresee, the day when they shall tumble from the high places!’”

“‘All this thou mayst do, and all this thou mayst foresee,’ said the general; ‘but nevertheless thy wisdom will be more apparent to employ itself a little in the investigation of thine own fate; which, I promise thee, is approaching to a crisis.’”

“‘I have read it in the stars, I have seen it in the smoke of waters and of blessed herbs, and I have heard it from the lips of dead men, and the tongues of dreams,’ cried the professor of the occult sciences, with much emphasis. ‘But what is the fate of Botello, the swordsman, to that of the leaders of men, the conquerors of kings and great nations! I have read my own destinies; but why shouldst thou trifle the time to know them, when I can show thee the higher mysteries of thine own!’”

“‘Canst thou do so? By my faith, then, I will have thee speak them very soon,’ said Narvaez. ‘But, first, let me know what wert thou doing when thou wert found prowling this morning so near to my camp!’”

“‘Gathering the herbs for the suffumigation which shall tell me in what part of the world thou shalt lay thy bones!’ said the magician, solemnly. ‘The moon, in the house Alehil, showed me many things, but not all; a thick smoke came over the crystal, and I saw not what I wanted; I slept under the cross, with a skull on my bosom, but it breathed nothing but clouds. Wherefore I knew, it should be only when the wolf spoke to the vulture, and the vulture to the red star, that Camael, the angel, should unlock the lips of destiny, and lead me whither I longed to follow.’”

“‘I am ever bound to thee,’ said the general, with a manner in which an attempt at mockery was mingled with a natural touch of superstition. ‘for the extreme interest thou seemest to cherish in my fate; and again I say to thee, I will immediately converse with thee on that subject. But at present, señor nigromante, I warn thee, it will be but wisdom to confine thy rhapsodies within the limits of answers to such interrogatories as I shall propose thee.—Where lies thy master, the outcast and arch-rebel, my enemy?’”

“‘My master is in heaven!’ said Botello, with a devout and lofty earnestness, ‘and there is no outcast and rebel but he that dwelleth in the pit, under the foot of Michael; and *he* is the enemy!’”

“‘Sirrah! I speak to thee of the knave Cortes,’ cried the general, angrily. ‘When wert thou last at his side? and where?’”

“‘At midnight,—on the River of Canoes, where he has rested, as thou knowest, for a night and a day.’”

“‘Ay!’ said the Biscayan, fiercely; ‘within a league of my head-quarters, whither my clemency has suffered him to come.’”

“‘Whither God and his good star have drawn him,’ said the magician.

“‘And whence I will drive him to the rocks of the mountains, or the mangroves of the beach, ere thou art cured of thy wounds!’”

“‘Lo! my wounds are healed!’ said Botello; ‘the hand that inflicted them is stiff and cold, and Hernan Cortes yet lies by the river! Ay, the holy unguent, blessed of the fat of a pagan’s heart, hath dried the blood and glued the skin; and yet my captain, whose fate I have seen and spoken,

even from the glory of noon to the long and sorrowful shadows of the evening, marshals his band within the sound of thy main bell; and wo be to his foeman, when he is nearer or further!"

" 'Prattling fool,' said the commander, 'if thou hadst looked to the bright moon to-night, thou wouldst have seen how soon the cotton-trees of the river should be strung with thy leader and companions, and with thyself, as a liar and an impostor, in their midst!'

" 'I looked,' said the veteran, tranquilly, 'and saw what will be seen, but not by *all*. There was thunder in the temple, and peace by the river, and more wailing than comes from the lips of the Penitent Knight.'

"The angry impetuosity with which Narvaez was about to continue the conference, was interrupted by the impatience of the novice. He had listened with much disgust, both to the mystic jargon of the soldier and the idle demands and bravadoes of the general. The interest with which he discovered how short a distance separated him from his kinsman, was increased to an irresistible excitement, when he heard the title with which, as the admiral had told him, the knight was distinguished among the invaders, on the lips of Botello. Rising therefore abruptly, he said,

" 'Señor Narvaez, I have to beg your pardon, if, in my own impatience to be satisfied in a matter which I have much at heart, I am somewhat blind to the importance of this present controversy. If your excellency will do me the favour to examine the letters of the admiral, you will discover that it is not so much my purpose to lay claim to your hospitable entertainment, the proffer of which I acknowledge with much gratitude, as to request your permission to pass through the lines of your army, to join my kinsman, the knight Calavar. Understanding, therefore, from the words of this lunatic, or enchanter, whichever he may be, that I am within the short distance of a league from my good knight, to whom all my allegiance is due, I see not wherefore I should not proceed to join him forthwith, instead of wasting the night in slumber. I must, therefore, crave of your excellency to grant me, to the camp of the señor Cortes, a guide, to whom I will, with my life and honour, guarantee a safe return;—or such instructions concerning my route, as will enable me to proceed alone—that is to say, with my attendants.'

"The effect of this interruption and unexpected demand, on the countenances of all, was remarkable enough. The cavaliers present stared at the novice with amazement, and even a sort of dismay; and the secretary Fabueno, looking by chance at the captain Salvatierra, observed the visago of this worthy suddenly illuminated by a grin of delight. As for the general himself, nothing could be more unfeigned than his surprise, nothing more unquestionable than the displeasure which instantly began to darken his visage. He rose, thrust his hand into his belt, as if to give his fingers something to gripe, and drawing himself to his full height, said haughtily and severely.

" 'When I invited the cavalier De Leste to share the shelter of this temple, I did not think I received a friend of the traitor Cortes or of any of his people; nor did I dream, an adherent of this outlaw would dare to beard me at my head-quarters with so rash and audacious a request!'

" 'The señor Narvaez has then to learn,' said Amador, with a degree of moderation that could only be produced by a remembrance of his engagement to the admiral, and his promise to the secretary, not causelessly to provoke the anger of the general—but, nevertheless, with unchanging decision, 'that if I boast not to be the friend of Cortes, whom you call a traitor, I avouch myself to be very much the creature of mine own will; and that if I cannot be termed the adherent of an outlaw, I am at least a Spanish hidalgo, bent on the prosecution of my designs, and making requests more as the ceremonies of courtesy, than the tribute of humility. I



"All this passed in a moment; and before the neophyte could give utterance to the indignation which choked him, he was dragged, with Fabueno, from the sanctuary."

By the connivance of Duero, one of Narvaez's officers, Botello, Amador, and the Secretary Fabueno escape in the night from Zempoala, and join the army of Cortes, the next day. Here he finds his kinsman. The passage in which their meeting is described will make our readers acquainted with the character of Calavar, and with some interesting points in the development of the action.

"Under the shadow of a tall tree, remote from the rest, and attended only by a single armed follower,—on a coal-black horse, heavily harnessed, which stood under his weight with a tranquillity as marble-like as his own, sat the knight of Calavar. He was in full armour, but the iron plates were rusted on his body, and in many places shattered. The plumes were broken and disordered on his helmet; the spear lay at the feet of his steed; his buckler was in the hands of his attendant; and instead of the red tabard which was worn in a season of war by the brothers of his order, the black mantle of peace, with its great white cross, hung or drooped heavily from his shoulders. His beaver was up, and his countenance, wan and even ghastly, was fully revealed. The ravages of an untimely age were imprinted upon his aspect; yet, notwithstanding the hollow cheeks and grizzled beard, the brow furrowed with a thousand wrinkles, the lips colourless and contracted into an expression of deep pain, he presented the appearance of a ruin majestic in its decay. His hands were clasped, and lay on the pommel of the saddle, and, together with his whole attitude and air, indicated a state of the most profound and sorrowful abstraction. In truth, he seemed the prey of thoughts, many and deep; and it scarcely needed the simple and touching legend, *Miserere mei, Deus!* which usurped the place of a scutcheon or other device on his shield, to know that if fame sat on his saddle, sorrow rested under his bosom.

"No sooner had the neophyte beheld this gloomy apparition, than, with a loud cry, he threw himself from his horse; and, rushing forward, he seized the relaxed hand of the figure, and pressed it to his lips with reverence and affection. But the knight, not yet roused from his revery, or struggling vainly with imperfect recollections, looked only into his face with a wistful stare.

"'Patron and cousin! my friend and my father!' cried the novice, passionately, 'do you not know me? I am Amador!'

"'Amador!' muttered the knight with a troubled look and a tone of perplexity. 'Very well,—to-morrow—to-morrow!'

"'He will not understand you now,' said the general. 'He is often in these trances.'

"'Mi padre! mi amigo!' cried the youth, vehemently, without regarding the interruption of the commander, 'will you not know me? I am Amador! Look,—here is Baltasar, old Baltasar! your servant and favourite, that has been at your side ever from the days of the Alpujarras to the fall of Rhodes.'

"'The Alpujarras!' echoed the knight, with a deep sigh. 'Wo is me! —Miserere mei, Deus!'

"'He will recollect us now,' said Baltasar, who had also descended, and who testified his fidelity by a tear that glittered in his ancient eye. 'I never knew that word fail to call him out of his mood, though I have often known it fling him into one. Master! I am Baltasar; and here is your honour's kinsman, Don Amador!'

“‘Ay! is it so indeed? I thought I was dreaming,’ said the knight: ‘Art thou here indeed, my son Amador? Give me thy brows, for I am rejoiced to find thee in the world again.’ And stooping and flinging his arms round his neck, he kissed the forehead of the neophyte, with a parental affection.

“‘This, my masters,’ said Cortes, in an under voice, ‘is not a spectacle for us. Let us pass on, and arrange proceedings for the attack.’ And, with his suite, he instantly departed.

“‘And how dost thou prosper at Almeria?’ continued Calavar, mildly, and without any incoherence of manner, though it was evident his thoughts were far away. ‘Hast thou found me any brave hearts, who will march with me against the infidels of Barbary?’

“‘Dear knight and patron,’ said Amador, ‘we are not now in Spain, but in the heathen lands of Mexico.’

“‘Ay! Dios mio, I had forgotten that!’ said Don Gabriel, with a bewildered air.

“‘Whither I have come,’ said the novice, ‘to beg your pardon for my negligence and desertion, and never more to part from your side.’

“‘I remember me now,’ said the knight, slowly and sadly. ‘Woe is me! a sore infirmity is on my brain; and sometimes I am not master of my own acts. But I remember thee, my friend: I remember that, in an evil hour of forgetfulness, I forsook thee, to come to this unknown land. But I beg thy pardon, my son;—the dark mood took me from thee, and in truth I knew it not.’

“‘The tears came into the eyes of Amador, as he listened to the self-accusation of his kinsman, and remembered how much the blame should rest on his own momentary defection.

“‘It is I that must bear the reproach, and I that must look for forgiveness,’ he cried. ‘But I will never need to be rebuked or forgiven again; for I swear, dear kinsman, I will follow thee truly now, until my death.’

“‘And thou hast left the fair hills of Spain, thy true friends, and thy lady-love,’ said Calavar, with a mournful voice, ‘to follow me over the wide seas and the hostile deserts! I welcome thee with gratitude, for thy love is great, and thy task will be bitter. I welcome thee well, Amador, but surely it is with sorrow; for I heard thou hadst won the love of a noble and virtuous lady; and heaven forbid I should not lament to sever thee, in thy youth, from the enjoyment of thy affection.’

“A flush of shame and pain mantled the countenance of the devoted novice, as he replied—

“‘I confess I have much need of thy forbearance, dear knight; but they did me wrong, who said I could forget thee for the love of woman. I acknowledge no duty that is not to thee, and no passion but that of serving thee with constancy and truth. But I am sent to thee not more by the impulses of my own love, than by the commands of his most eminent highness, the Grand Master, who leaves it to thyself, as a well beloved and much-trusted follower of the holy order, whether thou wilt remain fighting the infidels of this new world, or return at thy pleasure to the island Malta, which his majesty, the king and emperor, Don Carlos of Spain and Austria, hath promised to bestow upon the good knights, the defenders of Christendom.’

“‘Among the infidels of the new world, then,’ said Calavar, casting his eyes meekly to heaven; ‘for I know that what poor service I may yet render the faith, must be rendered soon; and if God uphold me, I will render it truly and well. But thou, Amador my son, my faithful and my beloved! I adjure thee that, when my task is finished, thou return to the land of thy birth, and give thyself to a life of virtue, and, if possible, of peace. Watch well the creatures that are in thy breast, for among them are devils, which,





"Don Amador was greatly shocked and grieved, that his improvident obstinacy had so nearly again recalled the destruction of his kingdom. But it need not have surprised him, if he had seen and understood the current of his thoughts. The little number of the young nobles and knights who had been left, the state of the great kingdom, like a storm that came over the temple of a venerable king, and having been rooted from its gloom, he could not be ignorant of the excitement of his presence. He came to feel kindred and sympathy with the youth, as one who had been long absent from such court, the humble suggestion of Marto, he turned to the tools of the equipment."

On the night of Don Amador's arrival in his camp, Cortes attacks and conquers, or rather gains over the army of Narvaez. The action which led to this result, is very spiritedly described. On the succeeding morning, while Cortes is receiving the submission of Narvaez, himself, the Moor, Abdalla, and his boy, Jacinto, are brought before him, in consequence of their having been claimed as slaves by the Spanish captain, who had captured them on his voyage to Vera Cruz. The claim of the captain is set aside, Abdalla is permitted to choose a guardian for his child, and fixes upon the knight Calavar, to whom he is accordingly assigned as a page. This brings Jacinto into constant intercourse with Amador, confirms his attachment, and leads to partial disclosures of their relative situation. Before the interview, in which these matters are determined, is closed, messengers arrive from Mexico, bringing intelligence of the revolt of the Mexicans in the city, and orders are given for an immediate march to the scene of action. On the march, Don Amador becomes acquainted with the leading spirits of the conquest, and the introduction of these great captains is so managed, as is the whole intermixture of fact and fable throughout the work, as to shed the steady brilliance of history over the fairy creations of imagination.

"The tacturn but ever-ready Sandoval—the lofty and savage, but not the less courteous De Leon—the fiery De Olid—the daring De Videsca, who, daring to accomplish exploits not deemed for by his confederates, had clambered among the scowly pine-trees and burning caverns of the great Volcan, and now to-day won the night, came to his quarters by the Spanish king, to carry a fine-meat for his attack—these, as well as divers others of no mean renown, were recommended themselves to the attention of the neophyte, that he dismissed much of his preconceived contempt, and began to consider himself among honorable and estimable cavaliers."

On the arrival of the army at Tlascala, Don Amador, with his friend De Morla, and his page Jacinto, ascends the great pyramid, and observes, from its summit, the fire-mountain Popocatepetl. As the account of this spectacle affords a fine specimen of the author's descriptive powers, we insert it.

"As De Morla spoke, he turned from the altar, and Don Amador, following with his eyes the direction in which he pointed, beheld a spectacle

which instantly drove from his mind the thought of the idolatrous urns. Far away in the south-west, at the distance of eight or ten leagues, among a mass of hills that upheld their brows in gloomy obscurity, a colossal cone elevated its majestic bulk to heaven, while the snows which invested its resplendent sides, glittered in the fires that crowned its summit. A pillar of smoke, of awful hue and volume, rose to an enormous altitude above its head, and then parting and spreading on either side through the serene heaven, lay still and solemn, like a funeral canopy, over its radiant pedestal. From the crater, out of which issued this portentous column, arose also, time by time, great flames with a sort of lambent playfulness, in strange and obvious contrast with their measureless mass and power; while ever and anon globes of fire, rushing up through the pillar of vapour, as through a transparent cylinder, burst at the top, and spangled the grim canopy with stars. No shock creeping through the earth, no heavy roar stealing along the atmosphere, attested the vigour of this sublime furnace; but all in silence and solemn tranquillity, the spectacle went on,—now darkling, now waxing temporarily into an oppressive splendour, as if for the amusement of those shadowy phantoms who seemed to sit in watch upon the neighbouring peaks.

“ ‘This is indeed,’ said Don Amador, reverently, ‘if God should require an altar of fire, such a high place as might be meet for his worship than any shrine raised by the hands of man. God is very great and powerful! The sight of such a spectacle doth humble me in mine own thoughts: for what is man, though full of vanity and arrogance, in the sight of Him who builds the fire-mountains?’

“ ‘Padre Olmedo’ said his companion, ‘will ask you, what is this fire-mountain, though to the eye so majestic, and to appearance so eternal, to the creeping thing whose spark of immortality will burn on, when the flames of yonder volcano are quenched forever?’

“ ‘It is very true,’ said the neophyte, ‘the mountains burn away, the sea wastes itself into air, but the soul that God has given us consumes not. The life of the body passes away like these flames; the vitality that is in the spirit, is a gift that heaven has not extended to the stars!’

“ ‘My friend,’ said De Morla, willing to pass to more interesting discussions, ‘will now perceive for what reason it was that the Tlascalans were dismayed and sorrowful when I pronounced the name of Popocatepetl. The name signifies the Mountain of Smoke; for this great chimney, though ever pouring forth dark vapours, has not often been known to kindle into flames. The present eruption, beginning about the time of our descent upon the coast, has ever since continued; and was considered to have heralded our appearance. The Tlascalans, though as securely fettered under the sway of their senators, as are the people of Anahuac under their kings, are, as I told thee, very intolerant of such chiefs as carry the open names of masters. Nay, so bitterly do they detest all tyrants, that they have constructed a fable, which they now believe as a truth,—namely, that the souls of such persons are concocted and elaborated among the flames of yonder awful crater; whence, at the times of eruptions, they are sent forth, in the shape of meteors and fire-balls, to afflict and desolate the world. The globes that fall back into the cavity, they think, are despots recalled by their relenting gods; whereas those that fall beyond the brim and roll down the sides of the mountain, are tyrants let loose upon them without restraint. This being their belief, it may seem strange to you, they have conceived so preposterous an affection for ourselves, who are much liker to prove their tyrants than any of the lords of Anahuac; but yet, so savage is their detestation of these native kings, that, though nightly terrified with the spectacle of so many fiery tyrants flying through

the air, they seem quite to have lost sight of the danger of entrusting their liberties to our care."

"I hope," said Don Amador, "we have come to rid them of the bondage of idolatry, not to reduce them to a new slavery."

"We will see that by-and-by," said De Morla. "We broke the chain of superstition in the islands, but we followed them with more galling fetters; and what better fate awaits the good Montezuma, is more than I can tell."

De Morla leaves the others on the top of the pyramid: and the page, Jacinto, being solicited to sing a ballad to the accompaniment of a lute, prefers to tell a story, which discloses to the reader, in part, but not to Amador, the previous connexion of these interesting characters. As the passage is somewhat dramatic, we will transcribe it.

"If my lord choose," said the page, "I would rather tell him a story of Granada, which is about a Christian cavalier, very noble and brave, and a Christian Morisca, that loved him."

"A Christian Morisca?" said Amador; "and she loved the cavalier?—I will hear that story. And it happened in Granada too?"

"In one of the Moorish towns, but not in the royal city. It was in the town Almeria."

"In the town Almeria!" echoed Amador, eagerly. "Thou canst tell me nothing of Almeria that will not give me both pain and pleasure, for there—But pho! a word doth fill the brain with memories!—Is it an *amoral* story?"

"Not very ancient, please my lord: it happened since the fall of Granada."

"It is strange that I never heard it, then; for I dwelt full two months in this same town; and 'tis not yet forty years since the *conquest*."

"Perhaps it is not *true*," said the stripling, innocently; "and, at the best, 'tis not remarkable enough to have many repeaters. 'Tis a very foolish story."

"Nevertheless, I am impatient to hear it."

"There lived in that town," said Jacinto, "a Moorish orphan—"

"A girl?" demanded the neophyte.

"A Moorish maiden,—of so obscure a birth, that she knew not even the name that had been borne by her parents, but nevertheless, *senor*, her parents, as was afterwards told out, were of the noblest blood of Granada. She was protected and reared in the family of a benevolent lady, who, being descended of a Moorish parent, looked with pity on the poor offspring of the race of her mother. When this maiden was yet in her very early years, there came a noble cavalier of Castile—"

"A Castilian?" demanded Don Amador, with extraordinary vivacity. "Art thou a conjurer?—What was his name?"

"I know not," said Jacinto.

"Thou lovest thy stories, then, only by the half," said the neophyte, with a degree of displeasure that amazed the youth. "And, doubtless, thou wert forgetful also to acquire the name of the Moorish orphan!"

"*Senor*," said the page, discomposed at the heated manner of his patron, "the Moorish maiden was called Leila."

"Leila!" cried the neophyte, starting to his feet, and seizing Jacinto by the arm— "Canst thou tell me aught of Leila?"

"*Senor!*" murmured Jacinto, in affright.

“ ‘Leila, the Morisca, in the house of the señora Doña Maria de Montefuerte!’” exclaimed Don Amador, wildly. ‘Dost thou know of her fate? Did she sleep under the surges of the bay? Was she ravished away by those exile dogs of the mountains?—Now, by heaven, if thou canst tell me any thing of that Moorish maid, I will make thee richer than the richest Moor of Granada!’

“At this moment, while Jacinto, speechless with terror, gazed on his patron, as doubting if his senses had not deserted him, a step rung on the earth of the terrace, and De Morla stood at his side.

“The voice of his friend recalled the bewildered wits of the neophyte; he stared at Jacinto, and at De Morla; a deep hue of shame and confusion flushed over his brow; and perceiving that his violence had again thrown the page into tears, he kissed him benevolently on the forehead, and said, as tranquilly as he could—

“ ‘A word will make fools of the wisest! I think I was dreaming, while thou wert at thy story. Be not affrighted, Jacinto: I meant not to scold thee—I was disturbed.—Next—next,’ he added, with a grievous shudder, ‘I shall be as mad as my kinsman!’

“ ‘My brother! I am surprised to see thee in this emotion,’ said De Morla.

“ ‘It is nothing,’ responded Amador, hastily and gloomily: ‘I fear there is a natural infirmity in the brains of all my family. I was moved, by an idle story of Jacinto, into the recollection of a certain sorrowful event, which, one day, perhaps, I will relate to thee. But let us return to our quarters.—The air comes down chilly from the mountains—It is time we were sleeping.’

“The friends retired from the temple, leaving the torch sticking in the platform; for the moon was now so high as to afford a better illumination. They parted at the quarters; but Don Amador, after satisfying himself that the knight of Rhodes was slumbering on his pallet, drew Jacinto aside to question him further of the orphan of Almeria. His solicitude was, however, doomed to a disappointment; the page was evidently impressed with the fear, that Don Amador was not without some of the weakness of Calavar; and adroitly, though with great embarrassment, avoided exciting him further.

“ ‘It is a foolish story, and I am sorry it displeased my lord,’ said he, when commanded to continue the narrative.

“ ‘It displeased me not—I knew a Moorish maid of that name in Almeria, who was also protected by a Christian lady; and, what was most remarkable, this Christian lady was of Moorish descent, like her of whom thou wert speaking; and, like the Leila of *thy* story, the Leila of my own memory vanished away from the town before ——’

“ ‘Señor,’ cried Jacinto, ‘I did not say she vanished away from Almeria: *that* did not belong to the story.’

“ ‘Ay, indeed! is it so? Heaven guard my wits! what made me think it?—And thy Leila lived in Almeria very recently?’

“ ‘Perhaps ten or fifteen years ago.’——

“ ‘Pho!—Into what folly may not an ungoverned fancy lead us!—Ten or fifteen years ago!—And thou never heardest of the Leila that dwelt in that town within a twelve-month?’

“ ‘I, señor?’ cried Jacinto, with surprise.

“ ‘True—how is it possible thou couldst?—Thou hast, this night, stirred me as by magic. I know not by what sorcery thou couldst hit upon that name!’

“ ‘It was the name of the lady,’ said Jacinto, innocently.

“ ‘Ay, to be sure!—There is one Mary in heaven, and a thousand on earth—why should there not be many Leilas?—Did I speak harshly to thee, Jacinto? Thou shouldst not kiss my hand, if I did; for no impatience

or grief could excite wrath to one so gentle and unoffending. Good night—get thee to thy bed, and forget not to say thy prayers."

"So saying, and in such disorder of spirits as the page had never before witnessed in him, Don Amador retired."

Before the army leaves Tlascala, the Moor, Abdalla, desert the Spaniards, and takes refuge among the Mexicans in the capital. The march of the army to that city gives occasion for introducing, in the conversations of Amador with De Moria, some of the more interesting events of the war, previous to the arrival of the former at Vera Cruz. The approach to the city is finely described, and not less happily the feelings of Cortes in view of it.

"The feelings that struggled in the bosom of the Conqueror were, this instant, akin to those of the destroyer, as he sat upon 'the Lion's mount,' overlooking the walls of Paradise, almost lamenting, and reflecting to himself, the ruin he was about to bring upon that heavenly city. Perhaps 'horror and doubt' for a moment distracted his thoughts; but no one better knew than he the uncertain chances and tremendous peril of the enterprise, or mixed with more fear upon the probable and mighty resistance of his victims, as foreboded by the tumults that preceded the late massacre. But when he cast his eye backward on his cause, and beheld the long train of foot and horse following at his back, the many cannons, which, as they were dragged along, opened their brazen throats towards the city; the rows of spears and arquebuses bristling at the banners flapping, over the heads of his people, and beheld upon the feathered tails of his Tlascalans; and heard the music of his camp bells swell from the cike to the lake, from the lake to the shores, and far away, with pleasant echoes, among the hills, when he surveyed and looked to those things, and contrasted with them the imperfect weapons and weak bodies of his adversaries; the weakness of their institutions; the feebleness of their princes; the general disorganization of the people; and considered the glitter of wealth and immortal renown that should wait upon success; he stifled at once his apprehensions and his remorse, ceased to remember that those, whose destruction he meditated, were to him 'helpless innocence,' and satisfied himself, almost with the arguments of the fiend, that—

"Public reason just,

Honour and empire, with revenge enlarged,

By conquering this new world, compels me now

To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

Triumph and regret were at once dividing his bosom; he knew he was desir'd, yet, but felt he should be a conqueror.

"There were many things in Don Hernan, which, notwithstanding his gratitude and the desires of the neophyte, prevented the latter from bestowing upon him so much affection as he gave to one or two of his followers. The spirit of the leader was wholly, and, for his station, necessarily crafty; and this very quality raised up a wall between him and one who was of so honourable a nature that he knew no concealment. The whole schemes and aims of this general were based upon a such a foundation of fraud and injustice, that he well knew he could not, without expecting constant and vexatious opposition, give his full confidence to any truly virtuous spirit; and the same wisdom that estranged him from the latter, taught him to keep aloof from the base. While artful enough to make use of the good qualities of the one, and the bad principles of the other class, he was satisfied with their respect; he cared not for their friendship. It was enough to him, that he

had zealous and obedient followers : his situation allowed him no friends ; and he had none. Of all the valiant cavaliers who shared with him the perils and the rewards of the invasion, there was not one who, after peace had severed the bonds of companionship, did not, at the first frown of fortune, or the first invitation of self-interest, array himself in arms against his leader."

In this passage, as well as throughout the narrative, the character of Cortes is presented with strict historical fidelity. With all his faults, he was a man of vast and noble views. Of his patriotism, no better proof can be adduced than the fact that in 1535, while at the bay of Santa Cruz, in the Vermilion Sea, exploring California, and giving new territories to Spain, he received the news of the arrival in Mexico of the *first viceroy*, and was so far from allowing his private resentments to interfere with the good of his country, that he continued his operations with the same zeal as before, and besides discovering a pearl fishery, and seeking in vain for the fabulous city *Cibola*, and the great kingdom *Tatarrax*, on the lake Teguaya (or Timpanogos), he actually expended two hundred thousand crowns of his own on the expedition. Yet he was far from being insensible to the magnitude of his claims on the king, as appears from the well known scene betwixt him and Charles, in his latter days, when, forcing his way to the carriage of the ungrateful monarch, and hearing from him the insulting interrogatory, "Who are you?" he replied, "I am a man who has given to your majesty more kingdoms than your father gave you provinces." He was, to all intents and purposes, a *hero*—combining an insatiable thirst after aggrandizement with the genius and the want of moral sense necessary to acquire it. He was cunning, as well as determined, cold-blooded and yet fanatical, and so unscrupulous about the means of removing obstacles from his path, that Bernal Diaz darkly accuses him of assassinating a Spanish soldier who had saved his life, and yet had incurred his anger "for reasons," says this Nestor of the Conquest, "which, from regard to his (Cortes's) honour, I will not mention."—"We never knew," he continues, "what became of him, but our suspicions were very bad."

Such is the mixed character which authentic history gives of the conqueror; and such is he represented in the pages before us. The same regard to historical fidelity in the representation of the other real personages introduced, is preserved in every instance, even to the description of their persons, costume, and in some instances, their language, as for example in the passage where Narvaez is wounded, and exclaims, "I am slain, and mine eye is struck out forever !" The only violations of this general rule, which we notice, are two. One is a trifling anachronism in placing the siege of Rhodes before the conquest,

or grief could excuse wrath to or—  
—get thee to thy bed, and for

“So saying, and in such  
witnessed in him, Don

Before the arm  
the Spaniards, a  
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later. This was of  
author, and is excusable  
winging knights of Rhodes,  
the scene of action, to unite  
associations of European and  
some moment. The other ex-  
rule, is, where he calls Narvaez  
says he was a native of Valladolid,  
Solis expressly affirms that he was a  
This small error must also have been  
author is evidently too accurately read in  
been guilty of such an oversight.  
minor concerns and return to the story.—  
The arrival of Don Amador, with Cortes, at the city of Mexico.  
introduces us at once to the most stirring events. Here the  
author's dramatic power of combining and concentrating the  
actions of his plot, contrasting his characters, and bringing their  
passions into play, is exerted with fine effect. The facts of  
history and the fruits of invention are united to produce a suc-  
cession of the most interesting and absorbing scenes and spec-  
tacles. Cortes, at the moment of meeting Montezuma, from  
an over refinement of policy, offers him the grossest insult; and  
the whole empire instantly rises in rebellion.\* The palace of

\* The reason why the Mexicans, who showed themselves, when the  
contest seriously began, of unparalleled bravery, were so tame at first, was  
simply their reverence for Montezuma, and their implicit obedience to his  
commands. Eight days after his first arrival in Mexico, Cortes seized Monte-  
zuma. The Mexicans gathered in the streets, with arms, to rescue him. In  
obedience to the orders of Montezuma, they dispersed. Cacamatzin, king of  
Tezcucuo, a nephew of the emperor, endeavoured to arouse him to resistance;  
and failing in this, took arms himself. By the connivance of Montezuma, he  
was treacherously seized and chained. The massacre, by Alvarado, of the  
nobles, during the festival of Huitzilopochtli, inflamed the people into in-  
stant war. The commands of Montezuma served to check their assaults, but  
could not prevent them from surrounding the quarters and keeping the  
Spaniards in durance. They awaited the return of Cortes and his judgment  
concerning the quarrel. Peace or war depended on the course he might  
pursue. Unfortunately, his first act upon entering the city was grossly to  
insult the king. Within a quarter of an hour after, as Bernal Diaz ex-  
pressly asserts, they began the work of vengeance, nor did they cease till  
their city was destroyed. The truth is, Montezuma, who was unworthy  
of his people, lay like a nightmare upon their strength. Had he been  
killed sooner, or had Cuiclahuatzin (his brother and successor) lived lon-  
ger, the Spaniards must have been exterminated. Cuiclahuatzin died in  
the very moment of victory, cut off by the *small-pox*, which was perhaps the  
most powerful of the Spanish weapons. Guatimozin (Quauhtimotzin)



Axajacatl, the quarters of Cortes, in the city, is immediately besieged and assaulted, in the most determined manner, by countless multitudes of barbarians. Montezuma is brought out to harangue his people and dissuade them from violence. He is wounded, and lingers several days, during which the conflicts are almost unintermitted, and finally dies, rather of despair than his wounds.

During these events, the fortunes of the hero, Don Amador, and the page Jacinto, are skilfully interwoven with those of the conquerors. Jacinto is spirited away by his father Abdalla, at the moment of arrival in the city; arrayed in the garments of a priestess, carried in procession, and made to exert a mysterious and powerful influence on the superstitious minds of the Mexicans. Amador is wounded in a skirmish with the natives and rescued by Abdalla, who takes him secretly to his residence, and places him in the care of Jacinto, who still seems to him a page. On the evening when the Spaniards are preparing to leave the city, Amador escapes from the house of Abdalla, and, guided by Jacinto, who supposes his father to be killed, he gains the palace of Axajacatl, and accompanies the Spaniards in the retreat of the "*Noche Triste*," or "melancholy night," as it is called by historians. The description of the well known events of this night are given in a style which imparts to them a new and intense interest. One short extract will show the author's tact in the choice of circumstances, and his power of description.

"Raising his voice aloud, and running towards the nearest group, Don Amador sought out the secretary. But this group, before he had yet reached it, started away, and fled, with loud cries, towards the city, or to where the tumult was greatest; and he knew by their shouts of 'Tlatelolco! ho, Tlatelolco!' that they were Mexicans. On the spot they had thus deserted, the novice stumbled over the body of a man, his throat cut from ear to ear, his cotton armour torn to pieces; and from the shreds, as the carcass rolled under his foot, there fell out, rattling and jingling on the stones, divers vessels of gold and jewels, such as had been grasped in the treasury.

"Without pausing to survey this victim of covetousness, the cavalier ran on; and, hearing many Christian voices, ringing now with curses, now with prayers, and now with shouts of triumph, he called out at the top of his voice—

"On, brothers! on to the artillery! advance!—Strike well, and forward!—Ho, Lorenzo! comrade! where art thou? and why answerest thou not?"

"A gurgling sound, as of one suffocating in the flood, drew his eye to

who succeeded him, though a hero, was a youth of twenty-three or twenty-four years, a warrior, but inexperienced, and without the address and moral influence of Cuiclahuatzin, who had been long known to Mexico as the chief counsellor to Montezuma, and commander-in-chief of his armies. Well said Clavigero, that he died too soon for his country.

the lake almost under his feet. The water rippled, as if lately disturbed by the falling of some heavy body; and just where the circling wave washed sluggishly up the shelving dike, there lay a white mass like a human figure, the head and shoulders buried in the tide. The wash of the ripple stirred the garments, and, in part, the corpse, so that it still seemed to be living; but when the novice had caught it up, he beheld the visage of a very youthful girl, her forehead cloven by a sword of obsidian, and the broken weapon wedged fast in the brain. At the same instant, the water parted hard by, and there rose up a dark object, that seemed the back of a horse, across which lay the body of a man in bright armour, the legs upwards, but the head and breast ingulfed. For an instant, the dreary sight was presented; but, slowly, the steed, whose nostrils were still under water, as if held down by the grasp of the dead rider, rolled over on his side, and the body slipping off the other way, sunk headlong and silently into the flood, followed presently by the horse; and the next moment the waters were at rest."

During the battle on the causeway, Jacinto is separated from Amador, and on his return to the spot where they parted, the neophyte discovers—not the page—but a jewel, which reveals to him the true character of this personage.

The story now draws rapidly to a conclusion. Amador accompanies the remnant of the Spanish army on the retreat towards Tlascala. On the famous field of Otumba, where Cortes vanquished an immense multitude of Mexicans, the action of the narrative is properly terminated. At the moment when the armies are joining battle, Calavar, who had been missing since one of the recent battles in the city, descends on horse-back, in full armour, into the plain, from a mountain on one side, and is encountered by Abdalla, the Moor, who enters in a similar style from the opposite side. These are supposed by the combatants, respectively, to be St. James\* and Mexitli;

\* The author appears to have taken this idea from history. The soldiers of Cortes supposed themselves to have been assisted by St. James, in person, on two several occasions—once in the battle of Toluca, and subsequently at this very battle of Otumba. We have the authority of Gomara and Cortes himself for the former apparition, and the veracious Bernal Diaz quotes the testimony of others in both cases, without pretending to affirm or deny the fact himself. His language, in speaking of the matter, is quite characteristic. With reference to the appearance at Otumba, he says, "Animated as we were by our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Lady the Virgin Mary, as also by St. Jago, who undoubtedly assisted us, as certified by a chief of Guatimotzin, who was present in the battle." In the other instance he does not contradict the popular belief that the saint appeared "on a mottled gray horse," ("it may be that I, as a sinner, was unworthy to see him,") but he protests that he saw Francisco de Morla on such a horse.

This tradition has been used with good effect in the novel, and rather improved by the introduction of a personage supposed at the moment to be Mexitli.

but after the encounter and fall of both, and the termination of the battle with the Mexicans, Calavar recognises in the Moor, Alharez, the enemy, on account of former passages with whom he had suffered such profound grief and humiliation. Jacinto, or rather Leila, who, it appears, had been rescued from the slaughter on the causeway, had found her way to the retreat of Calavar, and followed him to the field, is now given to Amador by her dying father. Calavar survives the contest but a few days, and Amador, charged with despatches from Cortes to the emperor, sails with his bride for Spain.

A short conclusion is added, which presents Don Amador in the enjoyment of domestic peace and endearment, at his castle in Spain, at a period some twelve months later; and by the introduction of the secretary, Fabueno, just arrived from Mexico, affords a glimpse at the closing events of the conquest.

The amount of injustice which we have done to the construction of the fable, in this hurried summary, can only be estimated by those who have read, or shall read the work. A pen sketch would give quite as adequate an idea of Stewart's Washington, or Allston's Beatrice. It is true, that an artist may perceive something of the beauty of the original in the rudest copy, and so may our readers discover, in this meagre outline, the elements of a well-managed story. But the effect of a plot depends more than one would at first suppose, on the delicate and judicious management of the details; and of this, no outline can convey any idea. Our readers must therefore believe, upon our authority, that the effect is every thing which an author could desire. The developments are gradual, well-timed and masterly. The interest is admirably sustained, and all the illusion which appears to have been attempted, is kept up to the last.

In the *costume*, considered in its most extended sense, the author has displayed a great deal of skill and judgment. Some of the writers of historical novels, (the author of Zillah, for example,) go into the most wearisome and minute details—details, too, which are neither picturesque nor characteristic. Others, in order to give an air of antiquity to their dialogue, clothe modern conceits in obsolete English, and thus achieve a style of conversation, such as neither gods nor men ever heard or conceived. There is another set who modernize all the ancients, like the old Parisian writers of mysteries and moralities, whose Frenchified patriarchs used to address each other as Monseigneur Abraham, and Madame Sarah; and, last of all, those who confound all styles and fashions, and disregard all the proprieties of time and place.

A historical novelist should endeavour to infuse into his work the true spirit of the age to which it relates—to present his

reader with the very "form and pressure" of the time—and in order to do this, it is by no means necessary to go into long, minute, and wearisome descriptions, or a half intelligible jargon. A few master-strokes give the external characters of dress and appointments; the customs should only be introduced for actual use, in advancing the action of the story; but should be thoroughly understood, however sparingly used. The dialogue should be, as far as is practicable, a fair transcript of the language of the period. If quaintness be a characteristic of the writers of the age, it may fairly be supposed to have marked the prevailing style of conversation, and is therefore admissible.

In all these particulars the author of *Calavar* seems to us to be remarkably happy. So far as respects dress, armour, and appointments, he is correct, without tedious minuteness; and in the conversations, he has presented the true character of the conquerors. Any one may satisfy himself concerning the quaintness of expression then in use, by reading the real conversations, reported by the historians of the time; and a degree of elevation and pomp, which seemed to pervade all the ideas of the Spaniards then living, is, fortunately for our author's purpose, quite consonant with the degree of dignity which should always characterize romance.

In the delineation of character and passion, the author has by no means fallen short of the high expectations raised by his previous success in tragedy. Each personage is, if we may be allowed the expression, completely *individualized*. The gloomy and grief-stricken Calavar, the impetuous, but noble hearted De Leste, the wily and vindictive, but grateful Abdalla, and the bold, fanatical and crafty Botello, enter upon the scene, and act and speak with unvarying consistency. After having read the work, we regard them as personal acquaintance; and the impression which each of them leaves upon the mind, is as distinct and identical, as those which history has furnished of Cromwell and Richelieu, or fiction, of Don Quixote, and the enduring creations of the great Enchanter of the North.

The author's success is not less remarkable, in presenting single traits, which belong to the universal character of man, and display a knowledge of the principles of our nature, particularly those passions and feelings, which are called forth by sudden and extraordinary emergencies. The conduct and language of fictitious characters, in such situations, afford a fair test of the author's powers, to whom they owe their creation. The personages of a feeble, or half-fledged writer, are sure to disgrace themselves in such situations; while in the just and consistent bearing, which characterize those of a different origin, we recognize the hand of a master.

We will quote a single example, for the purpose of illustra-

tion, from the work before us. It is where the remnant of the Cortes' army, driven from the city, arrive at the eminence which commands a view of the valley of Otumba, covered with countless Mexicans.

"The Christians gathered round their leader in silence. The loud roar of shouts, sounding from below, as if a whole world shrieked at once, shook the mountain under their feet; but they replied not. Every man was, at that moment, commending his soul to his Maker; for each knew there was no path of escape, except through that valley, and felt in addition, that, perhaps, not even the whole army, fresh, well-appointed, full of spirits and resolution, as when, on St. John's day, it entered the city of the lake, could have made any impression on such a multitude, displayed in such a position. The very extremity of the case was the best counsel to meet it with fortitude; every man considered his life already doomed beyond respite, and, with such consciousness, looked forward to his fate with tranquillity. Their sufferings by famine and fatigue on the road, though the mutinous and lamenting fugitives did not then know it, had better prepared them to encounter such a battle-field, than a series of victories, with spoils of gold and bread; for these torments having already rendered their lives burdensome, they were not greatly frightened at the prospect of ending them. These causes, then, added to the fury of fanaticism, never entirely at rest in the bosoms of the invaders, will account for their resolution, and even impatience, to attack an army, rated by many of the conquerors, at two hundred thousand men. Had they been happier men, they would not have rushed upon such manifest destruction.

"The priest Olmedo stretched forth his arm, holding a crucifix: Christian and Tlascalan knelt down upon the flinty ridge, and mingled together sullen prayers.

"As they rose, the ever-composed Sandoval cried out, emphatically—

"'Now, my merry men all, gentlemen hidalgos and gentlemen commoners, God hath this day given us a great opportunity to signalize our valour;'—which was all the oration it occurred to his imagination to make. The soldiers looked upon him with a gloomy indifference. Then out spoke the hot-headed Alvarado:

"'There be, to my reckoning, in yonder plain,' he said, with a grin of desperation, 'some five hundred thousand men; we have, of our own body, some four hundred and fifty Christian soldiers, and we may count the two thousand Tlascalans, here at our heels, for fifty more; which just leaves us a thousand dogs apiece to fight in yonder vale. If we gain the victory over such odds, never believe me, if we be not clapped down in books by that German enchanter Faust, who hath invented a way of making them in such numbers, as being more heroical men than either Don Alejandro, the great emperor of Egypt, or some other country,—or Don Rodrigo himself, who was much greater than any such dog of a heathen king. This much I will say, that never before had starving men such a chance of dying like knights of renown; and as, doubtless, God will send us some fifty or an hundred thousand angels, to fight on our side, we may chance stumble on a victory: in hope of which, or in the certainty, on the other hand, of going to heaven, I say, Santiago, and at them! for their bodies are covered with gold and jewels!'

"'God will help us!' cried Cortes; 'and my friend Alvarado hath very justly said, that there is a rich spoil, in that valley, for victors. Though there be here, perhaps, fifty thousand men, or more, yet are they infidels, and, therefore, but as sparrows and gnats before the face of God's soldiers. There are, also, acres of very sweet corn in the valley; and, beyond yon

yelling herds, are the gates of Tlascala. But let it not be thought, I will, this day, compel the sword of any Christian. Yonder are the hill-tops;—there are dens enow, wherein one may give his bones to wild-cats, and there be tall cliffs from which they who prefer such end, may throw themselves, and straightway be beyond the reach of the battle. For myself, though but one man follow me, yet will I descend to that plain, walk through that multitude, and marshalling an hundred thousand Tlascalans, after I have rested me a little, return by the same path we are now treading, to the gates of Mexico, to revenge upon such as yonder scum, the death of my brothers, who are in heaven, as well as to lay claim to those rich lands and mines of gold, which are our right, and which it is yet our destiny to over-master. If ye be minded to disperse and starve among the hills, let me be acquainted with your resolution; if ye will fight like soldiers and Christians, speak out your good thoughts, and, in God's name, let us begin!"

" 'We will fight,' muttered the desperate men."

The speeches of the leaders, here, are of course fictitious, although the characters are real. These speeches are marked with levity and bitter irony. The men make sport of their desperate circumstances; and this conduct, we maintain, is true to nature. Shakspeare himself has recognized this feature of human character:

"How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry!"

Thousands of instances might be quoted from real life to prove the correctness of the principle. Indeed, during the French revolution, it was so common for persons to utter some memorable witticism at the guillotine, that a considerable collection of these *mots* was made and published.

The style of "Calavar" is adapted to the subject. It is masculine and effective. A degree of elevation is sustained throughout, which is undoubtedly the proper characteristic of romance. We look upon this as the result of calculation and choice in the author, and we regard it as the evidence of judgment and correct taste.

We are now prepared to return to the question, how far the author of "Calavar" has succeeded in appropriating to the purposes of fiction the materials presented in the ample field upon which he has entered; and we are ready to acknowledge that it is difficult to imagine how he could have employed them to better advantage. He has produced a novel of intense interest, abounding with well-drawn characters and stirring incidents, written in a masterly style, and affording evidence of strong powers of invention; while at the same time he has presented a just picture of the age and country to which it belongs, and of the historical characters and events which it is intended to illustrate.

We might easily point out subjects for cavil and objection. We might easily misinterpret the author's design, and condemn

- him for not effecting what he never attempted. But we hold such a course of proceeding with a work of decided general merit, as unworthy the character of liberal criticism. No one will charge us with undue indulgence towards the sciolist, the poetaster, or the inflated pretender of any class; and we are determined that no one shall have just ground to complain that we are ever actuated by a spirit of detraction towards those writers who bid fair to do honour to our country.

The literature of America is necessarily and constantly brought into comparison with that of a nation which acknowledges no superior in works of genius; and no efforts of partial and indiscriminate praise can do away the effects of this comparison. Our writers, therefore, must stand or fall by their intrinsic merits; and so long as we exercise the right and privilege of uttering our opinions, they shall be dealt with according to the principles of abstract justice.

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ART. XIV.—*Travels in the Equatorial Regions of South America, in 1832.* By R. TERRY, M. D. Hartford. Cooke & Co. 1834.

It would seem that the spirit which but a few years since sneeringly asked, who reads an American book, should be thoroughly quelled, since our press brings forth, almost hourly, new works, many of which are reprinted, and some favourably reviewed, in the land of the querist. Our countrymen, remarkable at home and abroad for the scope and accuracy of their observation, and the skill with which they turn it to account, have discovered that the communication of knowledge, like deeds of charity, is doubly blessed, rewarding the giver and receiver. Hence, many of our voyagers, official and non-official, diplomatic and naval, clerical and lay, celebrate their return, not by offering hecatombs to the god of travellers, but of tomes to the insatiable curiosity which rules the country and the age.

The work whose title we have placed at the head of this article, is among the latest, and not least acceptable offerings. The writer, who is a medical man, was prepared by education to perform with ability the labour he has assumed; nor have the expectations excited by this circumstance been disappointed. The subject of this work, indeed, is replete with interest, which the genius of dulness itself could scarce destroy.

“The region through which I have travelled,” says Dr. Terry, “is part of a vast territory, which, for about three centuries, was held in a



bondage most oppressive and humiliating, by a people occupying a spot on the globe comparatively insignificant in extent. After the conquest, the conquerors and their descendants, in turn, became the slaves and dependents of the mother country. The results of this long slavery is apparent, and must continue so for many years. To those to whom the history of the rise and fall of the governments of the earth is matter of philosophical study and reflection, the condition of so fair a portion of the globe, after a great political change, cannot fail to be of interest."

We might add, that South America, generally, abounding in desirable commodities, and possessing capacity for unlimited production, and a population which requires a perpetually increasing supply of the manufactures of the North, is an object of absorbing interest to many of the inhabitants of the latter, who trouble themselves little "with philosophical study or reflection, upon the rise and fall of the governments of the earth," but who cogitate much on the means to gain and preserve a profitable commerce.

It is our purpose to extract from this work such portions as may amuse and instruct our readers, and enable them to judge of the merit of the writer; permitting the latter to speak for himself whenever we can, but condensing his views when our space requires it.

Dr. Terry left New York late in September, 1831, on board a small schooner bound to Kingston and Chagres, with design to visit, for a purpose not apparent, the ancient province of Quito, now included in the State of Ecuador. He arrived at the miserable village of Chagres, at the mouth of the river of the same name, inhabited mostly by Indians and mulattoes, on the 2d of November. He crossed the isthmus by ascending the river in a canoe to Cruces, and proceeding thence to Panama on mules. This route merits attention, as one of nine, which have been designated for connecting, by canal, the Atlantic with the Pacific ocean.

"The distance by the river, from Chagres to Cruces, the head of navigation," says the doctor, "is about fifty miles; and the general direction which we followed, was from N. W. to S. E. We were four days and three nights in accomplishing this distance. Our crew consisted of a steersman, called '*el patron*,' and two '*peones*,' or labourers. For the first ten miles, oars were used for propelling the boat; but after that, the rapidity of the stream compelled them to resort to poles, and to keep close to the banks of the river, often passing under the branches of the trees, which dipped in the water. The general aspect of the river is gloomy in the extreme. Shut in by impenetrable forests, the abode of noxious reptiles and pestiferous exhalations, rolling on, discoloured, dark, and over-shadowed by clouds, it has none of that gorgeous colouring of scenery, which we are so apt to associate with our ideas of tropical regions. Even around the settlements on its banks, the land is free from forests but to a small distance from the houses, which are the chosen homes of disease, filth, and misery. It rained at intervals during our voyage; but when the sun shone, it was with a scorching power, which made us wish for clouds again. Millions of

musquitos made our faces their pasture, and the constant smoking of segars was the only thing which would keep them off at all: killing one brought a dozen to his funeral."

The party arrived, about noon of the fourth day, at Gorgona, a considerable village, a league below Cruces, near which is a hill, from whose top, on a clear day, the two oceans are visible. Above this place the river is shallow and rapid, and is ascended with great difficulty. Cruces is a petty hamlet, seven leagues east of Panama. At a short distance from it is shown an anchor, which the Spaniards had brought by the river, and attempted to transport on the shoulders of men, to Panama; but which, having been carried half a mile, fell, and crushed four of the bearers. This (November) was the most unfavourable part of the year for travelling, being the end of the rainy season, or winter. Though vegetation is always active, there is an appropriate season of fruits and flowers, as in climates of greater variation. The road is rough and broken, but has no great elevation. It is in many places cut fifteen feet deep into the rock, and the lower part of the excavation is so narrow, that the rider is often obliged to extend his legs along the neck of his mule to avoid injury. Part of the road has been paved with boulders, and portions of the pavement yet remain; but other parts have been so ploughed by the torrents that they are altogether execrable, consisting of long descents covered with rolling stones, over which no beast but a mule can travel safely.

Dr. Terry observes, that there is no considerable elevation between Cruces and Panama, and that no very serious natural obstacles exist to the construction of a rail-road or canal across the isthmus; none so great as have been overcome on public works in the United States. Other accounts, however, give a somewhat different view of this matter. From the discovery of the Pacific ocean to the present day, the project of uniting it, here, with the Atlantic, has occupied many minds; and yet, there does not exist, we are told, an accurate survey of the ground, although the Spanish authorities have, at different times, endeavoured to obtain it, and, to that end, have employed skilful engineers. But their reports contain extravagant statements and extraordinary contradictions;—some averring, that by a canal of twelve leagues, following the ravines at the foot of the mountains, a passage might be opened as wide as the gut of Gibraltar, from the bay of Panama to Cruces; whilst others assert, that a water communication cannot be accomplished without locks and tunnels, surmounting an elevation of at least four hundred feet. In one point, however, these reports accord; that a good road may be made for carriages between the

above named points; and, therefore, probably, a railroad, with inclined planes, might be constructed. But the navigation of the river Chagres must be much improved to render the road serviceable in the transit of merchandise. Were this done, still there would remain almost insuperable objections to the selection of this place. The eastern coast is one of the most unhealthy in the world, especially in the rainy season, which endures almost the whole year. Of Chagres, Mr. Terry observes, "no white man remains there for any length of time, without being sick; even the Panamians are not exempt. Of the nine passengers who crossed the isthmus, not one escaped a severe illness." On the western coast, in the bay of Panama, the water is so shallow that flat-bottomed boats only, of one or two feet draught, can approach the shore. The city lies on a peninsula at the head of the gulf, but the anchorage for vessels of a large size is at Perico and Flaminco, seven miles distant. The canal might *possibly* be continued in the ocean the necessary distance, but it would be perpetually filling up.

Our readers are aware, that, the Pacific ocean was discovered to the Spaniards by Vasco Nugnez de Balboa, one of the ablest and most virtuous of those invincible spirits, who, in America, illustrated the commencement of the sixteenth century. He approached it in the vicinity of Panama, in 1513; and his oppressor and murderer, Pedrarias D'Avilla, founded the town about four years afterwards. After the conquest of Peru and Chili, Panama became the depot of the wealth of those countries, preparatory to its transit to Europe, by the isthmus and Porto Bello; and through it passed, also, all the merchandize sent from Spain to supply her great dependencies upon the Pacific coast of South America. The original town was pillaged and destroyed by the Buccaneers, in 1670. The present one was built about five miles from the first. With the abolition of the fairs, at Porto Bello, in consequence of the direction given to the trade of the Pacific, around Cape Horn, in 1748, the prosperity of Panama declined. Still, the remnants of former wealth, and the profits of the pearl fishery, delayed its fall; but the decreased value of pearls, and the enormities of the late revolution, completed its ruin.

Panama is a walled town, principally built of stone, stuccoed. The part of the walls which borders the sea, is of very fine masonry, thirty feet broad at the top, forming a beautiful promenade, commanding a view of the lovely bay, and much frequented during the fine season. The houses are large and substantial, and, the place not being subject to earthquakes, are generally three stories high. The churches are spacious, and in the fantastic style of architecture introduced into Spain by

the Moors. The convents are numerous, but mostly ruinous and untenanted. The government house is a fine stone building; but an empty tank of hewn stone, in which a fountain formerly played, the broken marble pavement of the grand hall, the defaced balustrades of richly carved stone, and the painted ceilings, now mouldy, discoloured, and crumbling, speak alike of poverty and decay.

On the left of the town stretches a long, beautiful beach of white sand, narrow, and bordered by dense thickets of luxuriant foliage, which, at intervals, are interrupted by the palm-thatched cottages of the natives, overshadowed by lofty coconut trees. In front, and on the right, as far as the eye can reach, the bay is dotted with small, green, fairy looking islands, and the *tout ensemble* has a beauty rarely equalled. Large quantities of pearls are still taken near these islands, at which foreign vessels are forbidden to touch, without special permission, under pain of forfeiture. Green turtle abound, but they are not suffered to be taken; the islanders asserting, that the sharks, which feed upon them, would, by diminution of this food, become more ravenous, and prone to attack the divers. As it is, however, fatal accidents often happen to this devoted race.

On the third November our traveller left Panama for the island of Tabago, distant twenty miles; whence he proposed to embark for Payta, in Peru. This island, from his description, is one of surpassing beauty.

“ It is composed of a ridge of high hills, with a narrow stripe of level land bordering it in most places. On this, among beautiful trees bearing tropical fruits, are built the huts of the inhabitants. In front is a broad beach of pure white sand, sweeping almost in a circle around the bay, interrupted here and there by masses of rock jutting out from the base of the hills. At a short distance behind the village rise the hills, some covered to their summits with groves of oranges and limes, or fields of maize, plantains, and pine-apples; others, smooth and grassy, were dotted with a few sheep, forming, by their resemblance to the scenery of temperate regions, a strong contrast to the first. At a little distance from the village, and about a quarter of the way up the hill, in a most romantic situation, stands a neat, whitewashed church, whose early mass bell pealed among the hills, and echoing back, stole over the quiet waters of the bay. The buccaniers who burnt Panama, in 1670, and who suffered extreme hardships in crossing the isthmus, visited this place, and even their rough natures were so impressed with its beauty, that they gave it the name of the Enchanted Island. It is extremely healthy; and produces great quantities of fruit, which is mostly sold in Panama. Inhabitants of Panama come to this island, to recover from the effects of fevers, which are so common in that city.

“ After breakfast we went on shore, and ascended the hills to visit the natural baths, which are formed by a small stream of the purest water, tumbling in cascades from ledge to ledge, at the foot of each of which is

worn, in the solid rock, a smooth and oval basin of sufficient size for a bath, in which the water is continually changing. These basins are overhung by lime and orange trees, which diffuse a delicious coolness and fragrance. These baths are supposed to possess a medicinal efficacy."

The doctor arrived at Payta, on the 29th, after a most tedious voyage; twenty-four days having been spent in beating to windward, in a small Peruvian vessel, badly equipped, and scantily supplied with provisions. Payta, in Lat.  $5^{\circ} 5' S.$  Long.  $80^{\circ} 50' W.$  of Greenwich, is the most northerly seaport, of importance, in Peru. Its commodious harbour is much frequented by the whale ships. Surrounded by high and barren hills, the town would be uninhabitable, from intense heat, were it not for the sea breeze, which sets in about noon.

Previously to the doctor's visit, it had not rained here for four years: but, in the succeeding year, so much rain fell as to injure the mud walls of the houses, and to clothe (a rare occurrence) the usually brown and arid hills with deep verdure. The climate is generally so dry, that meat, hung in the open air, as at Buenos Ayres, will become hard; and may be preserved without salt. This dryness, here, as elsewhere, is commonly salubrious. There are no wells, or springs, or reservoirs, and all the fresh water consumed is brought seven leagues, in gourds, slung on the backs of asses. The town is supplied with provisions from the valley of Sechura, through which the river Piura finds its way to the sea, about twenty miles to the southward. It carries on a large trade (principally contraband) with the interior of Peru, and the southern provinces of Columbia. The bay abounds with fine fish, of which large quantities are cured and exported to Guayaquil and other ports to the leeward. San Miguel de Piura, distant about fourteen leagues from Payta, founded by Francisco Pizarro, on the 16th May, A. D. 1532, is one of the oldest towns in Peru.

Leaving Payta on the 31st of December, 1831, our traveller arrived at Guayaquil on the 3d of January following. A town of this name was founded by Pizarro, in 1534, on the bay of Charapoto, near the site of the present village of Monte Christi, but the location was soon changed for that which it now occupies upon the river of the same name, about forty-five miles distant from its mouth, in Lat.  $2^{\circ} 12' 12'' S.$  Long.  $79^{\circ} 39' 46'' W.$  The city is accessible by vessels of the largest class, and contains from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, of all shades, from jet black to pure white, which run into each other by almost imperceptible gradations; and notwithstanding the insalubrity of the climate, has, until within a few years, been a place of large commerce; but anarchy and misrule have reduced it, in this respect, much below Lima and Valparaiso. Heavy duties, not only of import but of export, and impolitic

government monopolies, even of the necessities of life, are grievous burthens. From this condition, however, it is supposed, that peace and security will reclaim it; since, it is the natural outlet of a vast extent of fertile, and, *generally*, healthy country.

The province of Guayaquil declared its independence of Spain in 1820, when two parties were formed; one disposed to connect it with Peru and general San Martin, and the other with Colombia and Bolivar. The soldiery, however, decided in favour of the latter; yet an independent flag was maintained until August, 1832, when the province was formally included in the gigantic republic of Colombia. In 1826 an attempt was made to establish the constitution which Bolivar gave to Peru, and it was actually proclaimed; but the Colombian constitution was almost immediately restored, without bloodshed, by the influence of general Santander, the vice-president. A war succeeded with Peru; and, in November, 1828, a Peruvian squadron, under admiral Guise, captured the city of Guayaquil, but it was retaken in a few days by the Colombians. The admiral was killed, and most of his vessels destroyed. The battle of Tarque, or Portete, near Cuenca, in which the Peruvians were defeated by an inferior force, under general Sucre, terminated the war.

In May, 1830, the department of Guayaquil, including the provinces of Guayaquil and Manabi; the department of *Ecuador*, comprehending the provinces of Imbabura, Quito, and Chimborazo; and the department of the Asuay, comprising the provinces of Cuenca, Loxa, Jaen, and Maynas, jointly declared themselves independent of the government of Santa Fé de Bogota, forming a separate republic, under the title of the *State of Ecuador*, retaining the flag, and, with few alterations, the laws and constitution of Colombia. In November following, general Urdaneta, professing to be an emissary of Bolivar, although that chieftain had resigned the presidency of Colombia, excited a revolution, ostensibly in favour of him, and assuming the direction of affairs, marched into the interior against general Flores, president of Ecuador. But on the news of Bolivar's death, Urdaneta's troops deserted him, and he submitted to Flores, who, sparing his life, sent him to Panama, where he became involved in the revolution of Alzura, and suffered death with that miscreant. Circumstances render it probable that this attempt of Urdaneta was dictated by that wild and irregular ambition which has so unhappily distinguished the revolutionary leaders of every class in Spanish America, and was wholly unapproved by Bolivar.

In 1831 the department of Cauca seceded from Bogota, and joined the Ecuador. This step induced a declaration of war



by the government of the former. A pretence was thus afforded to general Flores to raise a large sum of money upon the Guayaquilenians, which he did not fail to improve. Little of it, however, was employed in carrying on the war; for, after a series of negotiations, he met Obando, vice-president of New Granada, on the frontier, in October, 1832, embraced him, and ended the contest by the surrender of the insurgent province.

The staple of Guayaquil has been the cacao; which formerly grown in large quantities, gave great profits to the cultivators, although its quality was inferior to that of Caracas. The price has been gradually reduced from ten to two dollars the *carga*, of eighty-five pounds; which, with diminished consumption, has almost suspended the cultivation. Even with the descendants of the Spaniards tea is rapidly taking place of chocolate at breakfast. Coffee of excellent quality is produced, but not in large quantities. The tree thrives well; the crop is uniform and abundant; and should the depreciation of the cacao continue, coffee will probably be extensively cultivated. The sugar-cane succeeds as well as in any part of the globe. The great fertility of the soil, and the profuse rains of one season, give it luxuriant growth; while the bright sun and intense heat of the other, mature it and produce an abundance of saccharine juice. On the isthmus of Darien the climate is so moist, nearly all the year, that the cane, though luxuriant, is watery, and yields a small proportion of sugar.

“In the western part of the province of Guayaquil, and in the province of Manabi, are manufactured large numbers of grass hats, of every quality, from very coarse, to the finest and most beautiful fabrics. Some of the latter sell in Guayaquil for as large a sum as twenty-five or thirty dollars. Large quantities of the coarse kind are exported to Peru and Chili. These hats are woven from whole grass, and are exceedingly firm and durable. During the dry season they are universally worn by all classes. In the same regions are made the grass hammocks, which are so essential a part in the sum of Guayaquilian comforts. Nothing strikes a stranger in Guayaquil as more singular than the number of these hammocks, of every size, from three to twelve feet long, hung up in all parts of the houses. They are made of coarse grass, dyed of different bright colours, woven into a kind of net-work, and are a most appropriate piece of furniture for the climate. They are exceedingly elastic, accommodating themselves to any position of the body; and are so suspended, that a person sitting or reclining in them, can just reach the floor with the tip of the toe, and thus keep up a constant swinging motion, which creates a draught of air, and drives away the musquitos and other troublesome winged insects. They serve for sofa, chair, or couch. If you visit a lady, you are often received by her sitting in a hammock. They are more used in Guayaquil than on any other part of the coast; for the immense number of musquitos renders some defensive contrivance absolutely necessary, both for comfort and health.

“The houses in Guayaquil are built of strong wooden frames, to guard against the earthquakes. The sides are either covered with split bamboo or filled up between the timbers with clay mortar, which becomes very



hard, and forms, when whitewashed, neat and substantial walls. The houses are generally built in solid squares, which contain four dwelling houses, and a number of stores. The square is divided into four parts, in the centre of each of which is a court-yard, with an entrance by a great gate, the stairs leading to the house ascending from the court. Around the court run railed balconies, one corresponding to each story of the house. Screens of linen are arranged to draw across, on a level with the roof of the house, shading the yard from the sun, during the heat of the day, or the balconies are furnished with curtains. Venetian blinds are not used. The balconies are excellent places for taking exercise, sheltered from the sun. Balconies, similar to those overlooking the court, surround each story of the houses on the outside. The lower one of these is always as wide as the side-walk, so that, in walking, you are completely sheltered from sun and rain, except where the streets intersect each other. The lower story of the house is occupied with stores and tradesmen's shops; the second (if there are more) is rented to lodgers; while the proprietor invariably occupies the highest. One of the old-fashioned, four story houses of Guayaquil, is a perfect hive, swarming with people of every colour, grade, trade, and profession; the stores and *pulperias*, or small shops, of the ground floor, are filled with buyers and sellers, chattering like a flock of magpies, (the Guayaquilenians talk a great deal, and in a loud voice;) in the balconies of the second and third stories, you may see the whole domestic arrangement of the different occupants, of whom there are as many different renters as there are small apartments ranged along the corridor. Small children abound in these elevations. In the highest balcony, in the evening, are seen the ladies of the house, tastefully dressed, commonly with high, carved tortoise-shell combs in their hair, sitting in their hammocks, or leaning over the railings, enjoying the breeze from the river.

“The ladies of Guayaquil are generally handsome, possessing a fairness and delicacy of complexion, which we should hardly expect to find so near the equator, at a small elevation above the sea. This may partly be attributed to the moisture and heat of the climate, causing constant and free perspiration; and partly to the fact, that they seldom leave the house in the day-time, except to go to mass, which they generally do early in the morning. They dress with great taste, and possess most pleasing and agreeable manners. The *mantilla*, or close veil, (that deceitful garment which, in Lima, often causes the unwary stranger to follow the witching glances of a black eye, until all ends in his sore disappointment, when he finds the bright jewel in rather too antique a setting,) is not used here. Each fair blazes forth in all the full lustre of her charms. Not even a bonnet is worn in walking. The hair, which is generally luxuriant and beautiful, divided into two rich braids, falls over the shoulders; a high, tortoise-shell, carved comb is placed on the back part of the head, around which are disposed natural flowers, and from it sometimes falls a white gauze or lace veil. The dancing of the fair Guayaquilenians is graceful beyond measure. In the waltz and Spanish *contre danse*, they appear to the greatest advantage. I have conversed with some of them who possessed mental endowments and acquirements which astonished me, when I considered the scanty and interrupted sources of knowledge to which alone they could have had access.

“The women of the lower class display a strong passion for dress, which they seize every opportunity to gratify. On holidays, troops of women, displaying satin shoes, silk stockings, golden and pearl ornaments, and sometimes even the more precious gems, issue from holes and corners fitter for the residence of the mole, earthworm, and bat, than for a human being. There they live in squalid misery, treasuring their earnings to enable them to figure in each procession and celebration, which are not few

in a year. My black washerwoman once came to me to borrow a doubloon, with which to redeem from pawn a massive gold chain and medal, which I had often seen her wear."

Even in this hot climate, one of the principal amusements of the inhabitants is dancing.

"The manner of visiting in Guayaquil, conduces much to render the society what it is—agreeable, and unrestrained by any unnecessary formality, while it is perfectly decorous and well conducted. Formal invitations are rarely given, unless it may be for a wedding, or christening, or a large ball. Every Sunday evening, and sometimes oftener, there is a reunion at some one of the houses, which is known among the circle, during the day. You are not expected to wait for a particular invitation, but to come, under the general one you have to the house. Music, conversation, and dancing, employ the evening; and delightful parties they are. It may appear strange, that dancing should be so favourite an amusement in so hot a climate; but I have found exercise, taken at proper hours, to be as necessary as in a temperate climate; and that, far from debilitating, it invigorates."

Of the morality of the priesthood the doctor gives a lamentable account, which is unhappily but too well sustained by statements derived from other sources, and in relation to other portions of South America.

"The greater part of the ecclesiastics lead an openly profligate life; women, cock-fighting, and gambling, in various ways, are daily recreations with them. I once visited a monk, in the cell of his own convent, who had no less than six gamecocks tied by the leg in various parts of the room; during my stay, he entertained me with a long and animated discussion of their various merits. Shaven crowns are to be seen in every coffee house, their owners as animated betters, in the gambling which is going on, as any of the assembled crowd. And it is a very common thing for a curate to have a whole flock of orphan nephews and nieces, the children of an imaginary brother. The venerable vicar-general of Guayaquil is a brilliant exception to this dark picture, and would, for piety, benevolence, and a blameless life, be an ornament to any body of clergy in the world. After having spoken so plainly of the vices of this body of men, I must not omit to mention a virtue, for which the curates of the villages and towns, in the interior, are conspicuous—I mean hospitality.

"Of all the festivals, the carnival is celebrated in the most ridiculous, and even barbarous manner: the rudest sports take the place of the masques, music and dancing of this festival, in other Catholic countries. During three days you cannot walk the streets without danger of being wetted at every step with foul water. Bowls, syringes, and even pails of water, tinged of various colours, are kept by the females of all classes, in the balconies, with which they besprinkle any passer-by, who may be so unwary as to walk near them. If you cross the end of a street, you are saluted in front and rear by a shower. Egg-shells, filled with this coloured water, and sealed with wax at both ends, are carried about the streets for sale, and parties of gentlemen ride round the city, pelting the ladies in the balconies, and are pelted in turn. For the first two days I escaped by confining myself closely to the house; but on the third, indispensable business called me forth, and in spite of all the precautions I could take, I was drenched from head to foot, in foul water. Before the carnival is over, every one who has not the prudence to stay at home, resembles a drowned man, who has been drawn by the heels through an ash-pit. The lower

classes carry on the sports, men and women indiscriminately, in the streets. I saw one unfortunate fellow who had fallen into the clutches of about a dozen women. They had pinioned his arms, and plastered him from head to foot with paint, flour, soot, and mud, and were then driving him through the streets, shouting, beating him, and covering him with all sorts of abomination. It appeared he had been a very active tormentor of these gentle beings, who had formed a conspiracy to punish him. The carnival in Quito is said to be celebrated in a still more horrible manner, and with materials more disgusting. No cry of '*gardez l'eau*,' warns the passer-by of his impending fate."

The climate of Guayaquil is very hot throughout the year; the thermometer ranging from seventy-five to ninety-seven degrees in the shade. Situated at a distance from, but on a level with, the sea, within three degrees of the equator, and in the vicinity of marshes and dense mangrove swamps, it is remarkable that the city is inhabitable by white men. It is free from yellow fever; but at the commencement and close of the rainy season, fatal dysenteries and remittent fevers prevail, and fever and ague during the whole year.

There are two seasons only; the rainy, or winter; the dry, or summer. The first begins in December, and ends the latter part of April; during the first and last months there are only occasional showers, but on every day of the three intermediate months, the rain commences about four o'clock in the afternoon, and literally pours until eight the next morning. At nine or ten o'clock the sun bursts forth, and for three or four hours raises a dense pestilential steam from the saturated earth. The most unhealthy period is when the rains cease, and the sun's rays are most effectual in promoting putrefaction. The diseases of the climate then prevail, and commit appalling ravages until the moisture is exhausted, and the country becomes as dry as a limekiln. During the rainy season the winds are northerly and easterly; with the summer, comes a southwest wind, which, blowing from the sea, is hailed as the harbinger of health; it is called *El Chanduy*, from a village of that name, whose vicinage is supposed to communicate its salubrious qualities. The close of the rainy season is the most beautiful part of the year; field and forest are clothed in brightest green; every thing teems with life; the woods are vocal, and insects of a thousand brilliant hues flutter over the savannas. The verdure endures for a short time only; the hot sun and drought soon change the surface of the savannas to an uniform brown; the birds retire, panting, to the depths of the forest; strong winds sweep away the many-coloured insects, and the country seems about to become a barren desert, when dark clouds and occasional showers proclaim the renewal of vigour and beauty.

Among many noxious and disagreeable insects and reptiles,

scorpions are abundant. They infest boots, shoes, clothes, beds, bureaus, chairs; ever ready to repel aggression or punish negligence, with a thrust of their poisoned sting, which is said sometimes to prove fatal. But our author never met with a well attested case of death from this cause, although wounds are inflicted daily. The intensity of the effect depends upon the size of the insect. A sting by a very small one upon his eyelid, produced considerable pain and redness of the eye, for twenty-four hours, but not more, he supposes, than would have been caused by the sting of a bee. He was stung, at another time, by one of the largest size, upon the finger; excessive pain extended from the hand to the armpit, where it was most excruciating; a sense of numbness and constriction, about the throat and root of the tongue, continued for nearly thirty-six hours, impeding his speech long after the pain in the hand and arm had been removed, by the application of bruised and moistened tobacco.

Lizards abound, varying in size from an inch, to the voracious alligator of twenty feet in length. Among them is the iguana, deemed by many wholesome and delicious food. A timid and harmless species, two or three inches long, of a bright green colour, with large, prominent, and bright eyes, frequents the walls of houses, of which the inhabitants tell many ridiculous stories, affirming it to possess a deadly venom in the points of its toes, which it instils into persons, by running over them when asleep. If the poison do not immediately prove fatal, it is imagined to cause a succession of fevers, from which the patient never recovers. When any one suffers long from fever and ague, it is said, that a *salamanqueja* has run over him. Under the supposition of its poisonous qualities, these inoffensive reptiles are destroyed wherever seen; but Dr. Terry assures us, that he has frequently handled them with impunity.

After a sojourn of six months at Guayaquil, occasioned, partly, by the unusual protraction of the rainy season, our traveller departed on the 3d July, for Quito, by the way of the river Guayaquil, and its tributary, the *Rio Caracol*, (Snail River,) but more commonly called *Estero Largato*, or Alligator Creek. At the head of the boat navigation lies the village of *Las Bodegas de Babaoyo*, (the storehouses of Babaoyo) distant from Guayaquil, in a straight line, less than sixty, but by the river, ninety miles, the depot for merchandize passing from Guayaquil to the mountains and for the produce of the interior on its way to the west. There is a custom-house here with a branch of the salt monopoly. During the rainy season, the village, and a great extent of surrounding country are overflowed; the water standing six feet deep in the square; the

church and two or three houses near it, being the only buildings which are not insulated. The inhabitants, at this time, retreat to their second floors, and all communication with each other is by canoes. The dwellings are then much infested by snakes, some of which are deemed poisonous. Many of the inhabitants live on rafts, summer and winter. While the country is overflowed, trade ceases, and the only intercourse with other parts is by the postman thrice a month, or by some rare and chance traveller. The inhabitants of the town, then, scarce exceed five hundred, though in the summer they amount to nearly two thousand. After the rain it becomes a busy place; the lower stories of the houses are converted into shops; the muleteers from the mountains bring in their loads of potatoes, peas, lard, flour, and barley meal; boats arrive from Guayaquil with manufactured goods; and the number of travellers is considerable. The heat at Bodegas is like that of Guayaquil, but notwithstanding the periodical overflow of the river, the former is much healthier than the latter place.

Although the passage of the Andes, which we are about to narrate, is a common event in the country, we presume it is not often made by foreigners in this direction. We have never seen it described, except by Ulloa, Humboldt, and our author. Of the labours of his predecessors, the last has taken but little notice. We shall pursue his narrative, adding such matter as may serve for illustration.

As the manner of travelling in this part of South America is entirely different from any thing known in the United States, it may not be uninteresting to notice the preparations for the journey.

“Had I been alone,” says Doctor Terry. “in place of enjoying the company of Gen. M——, who was an old campaigner and traveller in South America, I should have left Bodegas with twice the necessary quantity of baggage. \* \* \* I took one middle sized trunk, and, to balance this on the other side of the mule, was a mattress, with blankets, &c., and a cloak bag rolled up in it—the whole enclosed in a strong water-proof cover, secured by two broad leather straps, buckled around it.”

“The dress for riding consists of a full skirted coat, with immense pockets, called a *picarona*, long huzzar boots, or water-proof pantaloons, with feet to them, spurs, the mere sight of which would cause a horse of delicate nerves to faint, a grass hat, with a brim four or five inches wide, and a low crown, and over all, if the weather require it, the poncho. To these are generally added a sword, and a pair of holster pistols.”

“The road lay through low flat land, in which traces of the recent inundation were still very visible; large pools of water stood around, covered with innumerable wild fowl of many kinds, which were so fearless as to allow us to approach within a few yards, before taking wing. \* \* \* In places a little higher, where the water had first receded, luxuriant grass had sprung up, on which large herds of neat cattle were grazing. The savanna was the most beautiful I had seen; large clumps of trees were scattered over it, diversifying the view, and affording a grateful shade to the cattle,

during the heat of noon-day. We have often met long trains of these mules and donkeys, driven by Indians from the mountains, proceeding to Rodegas; the whole family, from the infant of a few months old, strung to its mother's back, to the old man of seventy, bringing up the rear. The contrast between the rosy cheeks, and healthy appearance of these mountaineers, and the sallow faces, and listless motions of the inhabitants of the flat country, was very striking."

"Our road now lay through dense forests, and was excessively muddy, and much impeded by roots of trees, which caused my servant, who was no great herdsman, more than one fall; however, as he was hardly one of them, this was a source of amusement, rather than annoyance, especially as Manuel took it very good-humouredly, and after a few objections mounted again with alacrity. At about three in the afternoon, we arrived at Sahanaia, a miserable village, near five leagues from Rodegas, where we had intended to pass the night; but learning that there was another league farther on, where we could lodge, we determined to proceed, and about night-fall arrived at our destination, Punta Playa, a new settlement, belonging to Col. Bravo, formerly in the Colombian army. This is a place of wild appearance, surrounded by dense, dark, and now dense looking forests. In the house, which is no better than a mere shed, we found the *mayordomo*, and five or six wild looking *peones* or servants. The *mayordomo* afforded us shelter, I thought with no very good grace, and sold us some jerked beef and potatoes, which our servants soon converted into a stew, which, although neither savoury nor easy of mastication, made us a substantial meal, very necessary after a ride of ten hours. In the woods about the house I heard the cry of a nocturnal bird, which was very similar to the note of the North American whippoorwill. I have very little doubt that it is was a species of the same genus, *Caprimulgus*."

The hopes of a night's rest, after the fatigue of a first day's hard ride, were disappointed by the invasion of myriads of white gnats (*manta blanca*, white mantle,) so small that they pass through the common mosquito-net of coarse gauze. The people of the house had slept within close curtains of cotton. Mosquitoes are trifles compared with these little wretches.

"At seven o'clock we were again on our way, feeling a pleasure even in creeping slowly and painfully over the horrible roads which we now encountered, as we had exchanged for them the tormenting gnats, the marks of whose stings remained for three or four days. We had not proceeded far, when the road, from nearly a dead level, changed to a quite nascent, and became stony; and the river, whose general course we had been pursuing, from a silent and not very rapid stream, became a roaring, rushing, mountain torrent. This is the river Caracel, and less nearly its east and west course, which was now the direction of our journey. Our muleteer, who was a stout, hardy, and intelligent *vaquero*, informed us that the road lay alternately on each bank of the river, and that we should be obliged to cross the stream a number of times during the day's march. We soon had to make the trial, which I confess looked rather hazardous to me. We descended to the bed of the torrent, a great part of which is dry at this season, and covered with loose, round stones, of every size, from that of a small gravel, to stones of many tons in weight, worn smooth by the constant running of the water during the winter, at which season the stream becomes absolutely impassable, and all travellers go by another road. Even now, the deep and rapid, though narrow stream, which occupied about one-third of its winter channel, had not subsided to its summer level; and, in my eyes, presented a formidable obstacle to our further



progress. Even our muleteer hesitated some time, and examined various places, to find the one most favourable for the attempt. He at last selected one; and, luckily, we had very fine beasts, and crossed in safety, although the water was so deep that I had to sit upon the top of the saddle, with my feet drawn up under me, to avoid getting wet."

"After having forded the river five times, we arrived at a little Indian village, situated at the foot of the *Cuesta de Ancas*, or *Crupper mountain*, so called from its shape. Our muleteer pointed out to us, at a considerable height on the side of the mountain, a hut, which was to be our lodging place for the night. It had a very bird's-nest-like appearance; and I should have judged from its situation, that a strong wind would precipitate it into the valley below. We bought some potatoes for our dinner, at one of the Indian huts, commenced the toilsome ascent, and arrived at our quarters at about four o'clock in the afternoon. The house was really more like a crow's nest, stuck on the side of the mountain, than the habitation of man, and fully justified the opinion I had formed of it from the valley below. We had been ascending a kind of backbone or ridge of the mountain, with a deep ravine on each side, and now the place on which the house stood was hardly fifteen paces wide, and the hill on each side nearly precipitous, with a torrent roaring at the bottom. The old woman of the hut received us with a very bad grace, I suspect because she had heard my companion addressed by his military title; for she probably thought him a Colombian officer, and these gentlemen are not the best of paymasters in travelling. To our inquiries, 'Will you sell us some eggs?' she answered '*No hay, There are none;*' 'a fowl,' '*No hay;*' '*Alfalfa*, or Lucerne, for the cattle?' '*No hay.*' My companion's servant, who had been a common soldier, and was as unscrupulous as these gentry usually are, was proceeding, without farther parley, to cut the lucerne, of which there was a plenty a little way from the house, and to kill a fowl, a dozen of which were running about, in spite of the repeated *no hay*. But the sight and touch of a dollar, in the hand of our hostess, changed the face of affairs instantly. She was all alacrity; cut the grass herself, ran down to a hut a few rods below, to get some eggs, and helped the servants to catch the fowl."

"On the morning of the 10th, soon after sunrise, we were again on our way, and commenced the tedious ascent of the *Cuesta of Ancas*. *Cuesta* signifies a hill or ascent, and *cuestita* is the diminutive, signifying a little hill. A North American is often astonished to hear the guides and muleteers talk of the *cuestitas*; for the roads lead over such enormous elevations, that what appears to a traveller an almost interminable ascent, is regarded as a trifle by the mountaineers. I have often asked the question, '*Hay mas subida?*'—Is there more up hill? and received for answer, '*Una cuestita, no mas,*' *A little hill, nothing more;* and have found that little hill two or three miles long. Ancas, however, is the bug-bear of travellers going to Quito, and it is indeed a *cuesta*, as much on account of its steepness as its great length. The soil is a stiff red clay, in many places so slippery as scarcely to afford footing to the mules, and in others, so muddy, that I more than once dismounted, to allow my mule to extricate herself. Ancas belongs to the western of the two ranges of mountains which enclose the valley of Chimbo. In many places the road is crossed by ridges, formed by the regular stepping of the mules in the same tracks, while the roads are drying after the rains. These ridges are so regular that, extending, as they do, quite across the road, I thought at first that they were logs buried in the ground. By toiling (alternately riding and walking,) until some time after noon, we arrived at the top of Ancas, and for the first time I caught a distant view of the snowy summits of the *cordilleras* of the Andes, glittering in the sun. The wind, which blew from that direction, had a frosty feeling in it, which made our cheeks glow, and infused fresh vigour into our frames.



"After resting our poor beasts for half an hour, at the top of the hill, we pursued our way over a fine road, generally descending, until we came to a beautiful valley, which offered as good a specimen of a purely pastoral country as I have ever seen. It was but partially wooded; and its smooth green pastures, were spotted with cattle and sheep. No grain of any kind was to be seen, and no unsightly ploughed field marred its uniform verdure. A beautiful stream stole along at the foot of the hills, on one side of the valley. It was a spot fit for the reign of a shepherd king.

"Passing this valley, we wound up the side of a steep, wooded hill, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon, suddenly, at the top of a long ascent, emerged from the forest; and a prospect which, for beauty and grandeur combined, I have never seen equalled, broke upon our sight. The sudden transition from a view limited to a few rods, and often to a few yards, to one extending over many leagues of the most extraordinary scenery, caused my companion and myself simultaneously to exclaim, 'How beautiful!' The effect was like that produced by emerging from the dark staircase of some high tower, to the light and life of a beautiful and extensive landscape. We checked our mules, and admired the wonders of nature. Immediately below us lay an extensive valley, apparently composed of gently undulating ground, covered with luxuriant crops of wheat, barley, and maize, the two former just ready for harvesting, their rich yellow surrounding the deep green of the maize fields, like a golden setting to an emerald. Graceful rows and clumps of trees were interspersed, and the whole presented a scene of smiling plenty, which Ceres might have chosen for a home. Opposite to us was the Chimborazo, free from a cloud, and glowing like molten silver in the rays of the declining sun; and on each side were the more distant tops of the *cordillera*, which here appears to divide, in order to receive this lovely valley in its bosom."

"This valley composes the canton of Chimbo or Guaranda, and as regards cultivation is the most fortunate spot of like extent in the state of the Equator. Guaranda is the principal village; there are two others, San Jose and San Miguel de Chimbo. We had directed our muleteer to take us to San Miguel, and on espying a village, one of us said to the other, 'we have at last arrived at San Miguel,' 'no, sir,' interrupted the muleteer, 'this is San Jose. 'And where is San Miguel?' '*Alla, there,*' said the muleteer, pointing at something. 'Let us go on,' said I. 'Go on,' said the man of mules, 'you must go back to reach San Miguel, sir.' This was conclusive; it was near night, and we were tired, and although provoked at what we thought the fellow's stupidity, in bringing us to the wrong place, we determined to go no farther that night. In the course of our search for lodgings the whole mystery came out. San Jose was the native place of master Gil, our muleteer, and the mules belonged to his reverence the curate, the principal horse-jockey and trader of the village."

The travellers reached Guaranda, containing about two thousand inhabitants, on the morning of the 11th of July, and on their way obtained the first full view of the Chimborazo. The mountain had been faintly distinguishable in the short twilight, but when the rising sun dispersed the light mist hanging about its top, it was apparently close to them, and the enormous mass of pure white snow glittered with a brightness almost insupportable to the sight. Between Guaranda and Mocha, a distance of eighteen leagues, there is not an inhabited house on the direct road; the only place of shelter being a hut erected for the accommodation of soldiers on their march.

“After leaving Guaranda, the road almost constantly ascends for more than four leagues, and leads directly toward the Chimborazo. We before long got above the region of wood, the forest changing its character, and growing more sparse and stunted at every step, until only a few shrubs remained in the more sheltered spots; these disappearing, we entered what is called the *paramo*. *Paramo* literally means a desert or wilderness, but in this country it is applied to that region, or belt on the mountains, which commencing where the forests cease, extends to the lower limit of eternal snow. The lower limit of the *paramo* varies from 11,000 to 12,000 feet of perpendicular elevation above the sea, accordingly as it is more or less sheltered; in places which are not subject to strong winds, the forests climb higher upon the sides of the mountains, than in more unsheltered parts. The upper limit of the *paramo*, or the lower limit of eternal snow, varies from 15,600 to 15,800 feet of perpendicular elevation. These estimates of course only apply to those mountains situated near the equator. The *paramos*, except where rocks or volcanic sand interfere with its growth, are covered with tufts of long fine grass, the spaces between which are either bare, or covered with Alpine plants and mosses. On the *paramos* of Pichincha and the Asuay, I made rich collections of interesting plants; among others I obtained a number of species of *Gentiana*. The grass of the *paramos* feeds large herds of cattle, which might be increased almost without limit, for hundreds of thousands of acres are entirely unoccupied, and the grass withers, year after year, without being cropped. The higher parts of the *paramos* are, in the months of July and August, exposed to snow storms, and at that season are very dangerous to cross, on account of the suddenness of the storms, which commence with short warning, and in a few moments obliterate the path, (never very well defined in these places,) while the violence of the wind, and the driving snow blind and bewilder the unfortunate traveller; in some parts of the mountains, persons are thus lost every year. The snow very seldom lies above fifteen days, and generally not above half that time. These storms are a hindrance to the multiplication of horned cattle, for some perish by them each year; but this might be obviated by proper herding, for there are always immense tracts where snow seldom falls, or if it do fall, lies but for a few hours.

“The hills now around us were none of them high enough to reach the limit of eternal snow, but were all covered toward the top with the grass I have described, and their sides were more or less wooded, according to the depth of the ravines between them. These ravines are narrow, and of a terrific depth; and we shuddered as we now and then caught a glimpse of it, when the wind rushing down one of them, for a moment dissipated the mist which clung to the sides of the mountains, and revealed to our sight the abyss below. This part of the road is subject to very severe gusts of wind; and our guide told us we were very fortunate in passing it on a comparatively calm day. While we were crossing these hills, our guide, on some pretence, lingered behind; and on our arrival at the hut of which I have before spoken, as the only shelter between Guaranda and Mocha, we found that he had deserted us entirely. This hut, which is a long shed open at one side, is situated at the foot of a mountain called *la ensillada*, or the hollow-backed mountain, from the peculiar outline of its summit. Behind the hollow, between its two rounded summits, was seen the peak of the Chimborazo, and the *ensillada* was the last considerable elevation we had to ascend, before arriving at the *arenal*, or sandy plain, at the foot of the great mountain. We debated whether it would not be best to remain during the night at the *tambo*; but as we had the prospect of a fine night before us, and our horses were yet in good heart, we determined to wait until our muleteer came up with the baggage, take directions from him concerning the road, and push on. The horses of the mountains,

though generally small, are hardy and enduring; and (whether from the congeniality of the climate to their constitutions, or from some other cause connected with their rearing, I cannot say,) a lame or sick horse is a thing almost unknown. The horse I rode this day, carried me for thirteen hours with very little rest, and no feeding, and the next day was apparently as fresh as when he started. The roads are excessively trying both to man and beast."

"Just as the sun was lingering on the western horizon, we arrived at the edge of the *Arenal*; and the Chimborazo, which had been nearly all the afternoon shrouded in mist, was without a cloud. The setting sun cast his level rays athwart the southern edge of the mountain, and added a rich purple border to the dazzling white of the snow. I was greatly impressed with the grandeur and magnificence of the scene; and far from being disappointed in the apparent height of the Chimborazo, as many have been, every expectation was more than realized. The *Arenal* is a plain of no great extent, elevated about thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is composed of hard, compacted, volcanic sand; for, from the great violence of the winds which sweep across, no loose particles can for a moment remain upon it: the moment they are detached, they are carried into the valley below. These winds are sometimes so violent as to overthrow both horse and man; and a gentleman worthy of credit, assured me that he himself had seen two men killed. One was lifted up by the wind, and dashed against a rock; and the other blown off a precipice. He himself escaped by dismounting, and lying down until the violence of the gust had passed, which is the only safety. I have no doubt of the correctness of this statement; for even when we crossed the plain, the wind was so strong as to render it difficult to proceed. The hour of the day was said to be the least windy; and all whom we met, represented it as a calm day for the season. A few weeks afterward, on our return through Riobamba, we heard of a fatal accident of the same kind, which had happened a day or two before. At sunset, on the *Arenal*, the thermometer stood at 30° Fah. At the foot of the *Ensellada*, two hours before, it stood at 50°. The months of July and August are the coldest and most windy in the year. The wind is most violent from noon until 4, P. M. If, during this time of the day and season of the year, the top of the mountain can be seen from the valley below, free from mist, travellers are advised not to cross the *Arenal*; as, under these circumstances, the gusts come with their utmost fury."

"\* \* \* We crossed several inconsiderable hills, and emerged from a ravine into an immense flat *paramo*, considerably lower than the *Arenal*, the most dreary place imaginable. It is generally marshy, and no cattle graze upon it. The wind had now lulled, and nothing broke upon the almost death-like stillness but the tread of our horses, and the occasional cry of wild-fowl feeding in the pools around. Great caution is necessary, in riding over these marshy *paramos*, both to avoid miry places, and those spots that have been undermined by the subterranean streams, of which there are many at the season of the melting of the snows. The sky now became overcast, and occasional showers fell. Our situation was not the most pleasant, wandering over these vast plains in a stormy night, with a guide in whom we had not perfect confidence, and who now confessed that he did not recollect the path very distinctly, now floundering through a bog, then breaking through into the old bed of a brook, and again dismounting to recover the path. I had almost made up my mind, that daylight alone could extricate us from our perplexity; but a timely application to certain substantials with which we had stowed the haversack that Antonio carried, fortified our resolution, and enabled us to persevere. About midnight, the far-off barking of a dog, and the occasional twinkling of a

light in some cottage, announced to us that we were approaching the habitations of men, and we reached Mocha at one o'clock in the morning."

We cannot spare room for the discomforts of a mountain *hostelrie*, of which the doctor bitterly complains. He describes Mocha as the most miserable Indian village which he had seen in South America, consisting of about thirty wretched huts, raised almost immediately in the edge of the *paramo*. The climate is rendered excessively disagreeable by the cold, snowy winds from the mountains, and an air of pinching poverty pervades the place.

Between *Mocha* and Hambato the distance is six leagues, in which is a succession of sandy plains, separated by ravines, excavated by the torrents of the rainy season. But, in some of the less barren spots, fields of wheat were visible, surrounded with hedges of the *agave Americana*. On a high sandy plain, near Hambato, is the battle field of *Guachi*, distinguished by two defeats of the Patriots—the first in November, 1820; Gen. Urdaneta commanding the insurgents, and Gen. Gonzales the Spaniards: the other in the succeeding year; Sucre leading the republicans, and Aymerich the royalists. This plain produces immense quantities of large strawberries, which are gathered for sale at Quito and other places. The fruit is sub-acid, cooling, and refreshing, but much inferior in flavour to the wild strawberries of North America.

"The climate of Hambato is said to be finer than that of any other part of the Ecuador, notwithstanding the infinite variety to be found at different elevations from the sea. It is an eternal spring. No frost nips; and, in the hottest season, the air is tempered by cool breezes from the mountains. No very severe earthquakes are recorded to have happened. The same convulsions which have laid in ruins the towns in the vicinity, on every side, have been slightly felt at Hambato, and have passed without doing any serious injury. Possibly this may arise from some interruption of strata, or other peculiarity in the formation of the valley.

"The variety of the production of this extraordinary spot, is such as might be expected from its climate and situation. Elevated about six thousand feet above the level of the sea, enjoying almost continual sunshine, and supplied with abundance of water for irrigation, tropical and temperate climes seem to have united in giving it the fruits peculiar to each; wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, maize, sugar-cane, rice, and coffee, growing side by side, while apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, grapes, figs, olives, oranges, and lemons, are produced in the same garden. The climate is so healthy, that invalids come from all parts of the adjacent country to profit by its salubrity. I have mentioned that it scarcely ever rains at Hambato. At Mocha, where we slept last night, about five leagues to the southward, I was told that it rained more or less every day in the year; and at La Tacunga, somewhat more than that distance to the northward, there is a stated rainy season, as in most parts of the Ecuador."

The city of *La Tacunga*, six leagues from Cotopaxi, now contains about eight thousand souls. Before the earthquake of 1756, it is said to have possessed fourteen thousand. It is the

very picture of desolation, having suffered frequently from the throes of the neighbouring volcano. In the year 1698 it was almost totally ruined by an earthquake. In 1743 and 1744 it was much injured by irruptions from the mountain. In 1756 another earthquake threw down the Jesuits' church, an enormous stone building, whose walls, six feet thick, seemed built to mock the effects of time; beneath whose ruins five thousand people are said to have perished. The frightful convulsions of 1797, which destroyed Riobamba and many of the neighbouring villages, and, according to Humboldt, forty thousand lives, did comparatively little injury to this town. The last destructive earthquake was in 1800, when the church of San Francisco and many dwellings were overturned, but few inhabitants killed. Scarce a month passes without the shock of an earthquake; and Col. Carreon, the corregidor of the city, informed "us that when he retired at night, he never looked at the walls of his house without thinking that he might, before morning, be buried under the ruins." The town is built wholly of the dark coloured, compact lava, which is easily worked, and forms handsome walls. The scarcity of wood here, renders it impossible for the inhabitants to build of this material, which would, in a great degree, obviate the terrible effects of the earthquake.

The following description of Cotapaxi will be read with much interest:

"When the sun rose, we were in front of Cotapaxi, the base of which might be distant two leagues. Above the lower limit of the snows, it presents a beautiful and unbroken cone of dazzling white, while below, unlike most of the Andes, it is not covered with grass, but shows a blackened surface of lava, which is channeled with deep ravines; this, in spite of the beauty of its summit, gives the mountain a sombre and threatening aspect. It stands nearly alone, rising from an extensive plain covered with volcanic productions of different kinds, lava, sand, and large porphyritic masses, which have the appearance of semifusion. It is hardly necessary to say that this is the most famous of South American volcanoes. Cotapaxi was the first volcano of which the Spaniards witnessed an eruption, after their occupation of the provinces of Quito; another eruption took place in 1593. According to Restrepo the mountain then remained tranquil until 1743, (although Humboldt says that in 1738, its flames rose two thousand nine hundred and fifty-three feet above the crater;) in this and the following year (*i. e.* 1743 and 1744,) by a succession of eruptions, it destroyed a great many Indian villages, besides injuring the town of La Tacunga, &c.; in the latter year Humboldt says, its roarings were heard at Honda on the river Magdalena, six hundred and ninety miles distant. In 1768, on the 4th or 5th of April, (accounts differ as to the day,) it threw out such immense quantities of ashes, that in the neighbouring towns of La Tacunga and Hambato, the inhabitants used lanthorns in the streets. Restrepo says that even at Quito more than forty miles distant, a dense obscurity pervaded the air, and every thing was covered with heated dust, so that the birds fled from the woods to take refuge in the houses; processions were made, and other religious ceremonies performed, to appease the

wrath of God, and the people of Quito attribute the cessation of the eruption, to the interposition of the Virgin of the Mercedes. In January 1803 the eruption from the mountain was preceded by a sudden melting of the snows in one night; Humboldt heard its explosions, resembling heavy cannonading, at Guayaquil. The last notable eruption was in April 1808, which was also preceded by melting of the snows. Although Cotapaxi does not rise to an elevation as great as has been attained by man on the Chimborazo, yet Humboldt considers the top as inaccessible. The attempt to ascend it has recently been made by two Europeans, who have arrived at the same conclusion. The summit, when we passed, emitted a small column of smoke."

Of this mountain, Ulloa observes,

"That the combustible substances within its bowels first declared themselves in the year 1533, when Sebastian and Benalcazar who undertook the conquest of this province, had entered it, and proved very favourable to their enterprize. For, the indians, possessed with the truth of a prediction of their priests, that on the bursting of this volcano they would be deprived of their country, and reduced under the government of an unknown prince, were so struck with the concurrence of the irruption with the invasion of a foreign army, that the spirit which began, universally, to display itself in the preparatives for vigorous resistance, entirely left them, and the whole province was easily conquered."

At a *hacienda de ganado*, or grazing estate, belonging to general Barriga, which fed five thousand head of horn cattle, besides a large number of horses and mules, Dr. Terry saw, for the first time in confinement, the Condor of the Andes. (*Vultur Gryphus*, Linn.; *Carthartes Gryphus*, Bonaparte.)

"Its intercourse with men had not ameliorated its disposition, and some care was necessary in approaching it, to avoid a blow from its enormous beak, or wings. The latter I measured, and their extent was fourteen feet and nearly nine inches. This does not agree very well with the account of this bird given by C. L. Bonaparte, in his continuation of Wilson's American Ornithology. He says, 'the common extent of the wings, from tip to tip, is nine feet; some gigantic individuals attain twelve feet.' I have had it from indisputable authority, that they not unfrequently are killed, measuring sixteen feet from the end of one wing to the extremity of the other. The condor has none of the majestic warrior-like port of the eagle; he sits crouched on the ground apparently asleep, but ever watchful, the very image of what he is, a cowardly robber. This bird is of great injury and annoyance to the herdmen of the upper Andes; if a beast fall lame or sick on the paramos, or be overtaken separate from the herd, by one of the tempests of snow and wind to which these regions are subject, it is sure to fall a prey to condors, which collect in great numbers and fall upon it; they also destroy many calves and lambs. They do not live in pairs like the eagle, holding dominion over the feathered tribes of the district, but flock together for the purpose of rapine, and never attack any thing naturally stronger than themselves, except at a great advantage. Their numbers in some parts of the mountains are immense."

The habits of this bird are further illustrated by the following circumstance. When returning from Quito, the doctor, in passing a dangerous gorge of the mountains, which seemed to be a favourite haunt of the condor, saw often a dozen together; one accompanied them for several miles, his attention being



evidently strongly excited by something belonging to the party. At one time he would hover over the ravine on a level with them, and within pistol-shot, scarcely moving his immense wings, but floating on a parallel line with the voyagers, his brilliant and piercing eye intently fixed upon them—at another, ascending far above them, and poising himself for a moment near a peak of the mountain, he would swoop down with inconceivable velocity within a few yards of them, and resume his watchful position. The object of his attention was discovered, afterwards, to be a quarter of mutton in one of the baskets of the sumpter mules. The bird had scented the meat, although it was entirely free from putrefaction.

Our traveller thus describes his entrance into, and reception at Quito.

“At nine o'clock we crossed *la puente de gallinazas*, or the bridge of turkey buzzards, and entered the steep, paved streets of the city of Quito. Even at this early hour, the streets were silent and almost deserted; here and there, one of the military patrol was seen slowly pacing along, his long lance resting upon his shoulder. Now and then a single light was descried, as of some one watching; but otherwise, the whole city was wrapped in darkness. As such a thing as an inn is unknown, our only resource was to inquire the way to the house of Senor Pedro Negrete, a Spaniard, but long a resident and merchant of Quito, to whom we had letters. We accordingly left our baggage at the corner of a street, under the care of both our servants, and asked a soldier if he could show us the house of Don Pedro. He took us through a number of streets, apparently at a loss where he was going, until I became completely discouraged, and dismounted, while my companion went to make another trial. This, then, thought I, is Quito, about which my imagination has long been so busy. This is the spot whence sprung those intestine divisions in the kingdom of the Incas, which rendered the conquest of their country by foreign invaders, an easy task; the mountain city, the city above the clouds. I do not know how far above the clouds my reverie might have carried me, had it not been interrupted by some one asking me if I had just arrived. I raised my head from the saddle on which I had been leaning, and saw two men of rather questionable appearance, standing near me. I answered that I had just arrived. They then offered to show me where I could lodge. I thanked them, and told them I did not need their assistance, when they became very importunate; and on my continuing my refusal, said they would force me to go with them, at the same time approaching me, as if to put their threat in execution. I had walked a pace or two from my horse, and, striking the nearest a blow with my fist, which staggered him against his companion, I stepped back and drew a pistol from my holsters. They both instantly took to their heels, and at the same moment my companion and the patrol appeared at the opposite corner. The latter was very desirous that I should fire my pistol after them; but as I had no wish to signalize my entrance into Quito by alarming the city, which would have been the only effect of such a proceeding, I begged he would excuse me. Their mission had been as unsuccessful as the preceding ones. Either they had not found the house of Don Pedro, or Don Pedro would not, or could not hear the knocking at his door. Here was a dilemma; and we seemed in a fair way of passing the night *sub dio*, when Gen. ——— bethought him that the Peruvian envoy,



a friend of his, and a slight acquaintance of mine, was in Quito. The night air was excessively chilly, and this was no situation for ceremony; we therefore determined to go to his house and beg a night's lodging. We met with no difficulty in finding his residence, where he received us with the greatest cordiality, and we were soon enjoying an excellent supper, and not long after it, the sleep which our long ride rendered so necessary."

Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito, was supplanted in his government in 1540, by Gonzalo Pizarro, who soon after entered upon the discovery and conquest of the country east of the Andes. This enterprise, though unsuccessful in its principal object, the acquisition of treasure, was one of the most remarkable in the history of Spanish invasion, as well for its labours and perils as for the discovery of the Amazon, Marañon, or Orellana, the largest river of the world. Its last name is derived from the second in command to Pizarro, who, with a boat and fifty men, deserted his principal; and, as successfully as adventurously, sought the Atlantic ocean. This insubordination and desertion, crimes frequent in the early Spanish adventurers, compelled Pizarro to return to Quito, which he regained through many difficulties, and the loss of four thousand Indians, and two hundred and ten Spaniards.

Under the Spanish dominion, Quito was the seat of a regal *audiencia*, subject to the viceroy of New Granada, holding jurisdiction over all the provinces, which, now, under different divisions and names, constitute the State of the Equator.

In August, 1809, many of the principal inhabitants of Quito, conspiring against Count Ruiz de Castilla, their president, ejected him from his government, and established a *junta*, which ruled in the name of Ferdinand VII., and swore never to acknowledge the authority of Bonaparte, or other foreign king. The power of the *junta* was short-lived—yielding to the old authorities, in October of the same year. Many of its members were thrown into prison, and prosecuted for treason, but were summarily executed without trial, by the royal soldiers, in the succeeding year, who, to punish an attempt of the populace for their liberation, pillaged the city, slew twenty-eight of the prisoners, with eighty persons in the streets.

In July, 1810, a *junta* was formed at Bogota, which deposed, imprisoned, and relegated the viceroy. Their proceedings were approved by the commissioners of the regency at Cadiz, who arrived in the country soon after. Don Carlos Montufar, the companion of Humboldt in many of his expeditions in the equinoctial regions, commissioner of the regency to Quito, re-established the *junta* at that city, with Ruiz de Castilla at its head. In October, 1811, Castilla retired from an office he had reluctantly filled, to the convent of La Merced, whence he was dragged and murdered by the friends of those who had suffered

in the massacre of August, 1810. In December the junta re-organized, assumed the title of Congress, and declared Quito independent of the regency of Cadiz. On the 2d of September, their troops were defeated by the forces of the regency, under field marshal Don Torribio Montes, at Mocha, to whom Quito submitted, on the 3d of November. He assumed the presidency, and the province continued under Spanish authority until the 24th of May, 1832, when the famous battle of Pichincha was won by Gen. Sucre, he beating the Spaniards under field marshal Aymerich, on the hills near the city.

Quito was a dependent kingdom of the empire of Peru. The city, injured during the conquest by the Spaniards, was rebuilt by them in 1535. One hundred years ago, it contained about sixty thousand inhabitants of all classes, and at the present day has about eighty thousand; of whom two-thirds are Indians. The whole population of the province of Quito, or Pichincha, amounts to one hundred and sixty-five thousand souls only.

“The city is built on the side of a hill, which forms the commencement of the mountain of Pichincha, although the crater of the volcano is six leagues distant from the city. The ravines which channel the mountain are arched over with stone, and on the arches rest many of the streets and edifices.

“The great elevation of Quito above the sea, (about 9,600 feet,) and the consequent rarity of the air, render walking up the steep streets of the city, disagreeable to a new comer from the low country; but in a few days the lungs become in a measure accustomed to it. The climate has been represented as one of the finest in the world—it is very healthy, but far from agreeable. The changes during the day are frequent and great; its proximity to the equator exposes it to an intensely scorching sun, which is disagreeably contrasted with the chilling winds from the mountains. Slight frosts are not uncommon during the dry season. In the rainy season, the thunder storms are said to be terrific, and the deluges of rain which accompany them, fill the streets with rushing torrents. Consumptions, rare, in the low country, are frequent here, and seem to be a consequence of the rarity of the air, combined with the frequent atmospheric changes. The climate of other parts of the province, somewhat less elevated, appears to be better than that of the city.

“Quito contains seven convents of friars, and five of nuns; an hospital; an *hospicio*, or alms house, and a college. Beside the church attached to each convent, there are seven parochial churches and a cathedral. The library, formerly belonging to the Jesuit's college, contains twelve thousand volumes. In the outskirts of the city we were shown the first church erected after the conquest; a small plain stone building with a pepperbox tower at one end, gray and moss grown. The public edifices are built of stone or burnt brick. The cathedral is a large stone edifice, with a beautiful porch of white marble, and a terrace with a carved stone balustrade, fronting on the principal square; on the opposite side of the square is the bishop's palace; one of the other sides is occupied by the government house, and on the fourth is the garrison. The church of the Jesuits is chiefly remarkable for the richly carved and ornamented front composed of beautiful buff-coloured porphyry. That attached to the convent of the Franciscans is the most spacious and splendid in the city. In front is an exten-

sive and beautiful terrace of hewn stone, with a flight of steps in the middle, and at each end; on each side of the grand entrance, rises a square tower also of hewn stone. The interior of the church is a perfect blaze of the richest and most massive gilding, except where it is interrupted by pictures. The gilded roof is supported by two rows of stupendous columns, which are also gilt from the capital to the pedestal. The effect of the whole is very grand and imposing; it has none of the tawdry appearance, which is so apt to accompany partial gilding; the great extent of the church, and the massiveness of the ornaments, give a solemn and impressive air to its whole aspect. A few paces in front of the altar hangs an immense chandelier of solid silver. The holy vessels and candlesticks of the church are almost all of gold. The artillery barrack is a handsome and spacious building, but, being placed in an obscure and narrow street, makes very little show. Among other curiosities we were shown a house, a part of the walls of which are said to have belonged to a house of the city before the conquest. The government house, the residence of the president and his suite, as well as the place where the public offices are kept, is a spacious, but plain stone building. A late traveller has spoken with enthusiasm of the prospect from the terrace of this house, and with justice; here you realize the peculiar position of Quito, that it is indeed in the very heart of the Andes. While the environs of the city are clothed with a verdure, which continues from one year's end to the other; on either hand you see, rising in the distance, those gigantic elevations, which, covered with eternal snow, tower far above the limits of organic life."

A visit to *Pichincha* would be one of the first objects of an enterprising traveller, and our author hastened to make it. This mountain, on whose eastern skirt the city is founded, made its first eruption after the conquest, in 1539. Happily, the mouth of the crater had a direction opposite to Quito, and its burning effusions were poured into the wilds of Esmeraldas. A second eruption, in 1560, was inconsiderable. A third, a most horrible one, occurred on the 17th of October, 1566. The dust, ashes, and stones ejected, covered the city and its environs nearly a yard in depth. Hot water and liquid bitumen descended towards Quito in torrents, tearing up the arable fields, destroying country-houses, inhabitants, and cattle, and covering the soil with stones, which rendered it useless. The fourth, in 1577, was equally destructive. The fifth, and last, and, perhaps, the most appalling, was on the 27th of October, 1660. It was preceded and attended by terrible earthquakes and tremendous roarings of the volcano, which, for many days, vomited stones, sand, and ashes, that reached even to Popayan, Barba-coas, the borders of Guayaquil, to Loxa, and the missions of Maynas. During a whole day, a dense shower of sand and ashes covered the roofs and streets of Quito, to a great depth. The affrighted inhabitants bound themselves by solemn oath, to celebrate an annual feast to the Virgin of Mercy; whereupon, the burning shower immediately ceased, and torrents of rain fell, cooling the air, and washing the streets and fields. The Virgin has not, in this, as in many other cases, been defrauded

of the purchased worship. The promised festival is still annually celebrated.

Rising above the belt, which Humboldt calls the belt of leathery leaved shrubs, the doctor, with some friends, and several attendants, came to the *paramo*, which is, here, in the form of an immense basin, bounded by two ridges; it furnishes pasture for large herds of cattle. On entering the *paramo*, they met one of the Indians who supply Quito with ice from a peak nearer the city, termed the bastard Pichincha. These Indians ascend the mountain in the morning, a distance of four leagues, to the depot of ice, and are often again in the city before two o'clock, carrying on their shoulders more than fifty pounds of ice, enveloped in hay, and secured by wattles. Whilst crossing the desert, the voyagers encountered a snow-storm, which, though light, gave great apprehension to one of the party, whose fears amused the others. About four o'clock in the afternoon they reached their station for the night, five leagues from Quito, and fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The storm had ceased, but the cold was intense; the thermometer standing at 24° F.

The means for kindling a fire had negligently been left behind, and every combustible around them was so wet as to be unflammable by gunpowder, fired by the pistol-lock. Happily, the doctor discovered some dry straw projecting from a rent in the saddle of their guide, and a cheerful fire, fed from a woody species of *solidago*, which grows twenty feet high, and which, being resinous, burns readily, with a clear flame, dispelled their apprehension of a cold and comfortless night. Their *bivouac* was cheered by a dinner of cold fowls, followed by a cup of smoking chocolate, not so hot as it might have been at the level of the sea.

"The heavens had become perfectly clear, but so deep was their hue, that we should have supposed them shrouded in the blackest clouds, had it not been for the brilliant stars which crowded their surface. The only sound which broke the deathlike stillness of these solitudes, was the occasional howl of a wolf on the opposite side of the little valley which lay before us. We must have formed a picturesque group, and one from which a traveller would have been justified in expecting any thing rather than a peaceful salutation. Our various coloured *ponchos*, our broad brimmed, high crowned hats, and the saddles, each with its holsters, had quite a bandit-like appearance. Our poor Indians were crouched, cowering round the fire, trying to compensate by its warmth for the scantiness of their clothing, and as fresh fuel was from time to time heaped on, the flame flashed up, glaring brightly on their swarthy countenances and long elf locks, and partially illuminating the nearest features of the wild and savage scenery around us, but leaving the imagination full scope, in filling up the dark back-ground, beyond the circle of rays dispensed by our fire."

This picture is sketched in a lively and graphic manner, and affords an admirable subject for the pencil of the painter.

“Before day-break we were again on our way, wishing to arrive at the top of the mountain as soon as possible, for early in the morning the crater is generally free from the mist which fills it at a later hour. The height of the edge of the crater, is about 15,800 feet above the sea. Mules can approach within about 500 feet of the top; the rest of the ascent must be accomplished on foot. At about sunrise, we left our mules. The hill is very steep, and composed of small, loose masses of lava, which afford but an insecure footing, and, together with the rarity of the air, render the ascent exceedingly toilsome. When we arrived at the top, the mist had not filled the crater, and we could see to its bottom, from various crevices in which a dense white smoke was issuing. A stifling smell of sulphurous acid filled the air, and increased the oppression of breathing caused by its rarity. In various parts of the mountainous regions of South America, more especially in Peru, there exist a cause, in addition to the rarity of the air, which oppresses the breathing; the effect is far more severe than that produced by the rarity of the air merely. Both are called *zorochi*. The one of which I now speak has been attributed to arsenical vapour; it certainly bears no fixed relation to the elevation, many of the places where it is most severe, being less elevated than where the oppression of the lungs is comparatively slight.

“In the crevices of the black and fantastically shaped volcanic rocks, which arose round the edge of the crater, were small masses of snow and ice; but generally the top of the mountain was free from them. The crater is an immense, yawning abyss, not having the circular form generally described as the figure of volcanic openings, but partaking more of the aspect of a ravine. We judged its depth to be from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet; and from the point where we stood, could see no obstacle to prevent our reaching the bottom, by a ravine, free from large rocks, and which, although steeper than the hill on the outside, afforded better footing. Our Indians had not yet arrived, but we determined to descend quickly, lest the mist should fill the crater; and if we came to any obstacle which required the crowbar and cords to overcome, to wait for them. But we encountered one against which crowbar and cords were of no avail, and which put a period to our expedition. After we had descended about six hundred feet, we came to a precipice of eight hundred or a thousand feet, perpendicular height, the base of which appeared to rest nearly in the bottom of the abyss. In vain did we search for some less precipitous part by which we might descend: the sloping hollow here terminated, and on each side rose high walls of rock, continuous with the face of the precipice. It was an awful place upon which we stood. Life of every kind seemed to have fled in terror from the dangerous vicinity. Not the smallest plant, not even a blade of grass was to be seen. Even the lichens, those children of barren rocks, refused to clothe the scorched and blackened surface of the crags. Not the chirp of a bird, nor the hum of an insect, was to be heard in this abode of silence; and even the condor shunned to soar within reach of its noxious vapours. Below us lay the smouldering fires, and on the opposite side, arose black and ragged cliffs, a fit boundary for such a view.

“I have no doubt that, by making a circuit of several miles, and following up the course of the ravine, the bottom of the crater might be reached.”

The province of Quito is extremely fertile, and the necessities of life are abundant and cheap. The husbandry is partly pastoral and partly agricultural. Wheat, barley, maize, peas, beans and potatoes, form the staple agricultural productions, of which the land yields large crops, though rudely and unskillfully cultivated. The plough is merely a wedge-shaped piece of

wood, sometimes tipped with iron, having a single handle, which breaks the ground to the depth of four inches only. In the convent of San Francisco is preserved a vase, in which wheat was first brought from Europe. Horn cattle are very numerous, and are pastured on the *paramos* throughout the year, except during the season of snow storms, when they are occasionally driven to lower and more sheltered positions. It is said, that from seventy to eighty thousand dollars worth of cheese is annually made in the province; but the sum is probably exaggerated. There are numerous flocks of sheep of the merino race, but, either from neglect, or too luxurious pasturage, they have degenerated, and their wool has become coarse. It affords material, however, for the manufacture of large quantities of long napped baizes of different colours, carpets, ponchos and hats.

We have followed the doctor pretty closely in his passage across the Andes, and have extracted much of his description of the country, and the manners of its inhabitants, not adhering, at all times, to his words. We have by no means exhausted the interest of the book, but are unable to accompany him on his return. He is evidently no hacknied book-maker. He describes things as he has seen them, and resists, with extraordinary firmness, the many temptations which present themselves to copy from the more elaborate works of Don Ulloa, the Baron de Humboldt, and others, from which he might readily have enlarged his humble duodecimo to a stately octavo. His style, if not always correct, is generally spirited, frequently graphic, and rarely disfigured by pretensions to fine writing. His observations are those of a sensible, well disciplined mind, carefully avoiding exaggeration. This feature is particularly manifest in his reserve, when speaking of individuals, and of the public morals. Upon the whole, we may recommend the work as creditable to the author, and well-timed and useful to the public.

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ART. XV. *On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences.* By Mrs. SOMERVILLE. London, John Murray, 1824. 12mo. Pp. 458.

THIS delightful little volume is the production of a lady, whose talents and attainments may make us hesitate to maintain the justice of the boast of the male sex—its superiority in intellect. Mrs. Somerville is among the best mathematicians of the British empire; has distinguished herself by interesting and original researches in experimental physics; and is withal,



as we are informed, entirely free from any of the outward and visible signs of the blue. The work which we have taken for the subject of our article is, as its dedication imports, intended “to make the laws, by which the material world is governed, more familiar to her countrywomen.” We must, however, be permitted to question whether there be many of them who will be able to derive benefit from her labours in their behalf. On the other hand, we may safely say that there are few men, even the most versed in science, who may not derive instruction from her researches; or who, if they have mastered all the variety of subjects which she has compressed within so small a space, may not find facts and principles, already familiar, exhibited in new and advantageous lights.

As our author well remarks, in her preface, the progress of science, for the last few years, has been distinguished for a tendency to simplify the laws of nature, and to unite the detached branches by general principles: these connexions and general principles it is her object to illustrate.

Physical astronomy is the most perfect and sublime of the Sciences. It therefore occupies the first place in the volume before us. It

“Compares and identifies the laws of motion observed on earth, with the motions that take place in the heavens; and traces, by an uninterrupted chain of induction, from the great principles that govern the universe, the revolutions and rotations of the planets, and the oscillations of the fluids at their surfaces; and which estimates the changes the system has hitherto undergone, or may hereafter experience—changes which require millions of years for their accomplishment.

“The accumulated efforts of astronomers, from the earliest dawn of civilization, have been necessary to establish the mechanical theory of astronomy. The courses of the planets have been observed for ages with a degree of perseverance that is astonishing, if we consider the imperfection and even the want of instruments. The real motions of the earth have been separated from the apparent motions of the planets; the laws of the planetary revolutions have been discovered; and the discovery of these laws has led to the knowledge of the gravitation of matter. On the other hand, descending from the principles of gravitation, every motion in the solar system has been so completely explained, that the account of no astronomical phenomenon can now be transmitted to posterity of which the laws have not been determined.

“Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation, wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupations of consummate interest and subjects of elevated meditation.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science. The magnitude and splendour of the objects, the inconceivable rapidity with which they move, and the enormous distances between them, impress the mind with some notion of the energy that maintains them in their motions with a durability to which we can see no limit. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great first cause, in having



endowed man with faculties by which he can not only appreciate the magnificence of his works, but trace with precision the operation of his laws; use the globe he inhabits as a base wherewith to measure the magnitude and distance of the sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firmament. Such pursuits, while they ennoble the mind, at the same time inculcate humility, by showing that there is a barrier which no energy, mental or physical, can ever enable us to pass; that however profoundly we may penetrate the depths of space, there still remain innumerable systems, compared with which those apparently so vast must dwindle into insignificance, or even become invisible; and that not only man, but the globe he inhabits,—nay, the whole system of which it forms so small a part—might be annihilated, and its extinction be unperceived in the immensity of creation.\*

"The fall of a heavy body as the earth's surface, led Newton to infer that the same force which caused† this familiar motion, retained the moon in its orbit. This force, he inferred, must vary according to a precise and simple law, and that under the influence of such a law and of no other could bodies describe the conic sections. This discovery of Newton's, combined with the laws of Kepler, which up to that time had been merely empiric, exhibited the sun as the centre of a force extending indefinitely in space, and including all the bodies of the system in its action. This force is not inherent in the central body alone, but is mutual among all material substances.

"The gravitation of the earth to the sun results from the gravitation of all its particles, which in turn attract the sun in the ratio of their respective masses."

From this mutual attraction among the particles of matter, the forms of the planets result, and are modified by a rotation on their axes.

The motions of the planets, then, are twofold—one of translation, the other of rotation, and, although both may have arisen from a single impulse, they form separate objects of investigation.

The motion of a planet in its elliptical orbit, is well explained,‡ to be due to the action of two forces; the one always tending to the centre of the sun, the other causing a motion in the direction of a tangent to the orbit. But our author, in extending the illustration of the subject, confounds the motions with the forces which cause them, and when she states that if the tangential force were to cease, the body would fall to the sun, seems to forget that the projectile force has ceased to act since the system first received its form from the fiat of the Creator, although the motion which this force caused, exists in undiminished intensity.

This projectile force and the attraction of the great central body have the most powerful effect in determining the orbit of the planets, and an elliptical curve is the nearest approximation to their motions; but these motions are extremely complicated in consequence of the mutual attraction of the bodies. To determine the motion of any one of them, under the influence

\* Section I.

† Section II.

‡ Section III.

of all the rest, is beyond the power of analysis; it is therefore necessary to estimate the disturbing action of one planet at a time. Hence, arose the celebrated problem of the three bodies.

The disturbances of the planets' motions are of two kinds;\* the one depending upon their relative positions; the other upon the relative positions of their orbits. The first disturbances have epochs of circulation and return, and are of no great amount; the second, even less in amount, require long periods of time to reach their maximum. The second have periods of immense length. In consequence of the latter class of disturbances, the axes of the orbits have a motion in space; the lines of the nodes move in an opposite direction; the inclinations and eccentricities of all the orbits vary. All these changes are extremely slow, and, in spite of them, the greater axis of each orbit and the mean motion of every planet remain unchanged.

The plane of the ecliptic is variable, but the variation cannot exceed  $3^{\circ}$ , and is itself periodic.

“The rotation of the earth is uniform; therefore, day and night, summer and winter, will continue their vicissitudes while the system endures, or is undisturbed by foreign causes.

——“Yonder starry sphere  
Of planets, and of fixed, in all her wheels,  
Resembles nearest mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,  
Then most, when most irregular they seem.”

The stability of the system was established by La Grange, and it has been shown by Laplace and Porrisot, that there is a fixed plane, passing through the centre of gravity of the system, about which the whole oscillates within very narrow limits. Even should our system be, as is probable, in motion, this plane will always continue parallel to itself. In spite of this strong presumption of permanence in the planetary system, modern astronomers are returning to the opinion of Newton, that a resisting medium exists, which is affecting all the motions. We must, however—and here we differ from our authoress—beg leave to hesitate in adopting this opinion, founded upon the disturbances observed in a single body, and as yet imperceptible in any important member of the planetary scheme.

Our authoress pursues the researches of physical astronomy, in the following order: the satellites,† in general; and, when treating of those of Jupiter, notices the discovery of the velocity of light from the phenomena of their eclipses, and the still more important phenomenon of the aberration of the fixed stars, whence the final proof of the motion of the earth was obtained;

\* Section V.

† Section IV.

the Moon,\* with the nutation of the earth's axis, and the theory of eclipses; the figure of the Earth,† as deduced from the theory of gravitation, from actual measure, and from experiments on the pendulum; parallax,‡ whence our knowledge of the distances and magnitudes of the heavenly bodies is derived.

“Far as the earth seems to be from the sun, it is near to him, when compared with Uranus; situate on the verge of the system, the sun must appear to it not much larger than Venus does to us. The earth cannot even be visible as a telescopic object to a body so remote; yet man, the inhabitant of the earth, soars beyond the vast dimensions of the system to which his planet belongs, and assumes the diameter of its orbit as the base of a triangle, whose apex extends to the stars.

“Sublime as the idea is, this assumption proves ineffectual, for the apparent places of the fixed stars are not sensibly changed by the earth's annual revolution; and with the aid derived from the refinements of modern astronomy, and of the most perfect of instruments, it is still a matter of doubt, whether a sensible parallax has been detected even in the nearest of these remote suns.

“If a fixed star had a parallax of one second, its distance from the sun would be two hundred and five billions of miles. At such a distance, not only does the terrestrial orbit shrink to a point, but the whole solar system, seen in the focus of the most powerful telescope, might be covered with the thickness of a spider's thread. Light, flying at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second, would take three years and seven days to travel over that space; one of the nearest stars may, therefore, have been kindled or extinguished more than three years before we could have been aware of so mighty an event. But this distance must be small when compared with that of the most remote of the bodies which are visible in the heavens. The fixed stars are undoubtedly luminous like the sun; it is therefore probable, that they are not nearer to one another than the sun is to the nearest of them. In the milky way, and in the other starry nebulae, some of the stars that seem to us to be close to others, may be far behind them in the boundless depths of space; nay, may be rationally supposed to be situated many thousand times farther off; light would therefore require thousands of years to come to the earth from these myriads of suns, of which our own is but the dim and remote companion.”

Among the most astonishing results of the Newtonian philosophy, is the determination of the masses, or, so to speak, of the weights of the bodies which compose the solar system. This is readily done in the case of the moon, from her action in producing the nutation of the earth's axis, and from her influence on the tides. § That of the sun is next determined, and, hence, that of planets attended by satellites; and “the masses of such planets as have no satellites, are known by comparing the inequalities they produce in the motion of the earth and of each other, determined theoretically, with the same inequalities given by observation.”

The apparent diameters can be measured, and the real diameters calculated; thus their bulk becomes capable of being compared with their mass, and we learn their densities.

\* Section VI.      † Section VII.      ‡ Section VIII.      § Section IX.

The oblate form of several of the planets\* indicates a rotary motion, and this has been confirmed by the observation of spots on their surface. The Sun himself revolves on an axis, and moves around the common centre of gravity of the system. The direction of the rotary motion of the sun, planets, and satellites, is from West to East, and the rate of this motion uniform in each, and this is the same direction as that in which they revolve in their orbits. Such coincidences can hardly have been accidental. Laplace has computed the probability to be as four millions to one, that all the motions of the planets were at once imparted by an original common cause—a cause, we may add, that must have been infinite in power and in wisdom. The rate at which the Earth revolves upon its axis, determining the length of the day, has been constant since the earliest astronomic observations.† It is not influenced by the alterations of the Earth's own surface, by the disturbing action of the sun and planets, or by the motions of the ocean and the atmosphere. It might, however, be influenced by a change in the earth's mean temperature, and this has therefore remained unvaried for more than two thousand years. The axis on which this rotation is performed, must also have remained unvaried since the motion first began. Had the original motion been on any other line, with the exception of an equatorial diameter, the position of the poles would have changed daily; and, as there is no cause to check such a motion of oscillation, the change would have been going on to the present day. Hence, those theories of geology which assume a change in the poles of the earth are evidently false. The indications, therefore, which we observe, of the formation of parts of the present continents, beneath the surface of the ocean, are to be ascribed to upheaving by the action of subterranean fires.

This adaptation of the axis of rotation to the figure of the Earth, is at once explained, by assuming that our planet was originally in a fluid state. This assumption is rendered more probable by the evidence afforded by geology, and by the fact ascertained from the lunar inequalities, that the density of the earth increases regularly from the surface to the centre, as if the mass were made up of concentric, elliptical shells. This variation in density is exactly such as would occur in a heterogeneous fluid. Had it been solid, the pressure of the superincumbent mass would account for the increasing density, were it not that there is a limit to the compressibility of solid bodies. If capable of indefinite compression, steel would be compressed into one-fourth, and stone into one-eighth of its bulk, at the centre of the earth; but long before such a degree of condensa-

\* Section X.

† Section XI.

tion could be marked, the temperature would be so far increased as to cause the bodies to enter into igneous fusion; and it has been calculated that, at the depth of thirty miles, every solid substance, known to exist at the earth's surface, would be melted by heat caused by the pressure of the superincumbent mass. We therefore conceive that it is demonstrable, not only that the earth was originally in a fluid state, but that its interior is still liquid.

In Section XII. the precession of the equinoxes is explained; and in XIII. the application of astronomic quantities to the establishment of invariable standards for measuring duration, distance, magnitude, and velocity.

"No circumstance in the whole science of astronomy excites a deeper interest than its application to chronology. 'Whole nations,' says Laplace, 'have been swept from the earth, with their languages, arts, and sciences, leaving but confused masses of ruins to mark the place where mighty cities stood, their history, with the exception of a few doubtful traditions, has perished, but the perfection of their astronomical observations marks their high antiquity, fixes the periods of their existence, and proves that, even at that early time, they must have made considerable progress in science.' The ancient state of the heavens may now be computed with great accuracy; and, by comparing the results of computation with ancient observations, the exact period at which they were made may be verified, if true; or, if false, their error may be detected. If the date be accurate, and the observation good, it will verify the accuracy of modern tables, and will show to how many centuries they may be extended without fear of error. A few examples will show the importance of this subject.

"At the solstices the sun is at his greatest distance from the equator; consequently, his declination at those times is equal to the obliquity of the ecliptic, which, in former times, was determined from the meridian length of the shadow of the stile of a dial, on the day of the solstice. The length of the meridian shadow, at the summer and winter solstices, are recorded to have been observed at the city of Layang, in China, eleven hundred years before the Christian era."

"Both the time and place of the observations have been verified, by computations from modern tables. Thus, the Chinese had made some advances in astronomy at that early period."

"The epoch of the lunar tables of the Indians, supposed by Bailly to be three thousand years before the Christian era, was proved by Laplace, from the acceleration of the moon, not to be more ancient than the time of Ptolemy, who lived in the second century after it. The great inequality of Jupiter and Saturn, whose cycle embraces one hundred and twenty-one years, is peculiarly fitted for marking the civilization of a people. The Indians had determined the mean motions of these two planets in that part of the periods when the apparent mean motion of Saturn was at the slowest, and that of Jupiter the most rapid. The periods in which that happened was three thousand one hundred and two years before the Christian era, and the year 1491 after it."

We may therefore conclude that, as the earlier date is excluded by the epoch of the tables, the latter is that at which they were actually constructed.

The tides being due to the joint action of the sun and moon, upon the waters of the ocean, are classed among astronomic phenomena.\* The recurrence of high and low water, at intervals of about half a day, the increase of the tides at the times of new and full moon, and at the solstices, are familiar and due to evident causes. But the times of high and low water, and the height to which it rises, are far different in observation from what theory would point out as true of a spheroid entirely covered with water. The Pacific and Great Southern Oceans form an united mass of waters, of which the Atlantic is comparatively a small branch. The tide raised by the heavenly bodies in this great ocean is transmitted to the Atlantic, in which it moves in a northerly direction, along the coasts of the two great continents. This great wave is modified by the tide raised in the Atlantic itself. Thus the theory of the tides in each port, both as to their height and the times at which they take place, is really a matter of experiment, and can only be perfectly determined by the mean of a very great number of observations, including several revolutions of the moon's nodes. In narrow seas, which are exposed to the direction of the wave, the tides rise to great heights, as in the British and Irish channels, and in the Bay of Fundy, while in the Great Ocean they do not exceed two feet; the winds influence the height of the tides, and in seas communicating with the ocean by narrow straits, directed transversely, or in opposition to the direction of the wave, tides are hardly perceptible. In rivers the tides are felt, and often at great distances from their mouths, even when the quantity of their waters is such as to freshen the ocean to distances from the land beyond the extent of vision. In the Amazons the tide is felt five hundred miles from the sea, and the surface of the river presents a numerous succession of waves, exhibiting every possible variety of tide, both as respects magnitude and time. The same is the case, but in a less degree, in the Hudson.

“One of the most remarkable circumstances in the theory of the tides is the assurance, that in consequence of the density of the sea being only one-fifth of the mean density of the earth, and that the earth itself increases in density towards the centre, the stability of the equilibrium of the ocean never can be subverted by any physical cause. A general inundation, arising from the mere instability of the ocean, is therefore impossible.”

Whatever disturbance in equilibrium may arise is temporary, and the ocean constantly tends to restore itself to a permanent state by means of currents. Of these currents the following are the most important causes. The centrifugal force being directed in the plane of the circles of latitude, may be resolved into two parts, one of which diminishes the force of gravity, the other

tends to throw the fluid particles from the pole towards the equator. The latter part of the force has the greatest relative intensity in high latitudes, and therefore a tendency of the waters at the surface from the poles towards the equator in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. This tendency is increased by the peculiar manner in which the density of water is affected at low temperatures. Water does not continue to contract as it cools, but has a maximum of density at about  $40^{\circ}$ , below which it begins again to expand. In the polar seas then the liquid columns in the higher latitudes will have greater altitudes than in the lower, and the strength of the polar current will be enhanced. In torrid regions the temperatures of the water are about  $40^{\circ}$ , and hence the columns of liquids under the Equator will be longer than in more temperate regions, and a current must set from the Equator towards the poles at the surface, with a force which will more than counteract the tangential force in an opposite direction.

These motions will be affected by the varying rate of the earth's rotation in different latitudes, and thus the polar currents will be deflected in a direction from East to West, the equatorial in one from West to East. To the latter cause we may ascribe, at least in part, the great current known as the Gulf Stream. To the former, the current found by Parry, in his expedition over the ice from Spitzbergen. These superficial currents must have counteracting submarine floods to restore the disturbance they would otherwise cause in the equilibrium of the ocean.

The mass of elastic fluids which surround the earth is also affected by waves, raised by the action of the sun and moon, and in a more marked manner by currents owing to variations of temperature. These variations are measured by means of the barometer and thermometer. Composed of a liquid, enclosed in a tube of solid matter, both these instruments are affected by the attraction which takes place between these two classes of substances.\* This attraction is analogous in some respects to that which takes place between the particles of bodies. To the latter a force of repulsive character, namely, the principle of heat, always acts in opposition, and their joint action determines the mechanical state in which bodies exist. These actions are wholly insensible when the distance of the particles becomes sensible.

\* The difference between the forces of cohesion and repulsion is called molecular force, and, when modified by the electrical state of the particles, is the general cause of chemical affinities, which only take place between particles of different kinds of matter, though not under all circumstances. Two substances may indeed be mixed, but they will not combine to form a third substance different from both, unless their component particles unite



in definite proportions. This law of definite proportions being universal, is one of the most important discoveries in physical science, and furnishes unlooked for information with regard to the minute and secret operations of nature in the ultimate particles of matter, whose relative weights are thus made known."

Thus it is shown that matter is not infinitely divisible, and that our atmosphere must have a defined surface at the level, where the terrestrial attraction is balanced by the elasticity of the air. That the latter fact is true, has also been shown by Laplace, who has demonstrated that the expansion of the air growing out of diminished pressure must be finally counteracted by the change in its relations to specific heat.

The diminution in the pressure of the atmosphere, as we rise from the surface of the earth, is governed by a law capable of being easily expressed and reduced to calculation. The barometer therefore becomes a sure measure of differences of level.\* The disturbing circumstances of the expansion of air and mercury by heat, and the spheroidal figure of the earth, have long been accounted for. More recently, Daniell has succeeded in making allowance for the pressure of igneous vapour. It is unnecessary to make any correction for the diversity in the nature of the gasses which make up the æriform part of the atmosphere. Its constitution in this respect has been found identical in all countries and at all altitudes. This remarkable fact, long doubted, and afterwards unexplained, has been accounted for by the discovery of Dalton, who has shown that every elastic fluid tends to form a separate atmosphere around the earth in conformity with the law of its own elasticity, and precisely as if no other elastic fluid were present. The presence of others impedes, indeed, the velocity with which the state of equilibrium is attained, but would not prevent its attainment, were it not that other circumstances interfere, by the action of which the atmosphere, although constantly tending to equilibrium, never reaches that state.

Without the atmosphere, death-like silence would prevail throughout nature.† But in consequence of the elasticity of the air, it receives and imparts by means of undulations, the vibrations of bodies immersed in it, and these undulations excite the sensation of sound. Our authoress illustrates the manner in which sound is conveyed by the atmosphere, by means of the waves raised in a wheat-field by the wind. This is to us novel, ingenious, and complete; more particularly so in showing to the uninitiated the justice of Newton's comparison of the motion of sound to the oscillations of a pendulum whose length is equal to the height of a homogeneous atmosphere, and which may be

\* Section XVI.

† Section XVII.

considered as represented by the stacks of grain.\* Upon this theory the motion of sound is uniform and independent of the nature of the cause which produces it. This velocity is, however, modified by the change of temperature arising from the compression of the waves which convey the sound.

Our ears receive the impression of the undulations of the atmosphere, and are adapted to a scale of sounds that appears to differ in different individuals of our race. Even within this scale it has been found, that there are sounds inaudible to particular ears; it is also probable that the larger terrestrial animals hear deep, and probably loud sounds, for which no corresponding chord vibrates in our ears, and which are consequently inaudible to us. On the other extreme of the scale, sounds too acute for the perception of human ears seem to become audible to insects and the lesser animals, and thus there are probably beings, "hearing nothing in common with us, but endowed with a power of exciting, and a sense which perceives vibrations of the same nature, indeed, as those which constitute our ordinary sounds, but so remote that the animals who perceive them may be said to possess another sense, agreeing with our own solely in the medium by which it is excited."

Air is not the only vehicle of sound; it is conveyed through water with greater velocity than through air, and through solid bodies still more rapidly than through either.

"The action of the atmosphere upon light is not less interesting than the theory of sounds."\*

Light, in passing from a rare into a denser medium, as from the space which surrounds the earth into the earth's atmosphere, is bent from its course towards a perpendicular to the surface of the medium which it enters. Thus the heavenly bodies, except when in the zenith, appear more elevated than they really are. This deviation of light is called refraction, and is subject to a specific law, which goes by the name of Des Cartes. The refraction of terrestrial bodies is greater than that of elevated heavenly bodies, and is the cause of a variety of interesting phenomena, among which may be classed looming and the mirage. In its passage through the atmosphere a part of the light is retained by the air, which becomes illuminated, and is thus capable of causing the phenomenon of twilight, and of the diffuse light of day: and as a proportion of blue light is reflected from the particles of air, the atmosphere becomes visible under the aspect of a blue vault.

That light is made up of beams of different colours, was first proved by Newton,† but the precise nature and number of these colours has only become known to us by the recent experiments

\* Section XIX.

† Section XX.

of Brewster. The last named philosopher has shown that the solar spectrum consists of no more than three colours, red, yellow, and blue, each of which exists throughout its whole extent, but in different quantities: thus causing by their superposition the seven hues usually admitted to exist in the spectrum. Even in the most brilliant parts of the spectrum, lines devoid of light have been discovered. These are supposed to arise from the absorption of a part of the solar light, in passing through an intervening medium, and this medium is inferred to be the atmosphere of the sun, as the light of the fixed stars is differently affected by this same cause.

The colours of the spectrum have a singular relation to each other; after the eye has steadily contemplated a spot tinged with one of them, it will, on being closed, see an image of the spot of a different colour; and the latter is said to be the accidental colour of the first.

Newton and most of his successors imagined light to be a material substance emitted by luminous bodies; and this hypothesis explains many of the observed phenomena.\* There are however others, for which it does not seem to account. Hence it is now fashionable to explain the transmission of light, by supposing it to be conveyed by undulations in the media, precisely as sound is conveyed by waves raised in the atmosphere. However great may be the names by which the latter theory is supported, we must confess that it appears to us to be attended with greater difficulties than that of Newton, and that it is not a matter of doubt, that there exists no medium in the regions of space, by which light could be conveyed, with a velocity at all approaching to that which it is known to have. The investigations of Laplace seem conclusive on this head. Yet we must not fail to admit, that were it not for the total want of support which a mathematical investigation of the motion of waves gives to the doctrine of undulations, there are physical facts much more readily explained by its means, than by the hypothesis of emanations; among these are the coloured rings produced by their plates.

It is no more than strict justice, that, after expressing our own doubts, we should quote our author's illustrations of the theory of undulations.

“It is supposed that the particles of luminous bodies are in a state of perpetual agitation, and that they possess the property of exciting regular vibrations in the ethereal medium, corresponding to the vibrations of their own molecules; and that, on account of its elastic nature, one particle of the ether, when set in motion, communicates its vibrations to those adjacent, which in succession transmit them to those farther off, so that the primitive impulse is transferred from particle to particle, and the

undulating motion darts through ether like a wave in water. Although the progressive motion of light is known by experience to be uniform, and in a straight line, the vibrations of the particles are always at right angles to the direction of the ray. The propagation of light is like the spreading of waves in water; but if one ray alone be considered, its motion may be conceived, by supposing a rope of indefinite length to be stretched horizontally, one end of which is held in the hand. If it be agitated to and fro at intervals, with a motion perpendicular to its length, a series of equal tremors or waves will be propagated along it; and if the regular impulses be given in a variety of planes, as up and down, from right to left, and also in oblique directions, the successive undulations will take place in every possible plane. An analogous motion in the ether, when communicated to the optic nerves, would produce the sensation of common light. It is evident that the waves which flow from end to end of the cord, in a serpentine form, are altogether different from the perpendicular vibratory motion of each particle of the rope, which never deviates far from a state of rest. So, in ether, each particle vibrates perpendicularly to the direction of the ray; but these vibrations are totally different from, and independent of, the undulations which are transmitted through it, in the same manner as the vibrations of each particular ear of corn are independent of the waves which are transmitted from end to end of a harvest field, when agitated by the wind."

"The ethereal medium pervading space is supposed to penetrate all material substances, occupying the interstices between their molecules; but in the interior of refracting media, it exists in a state of less elasticity compared with its density in vacuo; and the more refractive the medium, the less the elasticity of the ether within it. Hence the waves of light are transmitted with less velocity in such media, as glass and water, than in the external ether."

The phenomena of coloured rings are closely connected with that extraordinary property, the polarization of light.\* By this, light, after being reflected at an angle, constant in each particular substance, and being a second time reflected by another piece of the same substance at the same angle, but in such a way as to make a right angle its original plane of reflection, becomes incapable of further reflection:—when thus incapable of reflection, it is said to be completely polarized.

Polarization may also be caused by refraction, and in producing this effect, substances which exhibit two images of objects seen through them, have the most powerful influence. The phenomena of polarized light are splendid almost beyond conception.† The mineral called the Tourmaline is most conspicuous for the beautiful phenomena of polarized light it produces, when the light has previously passed through a crystalline substance, after having been polarized by reflection. Light reflected at the proper angle from glass, and then passed through mica, exhibits, after transmission through a plate of tourmaline, a succession of the most gorgeous colours, varying with every inclination of the mica, from the richest reds

\* Section XXII.

† Section XXIII.

to the most vivid greens, blues, and purples. It would occupy too much space to dilate on this interesting subject.

“A constellation of talent, almost unrivalled at any period in the history of science, has contributed to the theory of polarization, though the original discovery of that property of light was accidental, and arose from an occurrence, which, like thousands of others, would have passed unnoticed, had it not happened to one of those rare minds, capable of drawing the most important inferences from circumstances apparently trifling. In 1808, while M. Malus was accidentally viewing, with a doubly refracting prism, a brilliant sunset, reflected from the windows of the Luxembourg palais, in Paris, on turning the prism round, he was surprised to see a very great difference in the intensity of the two images, the most refracted alternately changing from brightness to obscurity, at each quadrant of revolution. A phenomenon so unlooked for, induced him to investigate its cause, whence sprung one of the most elegant and refined branches of physical optics.”

It is not by the sense of sight alone that we obtain a knowledge of the sun's rays.\* We are also aware of their existence by the sense of touch which ascertains their calorific effect. The heat of the solar beam is not equal in every part of the spectrum, and the elder Herschell discovered that heating rays exist independent of the light. Passed through a prism of flint glass, the warm rays are most abundant in the dark space, a little without the red ray. Hence they decrease to the violet ray, when they become insensible. In addition, there exist in the solar beam, other rays also invisible, known only by their chemical action. These are found in the dark space beyond the extreme violet ray, and where there is no sensible heat. The last named rays blacken the salts of silver, and cause vegetable colours to fade, and it is only by these effects that their existence is known.

The rays of heat, like those of light, are subject to refraction and reflexion, and both pass through the gases with equal facility. It is otherwise with most solid and liquid substances, for the same body often transmits all the rays of light, while it is absolutely impermeable to those of heat. The heat of the solar ray passes readily through glass, while that from substances which are not luminous, is not transmitted at all. It was at first supposed that there was a difference in this respect, between the heat of the solar ray, and that produced by combustion; but it has recently been discovered by De Laroche, that the circumstance of transmission depends upon the degree of heat possessed by the body whence it proceeds. Heat proceeding from a body of a temperature lower than that of boiling water, is not transmitted through a piece of glass, however thin it may be; as the temperature increases,

the rays of heat are transmitted more and more abundantly; and when the body reaches a white heat, they penetrate the glass with as much facility as the rays of light.

“The very feeble heat of moonlight must be incapable of penetrating glass; consequently it does not sensibly affect the thermometer, even when concentrated; and, on the contrary, the extreme brilliancy of the sun is probably the cause why his heat, when brought to a focus by a lens, is more intense than any that can be produced artificially.”

This is not only true of glass but of most other transparent bodies, and the power of transmitting heat is totally different from that of transparency in respect to light. Those which, by their having a dark colour, lose their transparency, acquire, at the same time, increased powers of transmitting heat, and calorific rays pass instantaneously through glass so black as to be perfectly opaque to light. One substance is known, which transmits radiant heat with the same facility, whether it proceed from the brightest flame, or from lukewarm water. It is hence inferred that the impermeability of glass and other substances for heat, arises from their action on the calorific rays, and not from any property of the rays themselves.

Hence, also, we may infer a new and unlooked-for analogy between heat and light.

“The probability of light and heat being modifications of the same principle, is not diminished by the calorific rays being unseen; for the condition of visibility or invisibility may depend upon the construction of our eyes, and not upon the nature of the agent which produces these sensations in us. The sense of seeing, like that of hearing, may be confined within certain limits; the chemical rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum may be too rapid, or not sufficiently excursive in their vibrations to be seen by the human eye; and the calorific rays of the other end of the spectrum may not be sufficiently rapid, or too extensive in their excursions, to affect our optic nerves, though both may be visible to certain animals or insects. We are totally ignorant of those perceptions which direct the carrier-pigeon to his home, or the vulture to his prey, before he is himself visible as a speck in the heavens, or of those in the antennæ of insects, which warn them of the approach of danger; so, likewise, beings may exist in the air, on earth, or in the waters, which hear sounds our ears are incapable of hearing, and which see rays of light and heat, of which we are unconscious.”

Heat, in its passage through opaque and translucent substances affects their temperature, but the sun's rays do not sensibly alter the heat of transparent bodies through which they pass.\* As, however, no material substance is perfectly transparent, all must, if in masses of sufficient thickness, have their temperature raised by the transmission of solar light. The pellucid planetary space is neither affected by the heat of the sun, nor by that which radiates from the earth; while our atmosphere, increasing in density towards the surface of the

\* Section XXVI.



earth, becomes less and less transparent, and therefore gradually increases in temperature, both from the direct action of the sun and the radiation of the earth. The capacity of the air for heat is also diminished by compression, thus giving rise to a farther increase of temperature near the level of the sea. The temperature of the surface of the earth is, therefore, in a certain degree, dependent on the constitution of the atmosphere; and the sun, so far from being the source of heat, does no more than supply what is lost by radiation. The density and mutual pression of the substances which make up the mass of the earth, must also tend, and even in a more marked manner, to determine its mean temperature. The same circumstances affect the planetary bodies and the comets; and hence, that argument has no foundation in principle, which asserts that the other bodies of our system are totally unfit for the habitation of such a being as man. No doubt, as we find different climates on the earth's surface, salutary to one race of mankind, and destructive to others, the planets, if inhabited, must each have its peculiar race of sentient beings, and that race must have varieties to suit it to the varying climate of the surface of its habitation. Yet, in the wide expanse of the solar system, from Mercury to Uranus, it is not necessary to suppose a greater generic difference in the constitution of their inhabitants, than there is in species between a Samoiede and a negro, or between the dog of the Esquimaux and the naked branch of the canine race found in the tropical regions.

The regions of space, although not affected by the solar, or by the radiant heat, which they transmit, are far from being devoid of heat. The strict calculations of Sounberg and Fourier, show that the temperature of space is less than  $60^{\circ}$  below the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer. A temperature of  $55^{\circ}$  has been actually experienced, in portions of our globe not destitute of animated beings, or even wholly void of human inhabitants. The lowest temperatures of Uranus cannot fall below  $60^{\circ}$ , and therefore will not be more than a very few degrees colder than has been borne by our race without risk. If, indeed, there be any great difference of temperature between the three great planets and the earth, it is more probable that it is in the other direction, and that their enormous masses involve a constitution which must insure a high temperature to their surface. Indeed, this seems to be almost demonstrated in relation to Jupiter; for the telescope informs us that his surface still exhibits traces of existing igneous action, similar to that which geology leads us to believe once prevailed at the surface of our own planet.

The reasons for the variety in terrestrial climate are familiar. The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, causing the vicissitudes of the seasons; the figure of the earth, in



consequence of which the rays of the sun fall at different angles upon the surface of different latitudes; elevation above the level of the sea, which causes more rapid diminutions of temperature than an increase of latitude, and which cause is itself affected by the greater or less extent of the elevated ground; the difference in the radiating and absorbing powers of land and water; the nature of the soil and its products, with its habitual moisture or dryness; the effect of the interposition of the atmosphere.

"The circumstances which have been enumerated, and many more, concur in disturbing the regular distribution of heat over the globe, and create numerous local irregularities; nevertheless, the mean annual temperature becomes gradually lower from the equator to the poles; but the diminution of mean heat is most rapid between the  $40^{\circ}$  and  $45^{\circ}$  of latitude, both in Europe and America, which accords perfectly with theory."

"The mean annual temperature under the line, in Asia and America, is about  $81.1-2^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit; in Africa, it is said to be nearly  $87^{\circ}$ . The difference probably arises from the winds of S. E. Asia and Canada, which chilly influence is sensibly felt in Asia and America, even within  $1^{\circ}$  of the equator.

"The isothermal lines are parallel to the equator, till about  $23^{\circ}$  of latitude on each side of it, where they begin to lose their parallelism, and continue to do so more and more, as the latitude augments. With regard to the northern hemisphere, the isothermal line of  $59^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, passes between Rome and Florence, in lat.  $43^{\circ}$ , and near Raleigh, North Carolina, lat.  $36^{\circ}$ ; that of  $50^{\circ}$ , of equal annual temperature, traverses, up the Northern lands in lat.  $51^{\circ}$ , and near Boston, in the United States, lat.  $42.1-2^{\circ}$ ; that of  $41^{\circ}$  passes near Stockholm, lat.  $59.1-2^{\circ}$ , and St. George's bay, New Foundland, lat.  $48^{\circ}$ , and lastly, the line of  $32^{\circ}$ , the freezing point of water, passes between Ulea, in Lapland, lat.  $66^{\circ}$ , and Table Bay, on the coast of Labrador, lat.  $54^{\circ}$ .

"Thus it appears, that the isothermal lines, which are parallel to the equator for nearly  $23^{\circ}$ , afterwards deviate more and more, and from the observations of Sir Charles Giesecke, in Greenland, of Mr. Scoresby, in the Arctic Seas, and also from those of Parry and Franklin, it is found that the isothermal lines of Europe and America entirely separate in the high latitudes, and surround two poles of maximum cold, one in America, the other on the north of Asia, neither of which coincides with the pole of the earth's rotation. These poles are both situate to about the eightieth parallel of north latitude; the transatlantic pole is in  $100^{\circ}$  west longitude, about  $5^{\circ}$  to the north of Sir Graham Moore's Bay, in the Polar Seas, and the Asiatic pole is in  $95^{\circ}$  east longitude, a little to the north of the Bay of Taimora, near North East Cape. According to the estimate of Sir David Brewster, from the observations of Humboldt and Parry and Scoresby, the mean annual temperature of the Asiatic pole is nearly  $1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, and that of the transatlantic pole,  $3.1-2^{\circ}$  below zero; whereas, he supposes the mean annual temperature of the pole of rotation, to be  $4^{\circ}$  or  $5^{\circ}$ . It is believed, that two corresponding poles of maximum cold exist in the southern hemisphere, though observations are wanting to trace the southern isothermal lines with the same accuracy as the northern."

"It is evident, that places may have the same, mean, annual temperature, and yet differ materially in climate. In one, the winters may be mild and the summers cool; whereas, another may experience the reverse."

of heat and cold. Lines passing through places having the same mean summer or winter temperature, are neither parallel to the isothermal, the geothermal lines, nor to one another, and they differ still more from the parallels of latitude. In Europe, the latitude of two places which have the same annual heat, never differs more than  $8^{\circ}$  or  $9^{\circ}$ ; whereas, the difference in the latitude of those having the same winter temperature is sometimes as much as  $18^{\circ}$  or  $19^{\circ}$ . At Kasan, in the interior of Russia, in lat.  $55^{\circ} 48'$ , nearly the same with that of Edinburgh, the mean annual temperature is about  $37^{\circ} 6'$ ; at Edinburgh it is  $47^{\circ} 84'$ . At Kasan, the mean summer temperature is  $64^{\circ} 84'$ , and that of winter,  $2^{\circ} 12'$ ; whereas, at Edinburgh, the mean summer temperature is  $58^{\circ} 21'$ , and that of winter,  $38^{\circ} 66'$ . Whence it appears, that the difference of winter temperature is much greater than that of the summer. At Quebec, the summers are as warm as those of Paris, and grapes sometimes ripen in the open air; whereas, the winters are as severe as in St. Petersburg; the snow lies five feet deep for several months, wheel carriages cannot be used, the ice is too hard for skating, travelling is performed in sledges, and frequently on the ice of the river St. Lawrence. The cold at Melville Island, on the 15th January, 1820, according to Sir Edward Parry, was  $55^{\circ}$  below the zero of Fahrenheit, only  $3^{\circ}$  above the temperature of the ethereal regions, yet the summer heat in these high latitudes is insupportable."

The character of a climate is apparent in its influence upon vegetation.\* That of tropical climates is luxuriant in the extreme; their trees tower often to the height of a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet over the banana, the bamboo, and the arborescent fern, and are interlaced by vines and parasitic plants, until the jungles they form are hardly penetrable. Next succeed the regions of the olive and the grape, and beyond these appear the verdant meadows of more temperate climates.

In higher latitudes are to be found no trees but the birch and the pine, and these become stunted shrubs until they disappear altogether, giving place to a carpet of mosses and lichens, enamelled with flowers, which appear during the short summers of polar regions. Moisture, indeed, appears to be the only requisite for vegetation, for, neither heat, cold, nor darkness, destroy the fertility of nature; plants grow on the borders of hot springs, in the depths of the ocean, in caverns, and mines, and even in snow.

"Various opinions have been formed on the original or primitive distribution of plants over the surface of the globe, but since botanical geography became a regular science, the phenomena observed have led to the conclusion that vegetable creation must have taken place in a number of separate centres, each of which was the original seat of a certain number of peculiar species, which at first grew there, and no where else. Heaths are exclusively confined to the old world."

\* But this is still more confirmed by multitudes of particular plants, having an entirely local and insulated existence, growing spontaneously in some particular spot, and in no other place; as, for example, the cedar of

Lebanon, which grows indigenously on that mountain, and in no other part of the world.

"The same laws obtain in the distribution of the animal creation. The zoophyte, occupying the lowest place in animated nature, is widely scattered through the seas of the torrid zone, each species being confined to the district best fitted to its existence. Shell-fish decrease in size and beauty, with their distance from the equator; and as far as is known, each sea has its own kind, and every basin of the ocean is inhabited by a peculiar tribe of fish."

"Reptiles are not exempt from the general law. The Saurian tribes of the four quarters of the globe differ in species, and although warm countries abound in venomous snakes, they are specifically different, and decrease both in the numbers, and the virulence of their poison, with decrease of temperature. The dispersion of insects necessarily follows that of the vegetables which supply them with food, and, in general, it is observed, that each kind of plant is peopled with its own inhabitants. Each species of bird has its particular haunt, notwithstanding the locomotive powers of the winged tribes. The emu is confined to Australia, the condor never leaves the Andes, nor the great eagle the Alps; and, although some birds are common to every country, they are few in number. Quadrupeds are distributed in the same manner, wherever man has not interfered. Such as are indigenous to one continent, are not the same with their congeners in another; and, with the exception of some kinds of bats, no warm-blooded animal is indigenous in the Polynesian Archipelago, nor in any of the islands on the borders of the central part of the Pacific."

Such was not the case in the earlier epochs of the earth's existence. The coal fossils of Newcastle, Liege, Melville Island and Pennsylvania, are identical, as are the trilobites of Dudley, and of Trenton Falls; the shells found in the coral ring of England, are those of animals still living, but confined to tropical seas; all seems to indicate that climate of the earth was at some remote period uniform throughout its whole extent, more heated than the most torrid regions are at present, and utterly unfit for the habitation of any existing varieties of the human race.

"In reviewing the infinite variety of organized beings which people the surface of the globe, nothing is more remarkable than the distinctions which characterise the different tribes of mankind, from the ebony skin of the torrid zone to the fair and ruddy complexion of Scandinavia, a difference which existed in the earliest recorded times, since the native of Africa is represented in the sacred writings, to have been as black in the first ages of mankind as he is at the present day, and the most ancient Egyptian paintings confirm that truth; yet it appears from a comparison of the principal circumstances relating to the animal economy or physical character of the various tribes of mankind, that the different races are identical in species."

"The conclusion drawn from the whole investigation is, that although the distribution of organized beings does not follow the direction of the isothermal lines, temperature has a very great influence on their physical development. Possibly, too, the nature of animated and inanimated beings may be powerfully modified by the invisible agencies of electricity and magnetism, which probably pervade all the particles of matter; indeed

the temperature of the air seems intimately connected with its electrical condition."

This remark leads our authoress to the consideration of the phenomena of electricity :\* " an imponderable agent, pervading the earth and all substances, without affecting their volume or their temperature, or even giving any visible sign of its existence when in a latent state, but when elicited, developing forces capable of producing the most sudden, violent, and destructive effects in some cases, while in others, their action, although less energetic, is of indefinite and uninterrupted continuance."

This great agent, whose nature is unknown to us, may be called into activity by mechanical or chemical action, by heat and by magnetism, giving rise to the four subdivisions of common, galvanic, and thermeo-electricity, and electrio-magnetism; in addition, several fish possess the property of producing electrical effect.

It is in its connexion with magnetism that electricity is at the present moment making the greatest progress, and presents the highest degree of interest. The attraction exerted by certain ores of iron upon the pure metal, is a fact of ancient observation. The directive property of magnetised needles, and the polarity of magnets inferred from that fact, are of more recent date. The dip of the needle followed the discovery of its magnetic property, and it is no more than fifty years since the intensity of magnetism was found to vary at the earth's surface. The variation of the direction of the compass-needle, and in the amount of the dip at different places, show that the magnetic poles do not correspond with those of the earth; and it is now known that two magnetic poles exist in the northern hemisphere, and have probably two corresponding poles of austral magnetism. One of these, by the calculations of Sabine, from observations of the magnetic intensity, was, in 1820, in latitude  $60^{\circ}$  N. longitude  $80^{\circ}$  W. In 1824, captain Lyon, on a voyage to the spot indicated by Sabine, placed this pole in latitude  $63^{\circ} 26' 51''$  N. longitude  $80^{\circ} 51' 25''$  W., which affords a remarkable proof of the correctness of the inductions of the latter. Hanstein discovered the other pole in Liberia in about the same latitude, and about  $180^{\circ}$  of longitude, from that in the Western hemisphere. Captain Ross has recently claimed to have actually visited the western magnetic pole, and places it  $10^{\circ}$  to the north of the point determined by Sabine, and  $16^{\circ}$  more to the west. We must, however, be still permitted to doubt the accuracy of his informers.

The direction of the needle and the dip at a given place, are not constant, but are subject to a small diurnal oscillation, and

to slow changes, whose period is several centuries. These last changes are consistent with the hypothesis that the magnetic poles revolve about those of the earth's axis. The diurnal variation has been consistently in an opposite direction to the action of the sun and moon as magnets. In a spot where the dipping-needle hangs vertically, the horizontal needle is found to traverse, and pointed nearly east and west. Under these circumstances, the most favorable possible for observing diurnal variation was found, when the sun and moon acted on the metal in together, to be as much as  $5^\circ$ , while when one of them succeeded the other at an interval of six hours, the diurnal variation amounted to no more than  $20'$ . In the former case the deviation was due to the sun, in the latter to the difference of the two planetary actions, hence no doubt can exist of their action as magnets. It might also appear that this magnetic action of the two luminaries was in some way connected with the attractive power they exert by virtue of gravitation.

Temporary magnetism may be given to wires of any of the metals by making a communication through the metal between the poles of a galvanic battery; and these wires will communicate permanent magnetism to bars of steel placed at right angles to their direction. In general terms, it has been discovered that electric and magnetic actions accompany each other, and are probably inseparable, and that they are respectively at right angles in their directions. In conformity with this law, a number of interesting instances of rotatory motion have been planned by developing one influence in a radiating direction, in which the other is always necessarily joined in that of a tangent. Bars of soft iron, of the horse-shoe form, have had temporary magnetism, of the greatest intensity, communicated to them, by enveloping them in spirals of copper wire, used as conductors of galvanic electricity. They may thus be made to support enormous weight, and one constructed in this manner by professor Henry, of Princeton, has been made to bear several hundred pounds.

"Rotatory motion was suggested by Dr. Wollaston; Mr. Faraday was the first who actually succeeded in making the pole of a magnet revolve about a vertical conducting wire. In order to limit the action of the electricity to one pole, two-thirds of a small magnet was immersed in mercury, the lower end being fastened by a thread to the bottom of the vessel containing the mercury. When the magnet was thus floating alone vertically with its north pole above the surface, a current of electricity was made to descend vertically, through a wire touching the mercury, and immediately the magnet began to rotate from left to right, about the wire. Under the same circumstances the south pole of the magnet rotates from right to left. It is evident from this experiment that the wire may also be made to perform a rotation around the magnet, since the action of the current of the electricity on the magnet must necessarily be accompanied with a corresponding re-action of the pole of the magnet on the electricity

in the wire. This experiment has been accomplished by a vast number of contrivances, and even a small battery, consisting of two plates, has performed the rotation."

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"The next step was to make a magnet, and also a cylinder, revolve about their own axis, which they do with great rapidity. Mercury has been made to rotate by means of voltaic electricity; and Professor Ritchie has exhibited in the Royal Institution the singular spectacle of the rotation of water by the same means, while the vessel containing it continued stationary. The water was in a hollow, double cylinder of glass, and on being made the conductor of electricity, was observed to revolve in a regular vortex, changing its direction as the poles of the battery were alternately changed."

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"But one of the most extraordinary effects of the new force is exhibited by coiling a copper wire so as to form a helix, or corkscrew, and connecting the extremities of the wires with the poles of a galvanic battery. If a magnetised steel bar or needle be placed within the screw, so as to rest upon the lower and interior part, the instant a current of electricity is sent through the wire of the helix, the steel bar starts up by the influence of this invisible power, and remains suspended in the air in opposition to the force of gravitation."

It might be fairly expected that as electricity not only powerfully affects magnet bodies, but is actually capable of communicating both temporary and permanent magnetism, so, conversely, magnetism ought to be capable of giving rise to electrical action. The mode of accomplishing this occurred to Professor Henry, at the time he was occupied in constructing his powerful temporary magnet. He had actually prepared an apparatus, but being by circumstances prevented from using it, lost the honours of discovery, which were reaped by Faraday. Acting upon a delicate instrument, called the Galvanometer, the latter found that the magnetic and electric fluids were identical in their effects. Increasing the force of the magnets employed, he agitated the limbs of a frog, produced the spark, heated metallic wires, and accomplished chemical decomposition. Finally, he increased the intensity of these actions by a more perfect and forcible arrangement.

"A very powerful horse-shoe magnet, formed of twelve steel plates, in close approximation, is placed in a horizontal position. An armature, consisting of a bar of the purest soft iron, has each of its ends bent at right angles, so that the faces of those ends may be brought directly opposite and close to the poles of the magnet, when required. Two series of copper wires, covered with silk, in order to insulate them, are wound round the bar of soft iron, as compound helices. The extremities of these wires, having the same direction, are in metallic connexion with a circular disc, which dips into a cup of mercury, while the ends of the wires in the opposite direction are soldered to a projecting screw-piece, which carries a slip of copper with two opposite points. The steel magnet is stationary; but when the armature, together with its appendages, is made to rotate horizontally, the edge of the disc always remains immersed in the mercury, while the points of the copper slip alternately dip in it and rise above it. By the ordinary laws of induction, the armature becomes a

temporary magnet, while its bent ends are opposite to the poles of the steel magnet, and ceases to be magnetic when they are at right angles to them. It imparts its temporary magnetism to the helices which concentrate it; and while one set conveys a current to the disc, the other conducts the opposite current to the copper slip. But as the edge of the revolving disc is always immersed in the mercury, one set of wires is constantly maintained in contact with it, and the circuit is only completed when a point of the copper slip dips in the mercury also; but the circuit is broken the moment that point rises above it. Thus, by the rotation of the armature, the circuit is alternately broken and renewed; and as it is only at these moments that electrical action is manifested, a brilliant spark takes place every time the copper point touches the surface of the mercury. Platina wire is ignited, shocks smart enough to be disagreeable are given, and water is decomposed with astonishing rapidity by the same means, which proves beyond a doubt the identity of the magnetic and electric agencies, and places Mr. Faraday, whose experiments established the principle, in the first rank of experimental philosophers."

An entirely new source of magnetism was discovered by Arago, in rotary motion.\* A circular plate of copper revolving immediately above or below a magnet, causes the magnet to tend to follow its motion; and conversely, a revolving magnet causes a copper plate to revolve in the same direction. The mere motion of rotation, therefore, gives to copper the power of affecting the magnet. Heat has been found to produce electric currents, in the vicinity of magnets, and thus by its agency to supply, in galvanic combinations of two metals, the want of a fluid to complete the circuit. Even the same metal, when unequally heated, has its electrical equilibrium disturbed, and thus the agency of heat, and of electricity, and magnetism, are proved to affect each other mutually.

Light has also a strong magnetic influence. Oxidulated iron, as was shown by Col. Gibbs, exhibits no trace of magnetic virtue, when first raised from the darkness of the mine—nor does it become magnetic by any exposure to air, in the absence of light. But a few hours of direct action of the rays of the sun, communicates to this ore permanent and powerful magnetism. The influence of the sun's rays, and particularly of certain portions of the spectrum upon steel bars, to which it communicates permanent magnetism, was observed many years since by an Italian experimenter. Similar experiments, on a more extended scale, and more valuable in their results, were made by Mrs. Somerville herself, and have proved beyond a doubt, that in addition to the rays which cause in man the sensation of vision, and influence the local colour of objects, which produce the sensation of heat, and which influence chemical changes, the solar beam also has parts which are the direct cause of magnetism in the substance where it was first discovered. This magnetism again is capable of exciting and calling into action all the phenomena of electricity; these are



accompanied by light, produce heat, have the most powerful influence on chemical affinity, while, when assuming the character of currents, they cause magnetism in bodies the least susceptible of its influence under other circumstances.

“In light, heat, and electricity or magnetism, nature has exhibited principles which do not occasion any appreciable change in the weight of bodies, although their presence is manifested by the most remarkable chemical and mechanical action. These agencies are so connected, that there is reason to believe they will ultimately be referred to some one power of a higher order, in conformity with the general economy of the system of the world, where the most varied and complicated effects are produced by a small number of universal laws. These principles penetrate matter in all directions;—their velocity is prodigious, and their intensity varies inversely as the square of the distance. The development of electric currents, as well by magnetic as electric induction, the similarity in their mode of action, in a great variety of circumstances, but above all the production of a spark from the magnet, the ignition of metallic wires, and chemical decomposition, show that magnetism can no longer be regarded as a separate and independent principle. That light is visible heat, seems highly probable; and although the evolution of light and heat during the passage of the electric spark, may be from the compression of the air, yet the development of electricity by heat, the influence of heat on magnetic bodies, and that of light on the vibrations of the compass, show an occult connexion between all these agents, which probably will be one day revealed; and in the mean time it opens a noble field of experimental research to philosophers of the present, perhaps of future ages.”

Mrs. Somerville's modesty has prevented her from including in her argument the magnetising effects of the solar light, the most satisfactory experiments on which are by herself, and entitle her to rank at no great distance behind Faraday himself, as an experimental philosopher.

The solar ray has also the property of causing chemical changes; the order of chemical affinity is altered by temperature, and may be completely inverted by electricity. Can we then hesitate to ascribe the important agencies of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and even of chemical affinity, to a single cause—a cause as yet unknown, and which may, perhaps, forever remain unknown to the inhabitants of our sphere, but which can be studied in an advantageous manner in the vast variety of physical, chemical, and even of mechanical action, which it influences, even if it be not their original source.

To carry the analogy farther; not only are there some animals which are endued with the powers of producing electrical effects, in some cases similar to those of the machine, in others to those of the galvanic pile; but all vital action is accompanied by electrical phenomena. Motions similar to those of life, although forced and preternatural in their appearance, can be produced by galvanism in warm-blooded animals, for some hours after death, but in cold-blooded animals for a much longer time. The vegetation of plants is quickened by

galvanic electricity; and it is said, although we receive the intimation with hesitation, that a slip of the vine, without root or communication with the earth, has been made to bud, blossom, bear and ripen its fruit, within the space of a few hours, by the same powerful agent. May it not then be probable that animal and vegetable life consist in the power of developing electricity in the bodies where they reside, and that this electric action, implying heat and magnetism as its inseparable concomitants, is the proximate cause of the motions, the functions, and the growth of the genera and species of animated and organized nature? Electrical currents modify and destroy the influence of chemical affinity, of which an opposite state of electricity may perhaps be the cause, and the combinations of the vegetable and animal kingdom are usually found in direct opposition to the influence of chemical affinity; so much so, indeed, that no sooner has life ceased, than a tendency to decomposition ensues, growing out of the chemical affinities of the elements, which impel them to unite in new compounds.

Magnetism may be possessed by bodies in a permanent manner, as is the case with oxidulated iron and steel. It may also be developed, as has been seen, by rotary motion. In the former case, there are always, at least, two poles of opposite magnetic character, on the surface of the body, and diametrically opposite to each other. In magnetism arising from rotation, the poles lie near each other. In observing the magnetic intensity at the surface of the earth, the results of observation are in direct contradiction to the hypothesis of poles situated on the surface, but coincide exactly with one which supposes the centres of magnetic attraction and repulsion to be indefinitely near to each other, and to the centre of the terrestrial sphere. It is most likely, therefore, that the action of the earth, as a magnet, is not that of a permanently magnetic body, but is derived from its rotation on an axis.

"Mr. Barlow has rendered this extremely probable by forming a wooden globe, with grooves admitting of a copper wire being coiled around it, parallel to the equator, from pole to pole. When a current of electricity was sent through the wire, a magnetic needle, suspended above the globe, and neutralized from the influence of the earth's magnetism, exhibited all the phenomena of the dipping and variation needles, according to its positions in regard to the wooden globe. As there can be no doubt that the same phenomena would be exhibited by currents of thermo, instead of voltaic electricity, if the grooves of the wooden globe were filled by rings constituted of two metals, it seems highly probable that the heat of the sun may be the great agent in developing electric currents in or near the surface of the earth, by its action upon the substances of which the globe is composed, and by the changes in its intensity, may occasion the diurnal variation of the compass, and other vicissitudes in terrestrial magnetism, evinced by the disturbance in the directions of the magnetic lines in the

same manner as it influences the parallelism of the isothermal lines. That such currents do exist in metalliferous veins, appears from the experiments of Mr. Robert Fox, in the Cornish copper mines. However, it is probable that the secular and periodic disturbances in the magnetic force, are occasioned by a variety of combining circumstances. Among others, M. Biot mentions the vicinity of mountain chains to the place of observation, and still more the action of extensive volcanic fires, which change the chemical state of the terrestrial surface, they themselves varying from age to age, some becoming extinct, while others burst into activity.

“It is moreover probable that terrestrial magnetism may be owing to a certain extent to the earth’s rotation.

“Mr. Faraday has proved that all the phenomena of revolving plates may be produced by the inductive action of the earth’s magnetism alone.”

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“From the experiments of Mr. Faraday, and also from theory, it is possible that the rotation of the earth may produce electric currents in its own mass. In that case, they would flow superficially in the meridians, and if collectors could be applied at the equator and poles, negative electricity would be collected at the equator, and positive at the poles; but without something equivalent to conductors to complete the circuit, these currents could not exist.”

An equivalent for conductors is to be found in the rarity of the higher regions of the atmosphere. Electricity is confined upon the surface of bodies by the pressure of dry atmospheric air, but darts off from those placed in the receiver of an air pump; and as this would account for the return of the electric currents from the poles to the equator, we may admit that those which the rotary motion of the earth would cause, do in fact exist. The return of these currents in their circulation through the higher regions of the atmosphere, would, like electricity in the vacuum of an air pump, become visible under phenomena, similar to those of the Aurora Borealis, of which such an action furnishes a probable explanation.

Rising thus into the higher regions of the atmosphere, we are led to the comparison of the Aurora Borealis with other brilliant phenomena, known under the class of Meteoric. Some of these may perhaps belong to the earth itself, or may, as has been surmised by some, be projected from the moon; but there is a more probable theory.

“For aught we know, myriads of bodies may be wandering in space, unseen by us, of whose nature we can form no idea, and still less of the part they perform in the economy of the universe: nor is this an unwarrantable presumption; many such do come within the sphere of the earth’s attraction, are ignited by the velocity with which they pass through the atmosphere, and are precipitated with great violence on the earth. The fall of meteoric stones is much more frequent than is generally believed; hardly a year passes without some instances occurring, and if it be considered that only a small part of the earth is inhabited, it may be presumed, that numbers fall in the ocean, or on the uninhabited part of the land, unseen by man. They are sometimes of great magnitude; the volume of several has exceeded that of the planet Ceres, which is about seventy miles in diameter. One which passed within twenty-five miles of us, was estimated to weigh about six hundred thousand tons, and to move with a

velocity of about twenty miles in a second—a fragment of it alone reached the earth.”

Such bodies then, are, in fact, comets of less size, of which a probability exists that, at least, eleven millions may come within the known limits of our system, and revolve in orbits, having the sun in their common focus.

Comets have this, in common with planets, that they revolve around the sun as a centre of force, in conformity with the laws of Kepler; but these orbits are, in those of most early discovery, extremely eccentric; their inclinations at every possible angle, and the direction of their motion, often retrograde. More recently, comets having orbits of less eccentricity and shorter periods, have been discovered; and at no great distance of time, four new planets, having orbits of greater eccentricity and larger angles of inclination. Thus, it appears difficult to say at what point the terms of comet and planet respectively begin. The line is still drawn between the small planets, and the comets of short period; but it is not impossible, but even probable, that other small bodies may be discovered, intermediate in the eccentricity and inclination of their orbits.

We have thus, following in a great measure the steps of Mrs. Somerville, performed the circuit of the physical sciences, and returned to the point whence we set out. The fall of an apple led Newton to infer, that the same cause which brought heavy bodies to the ground, retained the moon in its orbit, and prevented it from flying off; affecting the companion of the earth, it was easy to infer from analogy, that an identical force caused the earth to circulate around the sun, the planets to describe their orbits, and their satellites to attend them in their course. Finally, this force is not confined to our system alone, but is obeyed throughout the most distant regions of space.

“Whatever the laws may be that obtain in the more distant regions of creation, we are assured that one alone regulates the motions, not only of our own system, but also the binary systems of the fixed stars; and as general laws form the ultimate object of philosophical research, we cannot conclude these remarks without considering the nature of gravitation—that extraordinary power, whose effects we have been endeavouring to trace through some of their mazes. It was at one time imagined, that the acceleration in the moon’s mean motion was occasioned by the successive transmission of the gravitating force; but it has been proved, that in order to produce this effect, its velocity must be about fifty millions of times as great as that of light, which flies at the rate of twenty thousand miles in a second; its action, even at the distance of the sun, must therefore be considered as instantaneous; yet so remote are the fixed stars, that it may be doubted whether the sun has any sensible influence on them.

“The curves in which the celestial bodies move by the attraction of gravitation, are only lines of the second order; the attraction of spheroids, according to any other law of force than that of gravitation, would have been much more complicated; and, as it is easy to prove that matter might have been moved, according to an infinity of laws, it may be concluded,

that gravitation must have been selected by Divine Wisdom out of an infinity of others, as the most simple, and that which gives the greatest stability to the celestial motions."

In consequence of this simplicity, the motions of the celestial\* bodies are independent of their magnitudes and distances; a very different law holds good when the particles of matter are placed at insensible distances from each other; and our authoress seems to think it probable, that, as the law of force varies at one extremity of the scale, it may also vary at the other, and not be the same in every part of space.

"As far as human knowledge extends, the intensity of gravitation has never varied within the limits of the solar system; nor does even analogy lead us to expect that it should; on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the great laws of the universe are immutable, like their Author."

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"Nor can we suppose the structure of the globe alone to be exempt from the general fiat, though ages may pass before the changes it has undergone, or that are now in progress, can be referred to existing causes with the same certainty with which the motions of the planets, with all their periodic and secular variations, are referable to the law of gravitation. The traces of extreme antiquity, perpetually occurring to the geologist, give that information as to the origin of things, in vain looked for in the other parts of the universe. They date the beginning of time with regard to our system; since there is ground to believe that the formation of the earth was cotemporaneous with that of the rest of the planets; but they show that creation is the work of Him with whom 'a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.'"

The action of gravitation is governed by the laws of dynamics, which can be studied in their effects upon terrestrial bodies. A knowledge of these laws is indispensable in the study of physical astronomy. We hence learn the stability of the rotary motions of the planets, and the immutability of the length of the day. The mutual action of the bodies not only affects their motions, but influences those of fluids on their surface, and determines the theory of the tides and the oscillations of the atmosphere. A study of the latter includes the property of elasticity which it possesses, its variable density, and its relations to heat. The atmosphere is the vehicle of sound; and receiving as well as communicating heat to the earth, influences climate, and is formed into currents, constituting constant, periodic, or variable winds. Light, in its passage through the atmosphere, is deflected from its course, as it is in all transparent media; such media also cause the dispersion of light, and affect the visible rays of the solar beam with various colours, and, in the investigation of the phenomena of refraction, we learn the mode of its propagation, and the cause of the local colours of objects.

“By the eclipses of Jupiter’s satellites, the velocity of light is ascertained, and that velocity in the aberration of the fixed stars, furnishes the only direct proof of the real motion of the Earth. The effects of the invisible rays of light are immediately connected with chemical action; and heat, forming a part of the solar ray, so essential to animated and inanimated existence, whether considered as invisible light, or as a distinct quality, is too important an agent in the economy of creation, not to hold a principal part in the order of physical science. Whence follows its distribution over the surface of the globe, its power on the geological revolutions of our planet, its influence on the atmosphere and on climate, and its effects on vegetable and animal life, evinced in the localities of beings on the earth, in the waters, and in the air. The connexion of heat with electrical phenomena, and the electricity of the atmosphere, together with all its energetic effects, its identity with magnetism, and the phenomena of terrestrial polarity, can only be understood from the theories of those invisible agents, and are, probably, the principal causes of chemical affinities. Innumerable instances might be given in illustration of the immediate connexion of the physical sciences, most of which are united still more closely by the common bond of analysis, which is daily extending its empire, and will, ultimately, embrace almost every object of nature in its formulæ.

“These formulæ, emblematic of Omniscience, condense into a few symbols the immutable law of the universe. This mighty instrument of human power itself originates in the primitive constitution of the human mind, and rests upon a few fundamental axioms, which have eternally existed in Him who implanted them in the breast of man, when he created him after his own image.”

Such is the eloquent conclusion of the work before us, and when we compare its elegant simplicity, its profound science, and the reference at every step to the wisdom of the Creator of this “universal frame thus wondrous fair,” with the ponderous and often unmanageable learning which has been pressed into the service of natural religion, under the will of the Earl of Bridgewater, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that had the liberal bequest of that nobleman been opened to competition, this work must have carried off the palm. Such competition might, indeed, have called out popular talent and learning equal to that of our authoress; but she stands at present far superior, in the adaptation of her mind to the objects of the testator, to any of those among whom the legacy has been divided, although the chosen scientific men of Great Britain.

We have, indeed, in a few instances, ventured to dissent from her conclusions; but she is in both cases supported by a majority of the scientific men of Europe; and even without such authorities on her side, we would have ventured to dispute her position with fear and trembling: the most, indeed, that we can urge is, that these points are by no means settled, and

“*Adhuc sub judice lis est.*”

We had just completed our review from the English copy, when we were gratified by seeing before us an American edition of the work. So small is the encouragement our country



has recently afforded to works of pure science, that we had feared that even in the popular form which Mrs. Somerville has chosen, a publisher would hardly have been found sufficiently bold to undertake it. That such a degree of courage has existed among our booksellers, is a source of no small pleasure to us; and we cheerfully add to what we have already said in commendation of the work, that it is the very best general view of the physical sciences with which we are acquainted, and contains recent discoveries which have not yet been engrafted upon any complete treatises; that while it may be consulted with profit by the most proficient, it is admirably calculated to awaken the curiosity of the tyro. Above all, it inculcates, at every step, that reverence for the divine author of the laws which it illustrates, without which the study of the physical sciences might be worse than useless.

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ART. XVI.—*The Autobiography, Times, Opinions, and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. K. I. (per legem terræ) Baron Chandos of Sudeley, &c. Two volumes. London, 1834.*

THIS is not the work to justify us in asserting its author's right to have his name inscribed amid the stars, as its very object is to show that the path pursued by him is not the one which leads to that shining goal. The right path, however, it may be said to indicate in a negative manner at least, by the demonstration it affords of the wrong one, and the necessity of adopting a different course for eventual success. In this respect it possesses a value of a most important character, such as recommends it to an attentive perusal, and even to positive study. Few works have ever appeared which inculcate with more clearness and force than it does, the indispensableness of system, resolution, and perseverance in literary labour, for the attainment of a full reward in the excellence of what is accomplished, the applause that will be gained, and the self-satisfaction which must accrue, in consequence of the striking evidence it presents of the inevitable result of the want of those requisites—the impressive picture of disappointment, mortification, and unhappiness produced by inconstancy of purpose, and obedience to mere impulse and morbid influences. The person who has furnished us with this salutary lesson in the volumes we are noticing, is a man formed in no ordinary mould; liberally endowed by nature with the means of distinc-



tion, both as regards the capability and the desire of soaring "beyond the limits of a vulgar fate." This, to a certain extent, he has effected; but not in a degree commensurate with his aspirations, from the circumstance we have intimated. He has failed in winning the race, not because he was seduced to turn aside by the glitter of the golden apples, nor because he ever thought, like the hare in the fable, that he had gained a sufficient advance to permit him to repose, but on account of an irregular volition and infirmity of purpose, which often caused him to hesitate, to falter, to stop; and now he beholds himself, when the allotted period of his contest has nearly expired, still too far behind, to perceive more than that glimmer of hope of obtaining what he covets, which cannot cease to illumine, however faintly, his way, as long as his heart continues to beat. Hence 'these tears'—this series of lamentations in two volumes—this succession of pages bewailing and condemning the errors which have occasioned him to suffer a greater loss than that which so deeply afflicted the Emperor Titus; the loss, comparatively speaking, of a life-time instead of a day.

One might suppose, indeed, from his complaints, that he considers himself the only unhappy person in the world, although the poet, whom he almost worships, might have taught him better in a stanza, not the less true, alas! for its levity:

Ah, what is man! what perils do environ  
The happiest mortals, even after dinner;  
A day of gold from out an age of iron  
Is all that fate allows the luckiest sinner.

Fortunately they are not altogether monotonous, as at one time he breathes out his griefs in plaintive accents, "*qualis populea mærens Philomela sub umbra;*" at another, "strikes the deep sorrows of his lyre" with all the energy of an indignant and defying spirit.

It is not, however, only for the purpose of holding up his example as a warning, that Sir Egerton Brydges has thus laid open to us the regrets and bitterness to which he is a prey—that he has thus presented himself to the world as a self-accuser, and unforgiving judge of the delinquencies which have caused the gloomy clouds of discontent to gather around his setting sun.

With the sincerest disposition to be charitable, we cannot help thinking that another motive—of which, perhaps, he was not himself distinctly conscious—was constantly and potently operative. Almost every page begets more than a suspicion that his repentance, if we may so speak, is not altogether of that wholesome kind which is willing to submit to humiliation; that the leaven of self-complacency is as strongly at work as ever; and that he is passionately desirous, though he may

not acknowledge it even to his own bosom, of impressing the world with the same idea of his faculties as he entertains himself. The yearning is ever apparent to impart the conviction that he possessed the power of accomplishing more than he performed, and this in no limited degree. He would have us to believe, not merely how "sweet an Ovid" has been lost, but how grand a Milton has been wasted in a writer of sonnets, essays, novels, and criticisms, in consequence of his want of self-control—that had his *morale* been in harmony with his intellectual part, he would have been able to achieve the most splendid triumphs. We do not exaggerate when we give this as the burden of his song; although, of course, he does not assert it in so many words. There is often no more conclusive proof of pride than an excess of humility, even when it is not positively affected, and the person who makes the avowal of his failings, thinks himself sincere in his self-abasement. The confession which proceeds to the extreme of candour, in which the confessing person seems to take a species of pleasure in excoriating his heart, in most instances, is uttered more in anger than in sorrow. It results rather from the exacerbation of wounded egotism wreaking its vengeance, as it were, upon itself, for its fancied wrongs, than from the influence of compunctious visitings, and chastening grief. Sir Egerton, we are inclined to think, is irritated, in a measure, against himself, for those deficiencies which have deprived him of the prize for which he "sighed like a furnace," and has sought vent for his exasperated feelings in dragging his infirmities, with a sort of desperate satisfaction, before the public eye, and making them the solvers and apologists of his failure; and, at the same time, deriving another kind of gratification from the idea of thus communicating the belief that he might have been all that he desired, had it not been for their interference. Only let this be believed and he cares not how derogatory and heavy a load of sins he places upon his shoulders, if necessary to be borne for the attainment of that object. Yet there is so much earnestness and genuineness in his opinion of himself, so total an absence of every thing like coxcombry in his egotism, that we cannot be offended by it, but are rather induced to sympathise with it in a degree, however exaggerated, in fact, it may appear to our apprehension. Sincerity generally possesses a charm of sufficient virtue to counteract almost any disagreeable attributes of the subject upon which it is displayed. It is the mincing, shuffling gait of that self-conceit which seems to be half afraid of proceeding in the path in which it has set out, as if by no means sure of its ground, and suspicious that it is making a ridiculous figure, or the vapouring and swaggering of a braggadocio spirit, wounding our own

self-love by impudent assumptions of superiority, that create the *incredulus odi* feeling in our breasts, and excite a sensation akin to nausea.

In the case of Sir Egerton, also, the singular unreserve with which he discloses his failings, however indicative, as we have intimated, of a particular phase of the spirit of pride, yet tends materially to neutralize the disagreeable effects of his self-complacent lucubrations. We are unfortunately always too glad to believe ill of our neighbour, to refuse credence to his detraction of himself; and nothing is better calculated to enable him to win our confidence and good will, so as to render us patient, even acquiescing listeners, to his discourses upon the same subject, when his tone is reversed, than an unequivocal avowal of his defects.

We may copy here one of his apologies or explanations, in reference to the manner in which the autobiography is written.

“It may be said, that these confessions are trifles, which instruct nobody, and concern nobody. Such is not the opinion of many enlightened sages: they think that the peculiarities of manners, as well as the precise traits of mind, even of the most obscure beings, are instructive information to those who study the intellectual conformations of human nature. Addison, in an introductory letter of the *Spectator*, speaks of this curiosity as inherent in man’s existence. I never took up a book which I could read, without wishing to know the character and history of the author. But what is it to tell the facts, that he was born, married or lived single, and died? What is common to all, can convey no information. We desire to know an author’s feelings, his temper, his disposition, his modes of thinking, and his habits;—nay, even his person, his voice, and his mode of expressing himself; the society in which he has lived, and the images and lessons which attended upon his cradle. How has he lived and acted, who takes upon himself to teach others? He pens noble thoughts:—does he feel and think nobly? He talks of the love of retirement:—is he strong enough to love solitude? He affects to despise the world:—does he really fly from it? Is he gay, while he pretends to be melancholy? Is he a matter-of-fact man, while he represents himself to be visionary? Is he absorbed in selfish craft, while he assumes to be frank and self-forgetful? Does he delight in the artificial customs of society, while he boasts of his passionate and engrossing love of the charms of nature? Then his writings are empty words, which we discard with disgust.

“I have seen men who have written sentimentally, but when they came into society, dealt in nothing but unfeeling and heartless raillery: these men put on a mask when they write; and whoever examines their literary productions merely, will find proofs of it in every passage. Neither Rousseau nor Byron could have written as they did, unless they had been enthusiasts; yet it was a striking weakness of Byron, that he was ashamed of his enthusiasm.

“In all the great qualities of the mind, there is a tendency to excess; and experience alone can show the nice line of boundaries. Thus it is that biography is nothing, unless it aids to the knowledge of these boundaries. Human nature might be very good, and sometimes is so; but in general, it is very bad. They who guide their outward manners and actions by principle and rule, may seem very good members of society;

but I had rather trust to inborn goodness of disposition: the former are often secretly corrupt and heartless.

“We are desirous to see men’s minds, when not dressed for company, in the same way as a coxcomb’s person is made up by the tailor, or a lady’s shape by the milliner. If he be an author, we can learn nothing with certainty from his mere compositions, uncompar’d with his personal character and private nature; unless, indeed, there be that internal proof of sincerity, which very few have the force to throw into their writings. But the very greatest poets never put a character into their works, distinct from their own: witness Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Milton, and Byron.

“Let us inquire closely of ourselves what curiosity we should wish to have gratified:—should we not delight to have the frank story of the lives and feelings of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, Moore and Wilson, related by themselves? With whom they lived early; how their bent took a decided course; their likes and dislikes; their difficulties and obstacles; their tastes; their passions; the rocks they are conscious of having split upon; their regrets; their complacencies, and their self-justifications? Byron’s ‘Autobiography,’ which Moore put into the fire, is said to have been coarsely written; and therefore I do not regret it: his own poems are his best biography.

“I am fully aware of the sarcastic observations to which the last paragraph exposes me. ‘Admit such a curiosity to exist, with regard to the names you have enumerated, does it therefore apply to such a man as yourself?’ The knowledge of human nature is valuable even when exhibited in the mental movements of obscure men. This is the only reply I shall make. The names of obscure men now find their way into public obituaries; and if I am to be spoken of, let me be ‘spoken of as I am,’ and have ‘naught set down in malice.’ Burke thought that he could live down calumny. I rarely differ from that great and wise man’s opinions: on this I think he had a false reliance, and was mistaken; a calumny uncontradicted will be taken for a truth.”

In their way, these volumes are almost perfection. As an exhibition of character, and of a character of no common interest and species, we are not acquainted with a work by which they are surpassed. The whole man to whom they refer, is exposed in the clearest light, not only where he himself is correct in his self-delineation, but even where he most demonstrates the difficulty of observing the precept of the wise man—*γνῶθι σε αὐτόν*.—Even the minor traits of his character are easily discoverable, in spite of his own apparent ignorance of them at times. They are fully perceptible under the thin veil which delusion may have placed before them; or rather we might say, that this very delusion furnishes often additional facilities for the insight and knowledge desired. His feelings and sentiments have all too decided an influence over him, to allow him to conceal them, if he would; and the very attempt to do so, whether through error or design, only serves to bring them out into still bolder relief, the struggle which they make to exhibit themselves against every effort at suppression, developing their utmost strength. In this point of view, the very faults of the work, as abstractedly considered they would be

deemed, may be regarded as positive merits. The erroneous opinions, emotions, and judgments of one kind or another, the irregularities of thought, and method, and style, upon which a sentence of condemnation might justly be passed, if they were taken by themselves, affording here, as they do, important indications of the author's character, are of indispensable assistance to the accomplishment of the very object of the production. The lights and shades of the picture are thus exhibited, so as to furnish a portraiture of the most satisfactory kind.

The defects, however, to which we have adverted, are neither few nor slight. The one which in a literary point of view is most prominent, and first strikes the reader as he runs his eyes over the tables of contents, is the desultory, rambling way, in which these succeed each other—a juxtaposition of subjects, such as might lead him to imagine that they are indebted for their places to the operation of being shaken from the urn of chance. He beholds a mighty maze, the very reverse of that described by Pope—one to all appearance devoid altogether of plan—which immediately lets him into that predominant feature of the author's mind, its want of precision and method. Sir Egerton tells us himself, at the commencement, that he claims the privilege of rambling as wildly as Montaigne, and certainly he has done justice to the claim. Unless the discord of his transitions be harmony not understood, he has completely equalled the garrulous old Frenchman, as to the point in which he takes him for his model. It is a difficult matter to acquire any thing like a continuous and satisfactory perception of the stream of his life, from the innumerable meanderings and retrogressions with which it is here presented; to obtain a firm hold of a thread to conduct you through this intricate labyrinth of speculations and criticisms, and lamentations, and denunciations, and complaints. One topic treads upon the heels of another in the most impertinent manner, so that the ends of the chapters have about as much natural connexion with the beginnings, as the fish's tail with the *mulier formosa superne*—the bust of the beautiful woman. He never moreover appears to look back, whilst writing, to what he has previously indited, and in consequence, he is at times not only guilty of confusion, but of repetition, and even contradiction. It should be observed, however, that almost all his effusions, little communion as they may have with their immediate neighbours, are like concentric circles, and the common point is himself. He scarcely makes a remark which has not a "squinting" in that direction somehow or another; thither his opinions on almost all subjects tend—"there they begin, and there they end," in the same way, to borrow an illustration from Whitehead,

“ As from the heart’s impelling power  
The life blood pours its genial store;  
Though, taking each a various way,  
The active streams meandering play  
Through ev’ry artery, ev’ry vein,  
All to the heart return again,  
From thence resume their new career,  
But still return and centre there.”

It is this circumstance which gives a species of consistency and individuality to the work, preventing it from being a mere jumble of heterogeneous effusions. This is the string on which its jewels are all hung, dissimilar as are their colours and various their descriptions.

For his garrulity and querulousness, his old age may be adduced as an excuse, but at times they task the reader’s patience in a way to render him almost forgetful of the respect which is due to a hoary head. A great deal of matter is introduced which may be very interesting to Sir Egerton, but can be of no earthly value to any one else, especially the pedigrees of many of his acquaintances, of whom no one ever heard before, or wishes to hear again. There is scarcely an individual named in these volumes whose genealogy he does not trace, and if he omits it, he always takes care to give particular information where it may be found. As to his own nobility, get from between the wind and it. *Stemmata, quid faciunt?* is the last question which he would ever propound. Having failed in causing a title which he claimed, to be acknowledged by the House of Lords, he will not forego it, but continues to style himself a baron “by the law of the land.” There is no want of excuse, indeed, for his “boast of heraldry” in the distinction of his family, which is undoubtedly as illustrious as that of any noble in England, his mother being a descendant of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the princess Mary Tudor, youngest sister and co-heir of King Henry VIII, who was first married to Louis XII. of France; and his father of Johannes de Burgo, Earl of Comyn, in Normandy, who came over with the Conqueror. It is but just, however, to state that he invariably postpones rank to intrinsic merits, in his speculations. These indeed are often admirable. He thinks for the most part with justness and vigour, and expresses himself generally in a style at once nervous, pure, facile and elegant. He may truly boast of being abundant in ideas, and ideas that are not of the common kind. The work before us is a perfect mine of thought. Were there more consecutiveness in his reflections, he might be deemed an essayist of almost the highest order.

Sir Egerton Brydges was born on the 30th of November, the eighth child, and second surviving son of a country gentleman, of an ancient and honourable family. The place of his birth was

the manor house of Wootton, between Canterbury and Dover. His mother was an Egerton, a stock, as we have stated, among the most illustrious in the kingdom, of which he takes especial care that his readers shall not be ignorant. He was furnished, of course, with the best means of education which schools and universities could afford, although his peculiar tastes and temperament seem to have prevented him from attaining any remarkable proficiency in those severer branches of study which are the most beneficial in their effects upon the juvenile mind. At Canterbury school, where he remained from the age of thirteen to eighteen, he was second in his class, the first place being occupied by the late Lord Tenterden, then Charles Abbott. The steady, regular industry and solid talents of the latter, gave him the same superiority at school over the fitful eagerness and brilliant parts of Brydges, as they acquired for him in the subsequent career of life. The two furnish an admirable instance of the value of their respective endowments, beginning their course together as they did, and the least successful possessing adventitious advantages denied to the other. Abbott rose to the seat of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and to the peerage, in a comparatively short space of time, without the slightest assistance from "parliamentary jobbing, connexions, solicitation, servility," or any of the factitious methods by which so many are elevated; enjoyed the highest consideration both in public and private; led a life which must have been rendered happy by the consciousness of important duties adequately performed; and died with the inestimable satisfaction of feeling that he had well played his part upon the stage from which he was about to make his exit. The difference in the other's career has already been intimated, and will be further exhibited in the sequel. One circumstance, however, may be here particularly mentioned as striking, if not important. A main object of Sir Egerton's ambition, to which we have already alluded, was the acquisition of a title which had once belonged to his family; to the establishment of his claim, he devoted his best energies for a long period of time, and he was ultimately disappointed. Not more labour, and infinitely less anxiety, made Abbott a lord of a far more enviable order than if he had become so by the revival of an extinct barony, if there be truth in the poet's phrase, "What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill, the honour is to mount it." In his case, indeed, the very mode of obtaining the distinction was a source of happiness,

"E'en while the busy means were plied  
They brought their own reward ;"

whilst the failure of the other was rendered doubly painful



by the recollection of time worse than thrown away in the pursuit.

When, it is true, the genius of the irregular person is of such an extraordinary nature, that it has only to spread its wings to sail with supreme dominion through the air, it may be vain for the most determined and persevering to attempt to rival it in its flight. One single spontaneous effort may then accomplish what centuries of resolute labour could not effect. All the learning and the industry in the world, could never alone have produced one of Shakspeare's plays, or one of Burns's tales, or earned for their possessor a tithe of the fame which these have secured. But Sir Egerton was not a bird of such pride and amplitude of pinion. His wings were not of sufficient natural strength to enable him to soar into the lofty region which he aspired to reach, without all the additional power they might have gained from proper training and care. These enabled others of inferior intrinsic buoyancy and elasticity, to approach nearer to the sun than he could ever do, and amongst the rest his school-fellow Abbott. The two, however, although in some degree competitors, became intimate friends, and preserved their affection unbroken through life. The very contrast between their dispositions and talents may have prevented them from entertaining the sentiments of rivalry which are so destructive of feelings of good-will. An eloquent tribute to this early and constant friend, is paid by our author in the concluding chapter of his first volume.

At school, he tells us, he was never happy, in consequence of his morbid sensitiveness, which unfitted him for the "rough and tumble" intercourse with boys. "I was so timid on entering into school, and my spirits were so broken by separation from home, and the rudeness of my companions, that in my first school-boy years I never enjoyed a moment of ease or cheerfulness." He was especially anxious to conceal the feelings which he now deems to be necessarily associated to the poetic temperament, lest they should subject him to ridicule; but he always cherished "the resolution and the hope some day to break into notice." As in the case of one of his favourite poets—

"Full oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues unborrowed of the sun."

From eight years old he was passionately fond of reading, particularly biography. The *Biographia Britannica* was constantly in his hands during the holidays, which he almost invariably spent at home. "The volume always lay in one of the windows of the common parlour at Wootton; and how

often have I rejoiced when the rain and the snow came to keep me by the fireside, instead of mounting my poney to follow all the morning my uncle's harriers; and when I was out, how I counted the hours till I could return to my beloved books!" His passion for poetry commenced at about the age of fourteen. Buchanan's Latin Poems, Milton's juvenile effusions, and Collins' Odes, were the objects of his earliest admiration. He generally carried the Elzevir of Buchanan in his pocket, reading it on stiles, on banks, and under hedges, when the season allowed, as well as by the winter-fire, when the weather kept him in doors.

In October, 1780, he went to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he kept his terms till Christmas, 1782. His recollections of his alma mater are scarcely kindlier than those recorded by Gibbon; the chief cause of which seems to be, that his turn for poetry was not as flatteringly appreciated as would have been a predilection for mathematics. The muses, however, are almost the last ladies who should be allowed admission, unless under particular restraints, within the precincts of colleges and universities. Severe studies can never do harm to even the most fervid intellects; on the contrary, they strengthen the imagination, and instead of repressing the poetic flame, cause it to burn with a steadier and more effective glow; but those of a lighter nature, if permitted to predominate at first, will inevitably indispose the mind for the reception of substantial food.

The manner in which our author gave himself up to English poetry, at Cambridge, was not the most auspicious omen with regard to his success in the profession which he subsequently embraced. After leaving the university he removed to the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1787, at the age of twenty-five. As might have been anticipated, he soon became thoroughly disgusted with his choice, which appears to have been actuated only by the circumstances of his grandfather having been a lawyer, and of one of his ancestors, Lord Chancellor Egerton, having risen to the head of the profession. He had previously published a volume of poems, and felt much more anxiety about their success than that of a suit in court. Accordingly he threw law to the dogs, and retired to the estate of Denton, in Hampshire, which he had purchased, for the purpose of devoting himself to the pursuits most congenial to his tastes.

It was in 1785 that he first ventured to appear before the public in the character of a poet, but with so little favour that he was "chilled and blighted" for some years after. From that time until 1791 he wrote no more verse. This period he indicates as amongst the most wearisome and low-spirited

portions of his life, and that on which he looks back with the most regret.

“The years, from twenty-two to twenty-nine, ought to have been the most vigorous period of life: with me it was a fall of faculties which I cannot contemplate without deep debasement. I remember how I pored over ‘Dugdale’s Baronage’ during that time, and transcribed pedigrees from the British Museum! The consequence was, that I sunk in the estimation of the few who knew me, into the character of a mere compiler. I suspect that I did so even in my own estimation. I can scarcely account for the spell that broke through this superincumbence. It was a mist that broke it too!—a walk of an October morning, through the thickest vapours I ever encountered. Then it was that the outline of the tale of ‘Mary de Clifford’ darted upon me; and I went home and wrote the first sheet, and sent it to the printer in London, by that post. Seven years of dulness had not rendered my pen unpliant when I thus took it up. Thought, sentiment, poetry, language, flowed as quick as I could write. The ‘Monthly Review’ had said that there was a stiffness in my first poems, 1785: no one will accuse of stiffness the language of ‘Mary de Clifford.’”

If any thing is calculated to demonstrate the unhealthy character of our author’s temperament, it is his remarks upon this epoch of his existence. It embraces the years when he was fitting himself for the bar, and those which immediately followed his admission to practice; but instead of bending his energies to the important object which was here before him, he suffered them to be almost completely prostrated by the failure of a few small pieces of verse to excite the enthusiasm of the world, and elevate him at once to the pinnacle of fame.

It is to be regretted that he did not always reason as follows, and act in accordance.

“The greatest chance of non-success, where there are inborn qualities adapted to the attainment of it, arises from impatience and too hasty disappointment. Where there are talents, and especially genius, perseverance will succeed at last. No criticism, however severe, or however full of ridicule, will suppress strong powers, if they are true to themselves; but if they shrink and give way, then they have no chance. We have many instances of these truths—Byron above all; and two or three almost as striking, among the living. Even just ridicule will not avail, where the author ridiculed has, in other cases, shown his superiority.

“But, innumerable have been those who have submitted to the blast of the first storm, and risen no more. They fondly put forth their bloom in the first days of spring, unconscious of the fickle weather, and unprepared for it. Thus they go from the extreme of hope to the extreme of despair, equally unjustified in either. Where nature has been bountiful in the gifts of the mind, there ought to be a proportionate and calm self-confidence; without which, no one exerts his strength to advantage, nor knows how much he can do. Good poetry is not to be written when the spirits are low, and when one has no trust in his own capacity.”

*Mary de Clifford* obtained considerable vogue, but its success produced scarcely a better effect upon him than his previous disappointment. It could not induce him to consider himself a popular writer; a want of self-confidence always damped his efforts by a contrary feeling. He relapsed, to use

his own words, for six years more, but not into the same abasement—that is to say, instead of writing any original work, he made several attempts, though useless, to get into Parliament; commanded a troop in a regiment of fencible cavalry; compiled a new edition of Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*, “with great additions,” and collected “*Memoirs of the Peers of James I.*” At length, in 1798, he mounted his Pegasus again, and “*Arthur Fitzalbini*,” a novel in two volumes, was sent to the press. It was quite successful enough to inspirit his hopes and invigorate his efforts, but blue devils had still too strong a hold, and he continued to “write in despair, and felt no cheering expectation of pleasing the generality of readers, or spreading his name among the successful votaries of literature.” The gentle murmur of a moderate stream of popularity communicated no pleasure to his ears; their morbid faculties could only be excited by the roar of a torrent of applause, drowning every other sound as it swept along in its impetuous course.

Another matter, however, was powerfully instrumental in maintaining the unwholesome tone of his mind. This was pecuniary embarrassment, owing to habits of profuse expenditure, and utter want of management in his domestic economy. The following extract exhibits a picture as graphic as it is distressing.

“I married at the early age of twenty-two,—much too early—without an income adequate to my habits, unless with great economy, and I had no economy. I could not sift bills, cast up accounts, examine prices, and make bargains. There was, therefore, every kind of mismanagement; and I soon became involved. But I had no personal expenses; I neither cared for dress nor equipages, nor out-door amusements, nor society. If I was left in quiet with my books and my pen, I was content. But quiet was never my destiny. The first involvement multiplies itself at every move. It destroys the freedom of the intellect and the heart, and drives one into a state of mistiness, which seeks extrication by the very means which augment it. It encourages self-delusions for the sake of momentary peace; and, like inebriety, buys oblivion at the expense of quickly-succeeding pain and sickness. The creditor, who thinks himself sure of his debt at last, delights in giving credit, because he has his debtor at his mercy, makes his own usurious terms with him, and gorges on his blood. He who lives on credit does not dare examine bills; and the creditor charges according to the degree of his own wide conscience. Thus there is a difference of at least cent per cent in every article the debtor consumes; and two thousand pounds a year with him will not go so far as one in the hands of him who pays ready money, and looks to his accounts.

“I lived at a vast expense without the smallest management: my household was numerous, though not for show; my butcher's weekly bill amounted to a sum that would appear incredible; and my horses eat up the produce of all my meadows and oat-fields, though those which I held in hand were numerous. In short, mine was a sort of ‘*Castle Rack-rent*,’ in which all was disorder, and all was waste; while those that plundered

me most, and lived on me most, abused me most; and I then spent more in a week than I now spend in three months. Confusion grew upon confusion; and every day it became a more tremendous task to look into things.

“My bitterest enemy cannot condemn the utter thoughtlessness of worldly affairs in which I then lived, more than I do. It was a sort of infatuation which, having once been plunged into, I had not the courage to extricate myself from. I knew not what my income was; but no doubt my expenditure exceeded it by many thousands. I kept very imperfect accounts, and every one cheated me. I suspect that the tradesmen’s charges were, in general, at a rate not short of from two to three hundred per cent; and this is the way in which almost all tradesmen make themselves amends for want of punctuality in payment by their customers.”

The effect of this upon such a being may easily be conceived; but we must let him describe it in his own vivid language.

“Literature and a country retirement, would have made life a paradise to me during this period, but for these causes. At times, my spirit rose above these depressions; but it did not rise to its height: it rarely attempted original composition, but lingered in the humbler paths of a compiler, which surely were beneath its inborn destination; for however meanly any other may estimate my powers, he certainly cannot deny, after the publication of my poems in 1785, at the early age of twenty-two, that I was capable of thinking for myself; and writing from the stores of my own intellect. I deeply lament, that I lost so much of these years in such humble work. He who labours in a state of despondence, can do little with effect: hope and confidence are necessary to fire and sustain the mind.

“But such are the delightful abstractions of literature, that even thus I had many days of intense enjoyment. While I was copying and recombining, my own imaginations gathered around me; and I talked with the departed worthies of former ages, or gazed upon the gorgeous sights of chivalry; or walked with the spirits of the eloquent poets of more exalted ages in their ‘consecrated shades.’ But these were delusions, to which sad realities continually put a rude end. I dreaded the post; it was always the bearer of some vexation to me. I lived in peril, and slept in fever and anxiety. Fiends haunted me; the malice of the devil attended on my footsteps; the Jew stood ready with his knife to cut the pound of flesh from me; and ‘Detraction, Detraction,’ as Falstaff says, that foul harpy, Detraction, like a croaking carrion-crow, was above, around, and beneath me. Yet my faculties were not torpified; ‘Arthur Fitzalbine’ was not the dull trickling of a torpified mind.

“I had a good collection of biographical, genealogical, and historical works, as far as concerned England, and I was well conversant with their contents. I combined, compared, and criticised. Sometimes I rose early and worked late: no sorrows or cares lessened my avidity for reading, though they often paralyzed my power of composition. I had a feverish curiosity for new publications, and my booksellers, Messrs. Longman, had the goodness to supply them most abundantly,—and I must add, a great part gratuitously. At that time a new book was like wine to me, and produced a temporary delirium of oblivion. Then my enthusiasms were all awakened, in defiance of earthly oppressions. I had a noble room for my library, and beautiful scenery around me. Before me rose a hill skirted with wood; and behind, another hill more precipitous, at the foot of which, the mansion stood, and over the brow of which was

placed the dear old seat in which I was born: to the east ran those meadows of emerald green, of which Gray, the poet, speaks in his letters.

“ But while others, whose powers I despised at the outset, were by perseverance emerging into public life, I was losing the vigour of my life in an obscure retreat—harassed more than if I had been running the most difficult course of ambition, and labouring more than would have conducted me to riches and honours; not advancing my mind by any regular processes of study, and sinking into the character of a mere amateur of books, having the ambition, but not the faculties of authorship, and fit only to copy, and compile, and ride dull hobby horses. I had never awakened the public voice in my favour; and who will examine for himself? If others were dissatisfied with me, I was not less dissatisfied with myself; and the want of self-confidence still increased my weakness. These were times, in which I should not have wanted strength, if it had been properly nurtured, and properly applied,—but ‘ my fate forbade!’ ”

Sir Egerton complains bitterly, also, of the character of his neighbours as increasing his disquietude of spirit. He affirms that he could not have fixed on a more unpropitious spot than that where he placed his abode; that it was full of local enmities and jealousies; that the habits of neither the surrounding country gentlemen nor clergy, were literary; that there were many dull, brutal, and cruel persons among them, to whom a man of literature was a painful annoyance, and who did every thing to traduce him; in short, that the moral atmosphere which he breathed, was altogether uncongenial, and even poisonous. He attributes his choice of the residence, to “ a strange and unconquerable love of his native soil,” it being scarcely half a mile from the place of his birth. To this topic he recurs on several occasions, with an acrimony indicative of a good hearty hatred of the worthy people of whom he speaks; and if we were to attach implicit faith to his statements, we should readily believe that they are abundantly entitled to all the scorn and ill-will which he expresses. But throughout the whole period of his intercourse with them, Sir Egerton seems to have worn a pair of spectacles of so deep a yellow, that it is impossible not to suspect the glasses of tinging the objects. He makes it, indeed, sufficiently clear himself, that the fault was not altogether on their side, and that in all probability they were not the aggressors. Whilst he boasts of his unfitness for such associations, of his indisposition to listen to the talk of country-squires, and of his society being, in consequence of their suspicion of this—and we venture to affirm, he gave them ample reason for suspecting it—a wet sheet upon them, telling us, that “ on his fiery blood-horse he rode away from them, and left them to wonder at his reserve and surliness, and to give contumelious names to what they called his pride, and his vanity, and ridiculous pretensions;” confessing at the same time, that his own manners were not easy or conciliatory, that



he was apt to see a little too much in a look or a tone, and that his reserve and shyness were such, that they might easily have mistaken them for contempt; we are at no loss to understand why they were not particularly disposed to view him with an affectionate eye. Nothing is more easy to comprehend than the manner in which enmity would be engendered between a man of the sensitive character and retiring pursuits of our author, and individuals, such as those by whom he was surrounded—roystering, fox-hunting, deep-drinking, free and easy squires. If any one of them were to tell the history of the affair after his fashion, we should have a very different version of it from Sir Egerton's. What a picture such a being would naturally draw of one who was the very reverse of the "hail fellow, well met!" order. The doors of Milton's Pandemonium could scarcely have recoiled with more jarring discord, than the beings in question would be apt to do, on understanding each other's character; but we cannot help thinking, that the literary baronet must have been the first to manifest his repugnance, from the inherent fretfulness of his disposition. A man who is not at peace with himself, can scarcely be expected to continue long at peace with others, especially those whose natures would be every way calculated to "jangle him out of tune," at first.

One reason assigned by Sir Egerton, for the hostility of his neighbours, is, that they imagined there were allusions to them in his novel of Arthur Fitzalbini, which were by no means flattering to their self-love. He does not deny that such is the case, but calls them foolishly sensitive about what no one would have understood, if they had not owned that the cap fitted, as if the very circumstance of his endeavouring to place the cap on their heads, was not quite sufficient to excite their ire, whether it was perceived or not. Besides, it is very possible, without being foolishly sensitive, to imagine that any thing ludicrous or disagreeable about you is beheld by others; it is the natural result of the consciousness of something awry to create uncomfortable sensations, from the idea, that it is the object of the observation of the rest of the world. Another reason mentioned by him, was the envy raised in their breasts by the claim of his family to the barony of Chandos. It was poison to them, he says, and caused them to join in clans to depress and calumniate the claimants. The failure to obtain this peerage, is the second main source of the waters of bitterness, which have overflowed the path of our author, the principal one being the disappointment of his literary ambition; and of course all those whom he suspects of having thrown the slightest impediment in the way of his pretensions, or of even



having been merely indisposed towards them, come in for a liberal share of his wrath.

The claim was first begun to be urged by Sir Egerton's elder brother in 1789, and after more than thirteen years of wearisome and irritating suspense, was finally reported by the Committee of the Lords, to be not sufficiently proved. Their decision is ascribed by our author, in the first place, to an injudicious circular sent by his brother to the different peers, particularly requesting their attendance on the day of the final discussion, which he says was made an effective handle of by his enemies in the House, who construed it into a breach of privilege and an improper solicitation for favour, by which "three out of every four" of his supporters were lost; and in the next, to all sorts of evil passions on the part of the former, which, it is probable, are like the gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras of which a susceptible imagination, when exasperated, is so prolific. There was no doubt, we believe, of the justice of the claim, but there was a want of some of those technicalities in the evidence which are held to be indispensable. The effect of the failure upon the author's brother, was even more pernicious than on himself. He was a man of a temperament as unfortunate as that of Sir Egerton, without corresponding qualities of mind, and moreover, was a martyr to an excruciating malady, the stone. This was so much aggravated by the circumstance, and his spirits were so much depressed, that he lingered for four years afterwards, and then fell a victim to mingled despondency and disease. He was always in such a state of feverishness during the prosecution of the claim, that he would hardly allow Sir Egerton, according to the latter's account, a moment's rest; he was at his door 'from four in the morning till past midnight;' often called him out of his bed, and when he did not call him, would complain that he had been sitting for hours in his room below, waiting for him. A delightful existence this must have been for both!

Our author asserts, that for his part, he had been so tormented, and kept in such painful and provoking suspense, that any termination to the matter, however unfavourable, appeared to him, at the moment, to be preferable to a continuance of the same sufferings. He said to himself when it was finished: "Now my mind will be free for literature and my own congenial pursuits;" but this factitious feeling was of short duration. When the first stun was over, and the first repose past, regrets revived and deepened upon him; indignation and mortification took possession of his soul—now lashing him into a condition almost bordering upon phrenzy, at the idea of accumulated injury and injustice—now sinking him into the

abyss of despair, at the recollection of blighted hopes long and fondly cherished as an intimate part of his existence. That these emotions have yet by no means subsided, is evident from the quantity of pages he has devoted to the subject, in the volumes before us, and the vehemence of his tone whenever he ventures the slightest allusion to it. Yet as is always the case with persons of his temperament, he was not so easily broken as others, whom it would have been more difficult to bend. "I was like," he says, "a single old tree in the desert, when tempests blow; the foliage rent, the branches dismantled, bending to the storm, but not stricken at the roots." As a sort of balm to his wounded spirit, he informs us immediately afterwards, that his name was not unknown abroad, and that the order of St. Joachim was conferred upon him in 1807, without his ever having heard of it until he received the letter communicating the intelligence.

Much as his literary avocations suffered during the prosecution of the claim, both as respects number and value, he was far from being altogether idle. In 1801, he published a novel, in three volumes, called *Le Forester*, which, "as it was not supposed to contain the same personalities as Filtz-Albini, was thought less attractive, and had but a dull sale." For this he consoles himself in a characteristic way, by stating, that Lord Tenterden wrote him a letter, containing a criticism of the work, whether commendatory or the reverse, he forgets, but "suspects the former, though his lordship was no very lenient critic." He also indited a quantum of contributions to periodical works of one kind or another, as much for the purpose of escaping from himself and his "overwhelming anxieties," as for that of gratifying his desire for fame. In 1806, he undertook to give a new edition of Collin's Peerage, which was published in 1812, in nine volumes, 8vo.; and, at the same time, also, he began the "*Censura Literaria*," which was carried on to ten volumes; this was followed by the British bibliographer, in four volumes, and "*Restituta*," likewise in four volumes, which last ended in 1816. These works were issued in the form of a monthly periodical, and revived much curious matter of old English literature, then buried in scarce books. "There was not much mind in all this," he says gloomily; "it was principally manual labour. I know how little merit is to be placed on such tasks, and what small talents in knowledge they require; and if I was born fit for nobler works, they were a waste of my time. It was better so to do, than to waste my years in utter idleness; but I will have the courage to say, that I deeply regret all these occupations of so important a portion of my life, because I feel that I was equal to a higher course of

effort." The reader might suppose, from this complaint, that the compilations we have named, were the only offspring of his intellectual labours during the period indicated, from 1806 to 1816; but we find, on looking at a list of his works printed at the end of the second volume of the autobiography, that he also published three original efforts within that epoch—the *Ruminator*, a series of moral essays, in two volumes; the *Sylvan Wanderer*, another volume of essays; and *Bertram*, a poem, in octavo. Less matter than is contained in those effusions, has sufficed to immortalize more than one author, and had their quality been equal to their quantity, Sir Egerton would have had no reason to lament his "waste of time" in conducting, also, a periodical publication, which was, at least, of a useful, if not of a brilliant species.

In 1812, moreover, Sir Egerton was elected a member of Parliament for Maidstone, after a severe contest. He was then on the verge of fifty years, when men can rarely hope to attain, for the first time, the powers of oratory; and his natural shyness and diffidence were so powerful, that they seldom allowed him to speak. Hundreds of times, he says, he sat with a palpitating heart, till he lost his turn, and let others in succession rise before him, till it was too late. His early desire had been to obtain a seat in the House, and, in 1790, one for a popular place was offered him, but his relations induced him to decline it—why he does not inform us—much to his subsequent grief. He thinks, that had he accepted it, he might then have succeeded as a speaker; Parliament, in his opinion, being a school in which the chances are, that a warm, strenuous mind, if it begins young, though baffled or depressed for a time, will rise at last. "So many lights are then impressed upon it: there is such a collision, and such a rivalry; there is so much improvement to be derived from the constant state of exercise in which the intellect is kept, that the probabilities are much in its favour." We doubt, nevertheless, whether Sir Egerton would ever, with his propensity for fine phrenzy and his excessive sensitiveness, have been able to command the ear of the House. One cough or shuffle of impatience from a country member, would have toppled him down at once from his loftiest flights, to the entire destruction of his presence of mind; and such indications of the effect of his refining whilst his auditors were thinking of their dinners, would not have been spared, as every one who has ever attended a meeting of Parliament, will easily believe. He was not, however, altogether inactive throughout his public career, as in 1814 he introduced a bill for the amendment of the poor laws, especially the settlement law, and worked hard to carry it through, but without success. He also

made strenuous efforts to amend the cruel burdens of the copyright act, and had advanced some way with an organized opposition, when the dissolution of Parliament, in June, 1818, put a stop to farther proceedings, and undid all which had been done. Immediately afterwards, he abandoned England; the disgust which he had previously experienced from the disappointment of his hopes of literary renown, and of the recovery of his patrimonial title, being, in all probability, increased so much by his parliamentary failure, as to render the scene of his griefs no longer endurable. He bade good night to his native land, and since his departure, has constantly resided on the continent, with the exception of one interval, from June, 1826, to October, 1828. To prove the industry of his pen from the period of his self-banishment, the following enumeration of his productions is abundantly sufficient.

“Population and Riches, 1819. 8vo.—Coningsby, a Novel, 1819.—*Res Literariæ*, 1820, 1821. 3 vols. 8vo.—The Hall of Hellingsley, a Novel, 1821. 3 vols. 8vo.—What are Riches? 1821. 8vo.—*Polyantha Librorum Vetustiorum*, 1822. 8vo.—Letters on Lord Byron, 1824. 8vo.—*Gnomica: Detached Thoughts*: 1824. 8vo.—Odo, Count of Lingen, a Poem, 1824.—*Theatrum Poetarum*, 1824. 8vo.—Recollections of Foreign Travel, 1825. 2 vols. 8vo.—*Lex Terræ*, With Regard to the Descent of English Peerages, 1831. 8vo.—The Anglo-Genevan Critical Journal, for 1831. 2 vols. 8vo.—Expositions on the Parliamentary Reform Bill, 1831. fol.—Lake of Geneva, 1832. 2 vols. 8vo.—*Vendica*, 1832. fol.—Imaginative Biography, 1834. 3 vols.”

Geneva has been Sir Egerton's principal place of abode on the continent. For many years he was a martyr to ill health and depression. The cloud did not begin to break, he says, until June, 1829, but in its clearance it cost him an alarming illness, which lasted till May, 1830; after which he had a relapse from October, in the same year, to April 1831, and during a great part of that time lost the use of both his legs. It was like the tempest, which, though dangerous for the moment, purifies the atmosphere. He is now comparatively vigorous, and states that he is more serene and cheerful than he has ever been before, and looks upon the glories of creation with still more rapturous delight. “I still continue to behold with ineffable pleasure the rosy sun rise over the gigantic Alps; and never for four years have I for one day been sleeping at the dawn: while I write these words it is in full blaze over the lake, which glitters with a splendour so dazzling as almost to blind me!” That he is, however, positively cheerful and serene at present, is unquestionably not the inference we should draw from the tone of these memoirs, unless, it may be, that the record of his former troubles has caused him, *Æneas* like, “to renew the unutterable griefs” with which they were attended, only

for the moment. Nor should we be tempted to give credit to his actual healthiness of mind, by the engraving of himself as he is, in the beginning of the second volume. We never saw a physiognomy which furnished stronger *prima facie* evidence of sour discontent. Its unshaven condition, by the way, together with the two lines of poetry inscribed beneath it, forcibly recall the malicious verses of the old Roman,

“Nanciscetur enim pretium nomen que poetæ,  
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquám  
Tonsori Licino commiserit.”

The portrait which Sir Egerton has prefixed to his first volume, representing him in his middle age, exhibits lineaments of a highly intellectual order, but already indicative that the winter of his discontent was freezing the genial current of his soul.

We have given, we believe, in the above sketch of our author's life and sentiments, an adequate insight into his character, but we must also be allowed to transcribe some specimens of his style of speaking of himself and his works.

“I had always a great desire to penetrate into men's characters, and to view them unmasked. The first sight was apt to dazzle and confuse me, but by degrees I inspected them calmly. My imagination in the quiet of lonely contemplation could lay their internal movements open to me. There were those who thought that I saw every thing only through the mists and vapours of an excited mind; but it has not been found, that my discriminative portraits have been false or discoloured. I have at least sought truth with honesty, for loose panegyric and malignant severity are both mischievous, though not equally so.

“My life has been altogether a recluse one; yet not without some opportunity of varied observation: naturally thoughtful and sensitive, but a small part of my long life has passed in indolent torpor. I was not apt to let things pass by me unheeded; and my unbroken passion for literary composition from boyhood, always accustomed me to embody in language the ideas which were coursing in multitudes through my brain. I never could limit my considerations to the petty concerns of my own individual affairs, but was always straying abroad into the wide world, far remote from selfish interests. I cannot be sure of other men's feelings; but I never met with one, who seemed to have the same overruling passion for literature as I have always had. A thousand others have pursued it with more principle, reason, method, fixed purpose, and effect: mine I admit to have been pure, blind, unregulated love. The fruit has been such as mere passion generally produces—of little use and no fame. Wasted energies have ended in languor, debility, and despondence. ‘Sir. E.,’ said an observer to a friend, ‘has, I know, written copiously; but I cannot undertake to say how well.’ He was afraid I should engage in a task, of which nothing would have induced me to incur the burden of the thankless office. The request was made to me by one of his relations. I had already declined it. Judgment will be finally pronounced upon me without regard to the opinions of friends or enemies.

“A great mixture of hasty, irregular, ill-digested composition, will un-

doubtedly be found in the numerous publications I have ventured through the press. But is there honesty, and freshness, and warmth, and moral feeling, and occasional novelty? Is it the ebullition of native thought, or the smooth mechanical listlessness of composition by rule? Is there any dignity of aspiration, or tenderness of sentiment? Does the heart speak, even if the understanding sleeps? If yes, then I am safe. What is laboured will not, however correct it may seem, have long life. Inequalities will never sink what is animated by vigorous and genuine ingredients. Horace says, 'Ubi plura nitent,' &c. &c. Many blemishes will be forgiven. But are inequalities blemishes? I think not. There is an admirable article on this point in the 'Edinburgh Review,' about 1817, on Moore's 'Lalla Rookh.' What so fatiguing as an interminable smooth plain, or a shaven lawn?" \* \* \*

"That which is the effect of toil and accidental turn of application must necessarily come out slowly, and not at an early period of life; but that which begins as it ends, must be inherent, because it precedes artificial acquisition. In him who goes on gradually, we can see the traces of labour and art. It is strange that any one should contend for a theory in which the bent is represented as accidental, when all experience drawn from the observation of the human character, is a direct and palpable contradiction to it. It goes the length of saying, that all the powers of intellect are distributed in equal proportions to individuals;—that all the faculties of their minds are in the same degree, as reason, fancy, imagination, memory; whereas we know that one is born with more of one faculty, and another of another; and, therefore, according to that which prevails, must necessarily be his bent. Yet this absurd doctrine Johnson lays down in his life of Cowley.

"Why did I from childhood prefer poetry to prose? Because my imagination was the faculty which most required food. I was not content with material realities; my delight was to wander in the fields of spiritual fiction. This was not the effect of education, or imparted habits and influential examples; otherwise, it would have equally operated on others brought up by the same persons in the same way. Did the same visions occur to others so situated as to me? Did the same scenery raise the same emotions? Were the chords of their hearts as tremulous? Had they the same golden dreams, the same enthusiasms, the same ambitions, the same hopes of enjoyment and glory? Did they imagine beauty and grandeur which the eye could not see? Do art and discipline give these things to him who knew them not as a child?

"What does the author do, who is the creature of labour and mechanical skill? He works his words into polish and point, but he borrows his ideas and his sentiments; he has no fountain within to draw from. In mere matters of technical contrivance he will beat the man of genius; because his assiduity will be more regular, and he can work more by measure and rule. I can perceive nothing different from my feelings, opinions, and powers, at sixteen, except that I write with more fearlessness. My 'Poems,' published at the age of twenty-two, remain to falsify my assertion, if I am wrong. Eight and forty years of perseverance in the same tracks are a fair trial of sincerity. What is done by toil and accident, can be surpassed by toil and accident; what is done by inherent bent, must keep the station it has once gained.

"Many will think that there ought to have been more of that redundant bloom and hot-house fruit, which art sometimes brings forth, than were exhibited in my early poems. The more inventive part I was not yet bold enough to venture: I trusted to sentiments, which, though nakedly expressed, do not spring up in an uninventive bosom. A profusion of bloom



often augurs deficient fruit; very ornamented language commonly covers poverty of thought." \* \* \*

"Birth is nothing, unless it inspires the possessor to deserve well by personal qualities and a noble mind. What my own mind is, it is not for me to pronounce judgment on. No culture or toil will give it, if its merits be not inborn: if they are inborn, and be not neglected in the treatment of them, then no envy or malignant comment will take them away. One may deceive himself as to what his thoughts and feelings were, at a distant period, unless he has written them down: if he has written them down and printed them from his first manhood, what deception can there be? At all ages, in all humours, under all circumstances, I have written in the same tone. I do not perceive that my style varies: therefore I am entitled to believe, that whatever my degree and character of mind may be, it is fixed and inborn.

"Thus, then, nature made me imaginative, contemplative, literary;—sensitive even to morbidness; abundant in moral reflections; irritable, but soon relenting; forgetful of injuries; grave, yet with an indestructible elasticity of hope; shy, yet frank and communicative after the first address; grateful for civilities, and enthusiastically seeking honourable fame. It was thus that I wrote in my twenty-second year:

"Ye scenes, my melancholy soul that fill,  
Where Nature's voice no crowds tumultuous drown,  
And but through brakes of trees, the lawn that crown,  
The paths of men are seen; and farther still,  
Scarce peeps the city spire\* o'er many a hill.  
Your green retreats, lone walks, and shadows brown,  
While sheep feed round beneath the branches' frown,  
Shall calm my mind, and holy thoughts instil.  
What though with passion oft my trembling frame  
Each real and each fancied wrong inflame,  
Wandering alone, I here my thoughts reclaim:  
Resentment sinks, Disgust within me dies;  
And Charity and meek Forgiveness rise,  
And melt my soul and overflow mine eyes.

"This proves that I might be entitled to take for my motto *Semper idem*. It had been long since I had looked at these poems; and, on recurring to them, I am astonished at their identity. The accuracy with which I then described, both the scenery and my own feelings, is now a great satisfaction to me. I admit it to be a proof of fancy, moral sentiment, and self-observation, rather than invention, and therefore does not rise to the highest class of poetry; but at that age, the greater portion of writers are apt to be extravagant, and to overcolour."

This identity of sentiment and expression in his various poems is a frequent topic of self-congratulation.

Long as the following passage is, we cannot resist the temptation of transferring it to our pages. It is one of the most characteristic portions of the work, and furnishes, besides, some good samples of Sir Egerton's poetical powers.

"In this chance-medley way, or something worse, the affairs of the world are conducted. Let no one lull himself into the confidence that he is safe in his rights because his cause is just. I know that we must take the world

\* Canterbury Cathedral.



as it is, and that it is better to submit to wrong, than wear out one's days with over-anxiety, or intrigue, or busy interference. Solitude, and the wild, but innocent and exalting delusions of the Muse are better. This, I thought at one time, as the following sonnet (published in a paper of 'The Ruminator,' in 'Censura Literaria') will prove:

" Though in my veins the blood of monarchs flow—  
Plantagenet and Tudor—not for these  
With empty boast my lifted mind I please;  
But rather that my heart's emotions glow  
With the pure flame the Muse's gifts bestow:  
Nor would it my aspiring soul appease,  
In rank, birth, wealth, to loll at sensual ease,  
And none but Folly's stupid flattery know.  
But yet when upstart greatness turns an eye  
Of scorn and insult on my modest fame,  
And on descent's pretensions vain would try  
To build the honours of a nobler name,  
With pride defensive swelling, I exclaim,  
' Base one, e'en there with me thou durst not vie!'

This sonnet struck Hayley, and he wrote me a commendatory sonnet and letter on the subject; but my papers were all left in England, and I cannot now refer to them,—even if they are not lost or made waste of. The person who gave occasion to this sonnet is gone to his grave,—covered, as many will contend, with glory; though, I doubt, if the laurels which were thrown upon his ashes will long retain their verdure.

" Again, another sonnet, probably written about the same time, or not long before:

" Black from the sky November fogs impend,  
And drizzling mists enshroud the hill and vale;  
While o'er the darkened downs my course I bend,  
And pleased, below, the shelter'd valley hail.  
With dangers compass'd round, beset with foes,  
As on the daring steed I seek my way,  
Methinks the scowling tempest suits my woes,  
And soothes the cares that on my bosom prey.  
O lovely Muse! 'tis thine with heavenly power  
To throw a charm on sorrow's gloomiest hues,  
And through the deepening clouds that round us lower,  
A piercing ray of golden light diffuse.  
Ah, generous maid! amid the sable storm,  
Circled with brightest beams, still shines thy fairy form!

Still in the same strain, I wrote at Paris, about twenty years afterwards, the following:

" The long, long years that I have spent in woe,  
Began at thirty, turn my hair to grey:  
Since three and thirty more have made their way;  
Those locks, as white and bleach'd as driven snow,  
Hang sad and wither'd on my furrow'd brow:  
For never has my fate assign'd a day  
That at its dawn with smiling faith could say,  
' Me free from clouds and sorrows shalt thou know !'  
The destiny of man is grief: no lore  
Of wisdom follow'd can protect from pain.  
Could we be faultless, still we should deplore

Some ill of others—some unlook'd-for doom  
 Of deep affection buried in the tomb—  
 Some loss that we must weep, and ever weep in vain!

“Will any one say that such poems as these are irrelevant to the memorials of one's own life? When they continue in one strain from youth to age, are they not proofs of a consistent course of feelings, which must form part of one's self? When authors write from memory, they take every factitious humour which others impose. ‘Feelings! what have we to do with your feelings!’ cries the brutified man, ‘we want facts.’ But to those who, if they have any claims to notice, derive them from the mind, feelings are every thing. We ought to use reason upon matter; but not reason only,—our hearts ought to be affected by what we reason upon. Our affections ought to be easily awakened, noble, and tender. We ought not merely to be actuated by a cold conviction of the understanding, but to be impelled by the generous emotions of the bosom. Affectation of feeling is loathsome; but deep feeling is inseparable from genius. No man had more of it than Byron; yet he had the strange perverseness to affect to be hard and insensible. What makes Gray's poems so delightful?—The moral feeling which is associated with his imagery. This is the attraction of Matthew Green's popular little poem, ‘The Spleen.’

“If I cannot succeed in showing what is the temperament of my heart, I shall have done nothing by these memorials.

“To wander in the shade of leafy trees,  
 When the bright sun burns fierce, and scent the flower  
 That blooms alone beneath the pierceless power  
 Of umbrage cool; by musing deep to seize  
 The thought, that like a passing spirit flees:  
 ‘Then sit in silent peace, nor heed the hour—  
 Lost e'en the chime from yonder distant tower—  
 Yet waked by the lone whisper of the breeze!  
 Perhaps, amid the hollow joys of life,  
 The disappointing charms, the real woes,  
 The pang of which no medicine soothes the strife,  
 The blank dull day that nought but languor knows,  
 The wearisome disgusts, the hates, the wants,—  
 Here only Heaven a pure existence grants!

“This sonnet was written in some of the more shady walks of the Bois de Boulogne. It was written with the most entire sincerity; and I could not more accurately have described my feelings in prose. Yet, even then, dreams of ambition were intermingled with fits of melancholy, and momentary resolves never to emerge from solitude again. I soon afterwards went to England, in the hope of getting into Parliament again; but was a week too late. I found, also, that my legal agents had so acted in my absence, as to cause me inextricable losses and sufferings; which, after a few months, I had not the fortitude to support any longer with calmness: and the baseness of human nature then became so much more impressed upon me, that for the first time I lost my buoyant spirits. I had filled my mind with Italian scenery, Italian arts, and Italian literature; but all would not do. A heavy and intolerable blank came over me, and covered all in massy and breathless darkness. Never did a gleam of the Muse break in upon me during that sable crisis! Yet see, a month or two before, in what a state of undecayed enthusiasm I had been. Then it was that I wrote thus:

“Stern, unexpected good, unbent by wrong,  
 I travel onward through this gloomy scene

With brow of sorrow, yet erect in mien;  
 Meek to the humble, in defiance strong  
 To Folly's, Envy's, Hatred's, Falsehood's throng:  
 Yet knowing that the birth and grave between  
 There ever will, as ever there has been,  
 Be friendships fickle, warfares deep and long!  
 If I have taught the truths of Wisdom's lore,  
 If I have drawn the secrets of the heart,  
 And raised the glow that mounts o'er grief and ill—  
 In my plain verse though bloom no single flower,  
 And not a ray of wit its lustre dart,  
 Its naked strength o'er death will triumph still!

"High name of Poet!—sought in every age  
 By thousands,—scarcely won by two or three,—  
 As with the thorns of this sad pilgrimage  
 My bleeding feet are doom'd their war to wage,  
 With awful worship I have bow'd to thee!  
 And yet, perchance, it is not Fate's decree  
 This mighty boon should be assign'd to me,  
 My heart's consuming fever to assuage.  
 Fountain of Poesy! that liest deep  
 Within the bosom's innermost recesses,  
 And rarely burstest forth to human ear,  
 Break out;—and, while profoundly magic sleep  
 With pierceless veil all outward forms oppresses,  
 Let me the music of thy murmurs hear.

"What gains the plaudits of the multitude?  
 To echo their own thoughts,—their own emotions  
 As in a mirror to reflect. Devotions  
 Ne'er in their breasts were waken'd, as they view'd  
 Forms of ideal beauty; but with rude  
 Scoffs they receive those wild but lofty notions,  
 Which, from Castalia's flame-inspiring potions,  
 On the true poet's raptured mind intrude.  
 Then, lo, the source of vulgar sympathy!  
 Light laughter, heartless joy, the ridicule  
 Of love of fame that lives laborious days;  
 Disdain of the unmercenary sigh;  
 Use of the gay un-self-protecting fool;  
 Faith in the solid fruit; and scorn of barren praise!

"On my first return to England, June, 1826, I retained my spirits for two or three months, till the dark scrolls of my agents began to unveil themselves in all the fulness of their horrible deformity. Then the chords of my heart seemed to snap at once, and an unutterable despondence encircled me as in a deadly vault, where the vapours of pestilence and the most painful annihilation on earth felt as if they could never again be dispelled. They were mingled with every sort of insolence and indignity,—the last resource of audacious and reckless dishonesty. These may seem bold assertions;—I am ready to prove them before any court, and to justify them in due form.

"During the first two or three months, my poetical humour had not entirely left me, and I wrote the two following sonnets:

"To spend the day in musing, yet to muse  
 With thought profound as well as just; to trace

The evanescent lines that interlace  
 Immingled right and wrong,—and thus the hues  
 To separate that common eyes confuse;  
 Virtue with her own simple flowers to grace;  
 To cheer the generous spirit to the race;  
 And new-sprung bays for Honour's grave to choose;—  
 Are labours not unworthy him, who lives  
 The lore of abstract wisdom to descry;  
 In realms of intellect, who fondly gives  
 His zeal, with shadowy tribes of light to vie;  
 And, heedless of material objects round,  
 To traverse air escapes his earthly bound.

“Praise of the wise and good!—it is a meed  
 For which I would lone years of toil endure;  
 Which many a peril, many a grief would cure!  
 As onward I with weary feet proceed,  
 My swelling heart continues still to bleed;  
 The glittering prize holds out its distant lure,  
 But seems, as nearer I approach, less sure,  
 And never to my prayer to be decreed!  
 With anxious ear I listen to the voice  
 That shall pronounce the precious boon I ask;  
 But yet it comes not,—or it comes in doubt.  
 Slave to the passion of my earliest choice,  
 From youth to age I ply my daily task,  
 And hope, e'en till the lamp of life goes out.

“For about four years from this day, I wrote not another verse. I sometimes tried to convince myself whether my faculties were entirely gone, but could not succeed. I have written many thousands since,—probably not less than twenty thousand. While my spirits do not fail, I can write poetry—or, at least, verses—as easily as prose; and I care not whether they are blank verse or rhyme: but I am not so stupid as to be unaware that these compositions must be tried by their quality, not by their quantity. Many hold the adage, *Μίγα βιβλίον μίγα κικόν*. Croker, in his edition of ‘Boswell’s Life of Johnson,’ has made a new and admirable remark on Gray,—‘that no poet who has written little, has afforded so many passages which are on every one’s lips for their beauty of thought and happiness of expression.’”

A love of retirement is a trait in his character, which our author seems especially anxious to depict. He is forever singing the charms which sages, it is affirmed, perceive in the face of solitude, not only exclaiming with the melancholy Cowley,

“Ah! wretched and most solitary he,  
 Who is not fond of his own company!”

but ever maintaining that nothing great can be effected by such an unfortunate individual.

“Let no one suspect me of affectation, when I have breathed out my passion for solitude. I did not love the world before I knew it; I love it much less now than I know it. I would rather live among the humours of my own creations. I prayed in my boyhood never to be drawn away from the fields, and valleys, and woods of Wootton; and nothing disturbed

me so much, even in those days, as visitors: but in almost every wish of my life I have been crossed. I should have liked to have been like Claudian's 'Old Man of Verona,' which Cowley has translated so beautifully; or like those 'rude forefathers of the village,' whom Gray describes in his 'Elegy.' I should have avoided an uninterrupted series of vexations and mistifications; but the fire of ambition is still difficult to controul, and might at times have blazed out, or smouldered inwardly with more danger.

"But if this seclusion had been spent in a selfish idleness; if I had left to posterity no memorial of my being, and left the world 'a prey to dumb forgetfulness;' could I in that case have reconciled myself to such a tenor of humble and safe, but useless quiet? It may be answered, what is the use of a few books; and who can presume to assure himself that the fruit of his labours has been worth the cost? But it is something to have attempted good works with an honest energy. May not profound literary productions be better brought forth in the silence of retirement than in the noise of society?"

But in this, as well as in some others of his sentiments, he is far from preserving a consistent strain. At one moment he tells us, in support of his praises of seclusion, that Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Milton, though they mingled occasionally in public affairs, or public life, wrote all their great works in retirement; at another, he says, for the purpose of demonstrating the advantage of mixing with the world, that Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, all led active lives; that Byron was also in action, and asks, "what mind ever did so much as Burke's? and all his days were passed in the bustle of public life." The worthy Baronet does not appear to have entertained any particular veneration for the maxim, *qualis ubi incepto*, or his memory must be an arch-traitor. As to the question itself, we cannot but think that the last view of it is the true one. We would reverse a remark which he somewhere makes, that it is best to live, generally, secluded, but well to have occasional intercourse with the world, for the purpose of ventilating the head and the heart. The proper plan strikes us to be, to frequent the busy haunts of men in the usual routine of existence, and, only at times, to seek the shades of retirement. The term ventilation would then be much more appropriately applied to the effect produced by the change of life. It is easy to think when the materials of thought are collected, but how are these to be obtained, save by an habitual communion with that which forms the proper study of man, mankind? Wisdom is the result of experience, but certainly not of that kind of experience which has been acquired from converse with inanimate creation alone. To be able to read sermons in stones, is indeed a faculty most admirable and most devoutly to be coveted. We doubt, however, whether it can be possessed, without a previous perusal of the homilies which humanity preaches, and, unquestionably, these inculcate the most important lessons. Each individual is, in a certain de-

gree, a mirror, in which every other may behold some portion of his character, either good or bad, reflected in a way to operate upon him in the most salutary manner, so that not only a society indispensable for a knowledge of the world, but also for a knowledge of one's self. Great works, as our author states, may have been written in retirement, but are they not the fruits, as he elsewhere says, of active lives? Would they ever have been written, if their authors had done nothing but moralize with honest Jacques, in the country, instead of following the example of him "*qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*"?

The effect of the want of due encouragement upon his career, is a topic which frequently exercises our author's pen, and although at times, as we have mentioned, he unequivocally avows that his efforts experienced all the success which they deserved, at others he is very much disposed to throw the entire fault of his disappointment if not upon the injustice, at least upon the stupidity of the world, and virtually asserts that he was doomed "to waste his music on a savage race." So difficult is it to resign ourselves to the conviction of our own deficiencies! nature seems to struggle against it with as much vehemence and perseverance as against the idea of dissolution itself. We cannot, by the way, reconcile with the tone of his complaints the lines from Shelly which he has placed upon the title pages of his volumes, apparently referring them to himself:

"Most men  
Are cradled into poetry from wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The burden of his lament is altogether the reverse.

"He who comes into the world with extreme sensitiveness meets with every sort of discouragement. The jealousy of superiority prompts others to depress him, and calumniate him; they do all they can to pluck from him the belief that he is born for great things,—knowing that he who has no confidence in himself will do nothing well. They too often succeed. For one genius that is brought by sunshine into bloom ten are blighted. Nothing is more true than the *possunt quia posse videntur*. Without boldness and decision of thought genius will never display itself. But many seem to think that this boldness and decision are of the essence of genius; and that where they are not, genius is wanting. It surely is not so: extreme diffidence is often the accompaniment of high genius.

"The unfavourable opinion entertained by others cannot destroy inherent faculties; but it may veil them, so that the possessor himself may not know his own endowments—

'At quid seire valot, nisi te seire hoc seire alter;'

"The cold-minded censor may cry that it will be all the same in the grave; but can it be the same whether one has done good, or passed this life as an useless cipher? Powers that smoulder within always breed disease.

"No one has met with more of these dampers through life than I have. From my very childhood every sort of chill was thrown in my way. And

to aggravate it, the expression of this opinion has been called querulousness. Providence allows these diversities of lot and treatment for its own inscrutable purposes. There are others who have been met by cheers, and handed forward and lifted up by friendship and benevolence; but I have been left to struggle through life against the tide. The comment has been that I failed, because I ought to have failed; that is, for want of powers. This I am unwilling to admit; because if I do admit it, I shall create the deficiency, if it did not exist before: as I have said that self-confidence is necessary, so want of faith in self would palsy my pen.

“I am never in a state of dull stupor, unless it be from the effect of some temporary derangement of the body, whence the vapours of disease cloud the mind. My ideas are always in movement, and the fibres of my heart never lie still. My reflections, if not deep and just, are at least abundant; and through the day I have visions, as I have dreams through the night. Reality is not sufficient for me, and I glory in a spiritual creation. I ponder upon many things, and endeavour to extract the truth from them all. I may agree with a thousand books; but I borrow from none. My opinions are my own; they result from conviction,—at least of the moment. In what I fail there will be many keen enough to find out. If there be any thing which I do well, censure will not finally cover or debase it.

“I have been deterred and slackened a thousand times, but at last I have gone on; and I have added to the heap of my literary works, till in quantity at least they are considerable. Whatever merit they may have, if any, it is not for me to point out. I know that they have been written with pure intentions, and from a passionate and undebased love of letters. Mere material pleasures are fugitive and unsatisfactory; mine have always been mental. But of what use to others is that which passes in the mind, unless it be embodied in language? The desire to communicate is implanted in our social being. If we are conscious of generous thoughts, our nature impels us to recommend ourselves by imparting them to others.

“But what are generous thoughts? That which commands the sympathy of some will make no impression upon others: we cannot please all, but we may please many; and there are certain intrinsic marks of excellence which cannot be mistaken. Mastery consists in distinctness, force, and originality. What is trite and faint betrays itself at once. He who writes from himself will probably hit on something new; an identity of combination of circumstances, ideal associations and feelings can scarcely occur to two individuals. He who sets things in a light in which they have not been set before, adds to human knowledge.

“Men by high ambitions, zealously and virtuously pursued, may elevate themselves to a point of infinite sublimity. Intensity of thought operating on intensity of feeling may elicit surprising illumination. What may be woven out of that small conformation, the human brain, is as wonderful in expansion as in richness. But some, who have the faculties, will not undergo the toil and the exhaustion. Those faculties will not come into play at once; there must be practice and endurance, and the calm confidence of unintermitted endeavour. There must be a bosom grown gradually firm against blights and winter frosts, and the pelting of storms.

“I have gone through a long life with a fervour and passion for intellectual truth sometimes damped—never for a moment extinguished. I have entered deep into the misty region of shadowy ideas; and I have endeavoured, with a clear and undaunted eye, to pierce through the veil of spiritual essences. My mental travels have been varied and distant; and I have passed a perilous, and often gloomy and despondent journey. I am often astonished when I look back on all the difficulties and hair-breadth escapes I have had to encounter.

“What has been the reward of these toils and dangers? An empty



name! Is that much? But have I acquired it? I suspect not. How many would laugh me to scorn if I should so delude myself! Why are we so uneasy if we cannot persuade ourselves that we are of some consequence in the world? Some pride themselves on birth, some on riches, and some on talent. Who can doubt which is the most glorious? But then if the pretension is denied by others as the mere arrogance of vanity, does it not cause more pain than satisfaction? Envy and jealousy are dominant in the world, and what pretension do envy and jealousy admit?"

The sentence in the above extract, "reality is not sufficient for me, and I glory in a spiritual creation," is another text upon which Sir Egerton is fond of holding forth. His theory, with regard to the ideal, bears a strong resemblance to the one maintained in a jocose passage of Churchill's *Ghost*, which we quote for the benefit of similar tastes.

"Some few in knowledge find relief,  
I place my comfort in *belief*;  
Some for reality may call,  
Fancy to me is all in all.  
Imagination, through the trick  
Of doctors, often makes us sick,  
And why, let any sophist tell,  
May it not likewise make us well?  
This am I sure, what e'er our view,  
Whatever shadows we pursue,  
For our pursuits, be what they will,  
Are little more than shadows still,  
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong  
For men to catch and hold them long.  
But joys which in the fancy live,  
Each moment to each man may give.  
True to himself, and true to ease,  
He softens fate's severe decrees,  
And (can a mortal wish for more,)  
Creates and makes himself new o'er,  
Mocks boasted vain reality,  
And is whate'er he wants to be."

In unison with this sentiment, is the poetical doctrine he contends for in the following extract, and we are not sufficiently desirous of being enrolled among "the matter-of-fact people," to dispute its justness.

"It was about 1782, after an interval of between twenty and thirty years, that Dr. Warton published the *second* volume of his 'Essay on the Genius of Pope.' It excited great attention, and revived the disputes about Pope's school of poetry. This dispute was endeavoured to be mainly placed on two of Pope's own lines, so often cited:—

That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,  
But stoop'd to Truth, and moralized his song.

"These are ambiguous words, and must have been ambiguously understood,—perhaps by Pope himself. In what way is it here to be taken that truth is intended to be opposed to fancy? The object of all genuine poetry is truth; and ought to be, principally, moral truth. Are we then to construe 'Fancy's maze' to relate to the manner in which the truth is conveyed,—to its language and ornaments? Is it to be, though 'truth severe,' yet not

‘in fancy fiction dress’d?’ or are we to understand that the truth is to be exemplified by facts and experience, and not by imagined instances?—Probably this last was Pope’s meaning, because it is most consistent with the character of his poetry: but if it was his meaning, he struck at the essence of poetry, for it would then cease to be a *creation*!

“Collins, in a fit of spleen, wrote his ‘Ode on Manners;’ in which he says,

‘Youth of the quick, uncheated sight,  
Thy paths, *Observance*, more invite!’

“So Pope would have said. The whole question resolves itself into this, whether imagination can embody truth with as much precision and force, as reason can deduce it from observation of actual facts? If Pope, in speaking of the *fiction* of poetry, alluded only to that abuse of it which is *false* fiction, then it showed the incorrectness of his mind, and confusion of his ideas. All fictions which are not consistent with truth, and an illustration of truth, are bad.

“It would seem by the way in which Byron and Bowles carried on the argument, as if all poetry lay in the language, and not in the thought;—as, for instance, whether similes and metaphors might be drawn from art, or only from nature! Why, the best poetry has no simile or metaphor at all. So says Addison, in his noble critique on Milton.

“But if this view of poetry be right, we shall very easily settle the dispute about Pope. What fiction has he formed to embody truth? Are not all his illustrations drawn from observance? Even his beautiful ‘Eloisa’ is no original invention; it is the conception of a powerful and passionate fancy,—not invention. The genius is secondary, because it lies solely in the language and versification. But who can put it in the same class with the inventions of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton? When Byron wrote ‘Manfred,’ and ‘Cain,’ and ‘Heaven and Earth,’ he was a great inventor: why therefore does he affect to despise himself for not following Pope’s model? I am sorry to say, that this seems nothing less than perverse affectation.

“I have taken the same side on this *Pope-argument* all my life; and,—strangely enough,—made many people angry by it. Pope is an unrivalled favourite with the matter-of-fact people; and they think it an actual affront to them to doubt his pre-eminence.

Pope, however, although we do not esteem him a poet of the most inspired order, is not so deficient in imagination as our author pretends. The Rape of the Lock, whatever hyper-criticism may affirm, is a work such as none but a poet endowed with inventive faculties in no common degree could have produced. Sir Egerton might have been prouder if he had written it, or the Eloisa, than if he were the author of “Manfred and Cain, and Heaven and Earth” combined, notwithstanding the “great invention” which these display. Byron knew very well what he was about, maugre Sir Egerton’s dictum, when he did battle for the little Twickenham bard, although the character of his mind and the circumstances under which he was placed, were insurmountable obstacles to his taking him for his model. If Byron had sworn by any master in his poetical practice, it may well be doubted whether he would have succeeded in obtaining the niche which he now occupies in the temple of fame, for he more, than any other of

the "heaven-born band," is indebted for his eminence to *himself*, that being the grand source of the interest and the power of his compositions. It was the intensity of his egotism which gave him the enchanter's wand.

"To make a perfect poem there must be an imaginary story in which all the characters, all the scenery, and all the combination of incidents, are the creation of the poet's brain; and these must have probability according to the laws of nature; and also be sublime, or pathetic, or beautiful. They must be told with the brilliance and believed presence of a dream. This is the ideal excellence of poetry, which, in fact, is scarcely ever reached except by a very few of the greatest poets, such as Dante, Petrarch, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and Byron. But all poetry ought to be examined with a view to some approach to it.

"A true poet is almost always in a state of ideal abstraction from actual objects. Why Providence should endow those whom it favours with minds capable to create something more beautiful than reality, we do not know;—we only know that so it is. There is always an alloy in reality. Poets of mere observance are but minor bards. Thus Pope, except in "Eloisa," never rises to the higher ranks of poetry. To talk of poets as inspired, seems, to cold censors, nonsense: but they are inspired."

Again he says:

"It will be asked, who dares to pronounce himself a poet in modern times—unless a Byron, and two or three more? No doubt it is hazardous. If it had been a temporary or occasional fit of writing verses, I would not have ventured it; but when I find, by fixed and unalterable proofs, that my temperament and character of mind have been the same all my life, how can I be so cowardly as to hesitate? There are many laborious departments of literature which any common talent may execute; such as compilation, or matters of mere erudition; but all the toil and art in the world will not enable one to write genuine poetry. At least one-fourth of the fifty-two writers of verse included in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," had no true poetical genius. I have examined this subject at various times of my life with the most severe impartiality; and have not a particle of doubt of the correctness of this assertion. Johnson pleaded, in excuse that the choice was made by the booksellers. Many of those authors would not be read, or sell, now;—such as Pomfret, Hughes, Edmund Smith, Sheffield, Granville, Halifax, Sprat, Yalden, Stepney, Walsh, Duke, King, Mallet, Pitt, Roscommon, &c. Here are nearly a third. In none of these are any poetical images, or any poetical feelings. But if there happened to be good sense in them, correctly expressed, that was sufficient for Johnson:—he was a man who sought what he called practical wisdom.

"Lovers of good poetry also equally seek truth; but they seek it in the higher walks of invention, because they are convinced that truth is best illustrated by imagined examples, and by embodiments of abstract ideas. Johnson had not a mind of this sort; his fancy was not bright, and his imagination was sluggish. The Pope school had not, when those 'Lives' were undertaken, entirely gone out: whenever the best of this class wandered into the fields of imagination, Johnson condemned or ridiculed him; witness Prior's beautiful 'Henry and Emma.' In no one instance has Johnson commended a work of high imagination, except by mere force and compulsion, as in the case of 'Paradise Lost.'

"The appearance of Johnson's 'Lives' damped my spirits,

'And froze the genial flowings of my soul;'

their captiousness, their hardness, their awkward humour, their affected

raillery, and capricious contempt, seemed like the burst of discordant sounds upon fairy dreams. If the splendour of Collins could not save him from such rudenesses, what, I thought, must inferior powers expect?

“Authors born a few years later did not feel this; the bursting of all mental chains by the French Revolution set those who did not rise till the year 1789 free. Yet when this enfranchisement took place, it is strange that Johnson’s ‘Lives’ did not lose their reputation. Johnson’s authority was still regarded, but it was totally inconsistent with the merit now sought and remunerated with fame. Not only imagination and invention, but a wild and unlimited extravagance became now the fashion. Authors lashed themselves up into eccentricities and frensies. Veri-similitude was abandoned, and what was most monstrous was thought the greatest proof of genius. But it was scarcely more desirable to have these abuses of the inventive faculty, than the cold ratiocination inculcated by Johnson: nor were the splendid but monotonous couplets of Darwin, describing scientifically ‘The Loves of the Plants,’ less fatiguing in a long poem.

“Johnson had carried precision, correctness, and uniformity, too far: all sorts of irregular versification were now resorted to, till what was set forth as metrical, had scarcely any metre in it. But among these were a few who took advantage of all the liberty without any of the licentiousness.

“Among the numerous beautiful articles of poetical criticism of the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ I am not at all sure that I can trace any uniformity of principles or taste. Different poems are often commended or censured by opposite canons; as, for instance, Byron and Barry Cornwall, or Keats, or Leigh Hunt, or Crabbe. It would be well if every review at its commencement would lay down, abstractedly, its own principles and scale of merit in such an important department of literature as poetry: we might then judge both of its impartiality and its skill of application of its own rules. The principles of poetry applied to Crabbe will not do if applied to Byron.

“Byron’s own taste in criticism was entirely capricious and contradictory: I may venture to say, that it appears to me to have been perverse. If he sincerely liked Pope’s school, how could he write as he did? and what is more strange still, it is said that neither Shakspeare, nor Spenser, nor, perhaps, Milton, were favourites with him. He affected to admire most, among his contemporaries, those who were least like himself. His ‘Mysteries’ were magnificent poems; they were suited to his mystical genius: but the greater portion of his dramas are *mediocre*.

“He had great sagacity, great invention, and at the same time, which is rare, great memory; but not great acquired knowledge. His erudition was superficial, but his acquaintance with the English poets prodigious. This led him sometimes to borrow when he was not aware of it; but there is scarce any poet except Shakspeare in whom there are more original and more forcible passages.

“Lord Byron could not undo, by his criticisms, the charms he displayed in his poetry; which is another proof that when authors write well, they do not write by rules.

“It is said that a great genius gives the tone to the age in which he lives; but there is a mutual action and re-action between him and the age. If Johnson had been living in Byron’s time, I do not think he would have changed him: the poet had as severe critics to deal with as Johnson; but Byron, with all his originality, often falls into the manner of several contemporaries. Still, in all in which he is excellent, the manner is his own.”

Sir Egerton thinks that invention is the predominant quality

of his genius; he is therefore right, by his own theory, in deeming himself a poet of the highest kind.

“I can never allow that poetical fictions, designed with genius and skill, are uninstrusive. They are the best vehicle of those sublime mental associations which exalt the noblest part of our human state of being,—which show nature in its fairest colours, and select the most delightful portions of our mortal destiny. I persuade myself it would not have been difficult to invent and fill up long epic tales to this purpose. But I do not think that I could have succeeded in what is called deep plot. This art of plot is, I am aware, very much sought, and highly valued; but its attraction does not last beyond a first perusal. The effect that results from surprise ceases when the story is known. Thoughts and sentiments, and descriptions, which derive their force only from position, are of a secondary value. It is not thus that the great epic poets awaken our enthusiasm and inspire our fancies.”

The most amusing, if not the most remarkable portions of the work, are the literary criticisms with which they abound. These are very useful, besides, in breaking the strain of complaint in which the author likes so much to indulge. Gray, as we have intimated on a former page, is an object of especial enthusiasm with Sir Egerton; but not more than he deserves.

“There are a few choice spirits born in every age, who are qualified to reach this positive merit. But experience proves that they are rarer than might be supposed; so many circumstances being necessary to concur to make an eminent author. It is however provided, that generally they who are fit for it should have an irrepressible desire to put forth their powers. There are, doubtless, a few exceptions, such as Gray, who wrote little, and did not love to write. But we do not know so much of his private feelings as we should wish, as we have little besides his letters to instruct us. He committed to paper no memorials of his own life; and the only one of his personal acquaintance who has left a life of him is Mason, whose biography is very barren: it is full of study, reserve, and affectation. I have conversed on the subject with Bonstetten, who knew him; but Bonstetten was then very old, and his memory began to fail; and he was himself very young and lively when he visited the poet; and being also a foreigner, did not enter into those deep observations which were necessary for the elucidation of this point. He seemed to think that Gray was little aware of his own celebrity, and said that he did not like to talk of his own writings. In short, Bonstetten, though himself a genius, very evidently had not penetrated Gray’s character; but he admired his wonderful and various erudition, and amiable disposition and manners. It was, I think, in 1769, that Bonstetten, who was then twenty-four years old, visited Gray at Cambridge. He died at Geneva, February, 1832, aged eighty-seven.

“I have always expressed an opinion, and still continue to think, that Gray’s fastidiousness was a great fault, or rather weakness. He had an aspiring, fiery, noble mind, inclining to indignation and scorn. Of whom then should he be afraid? He had a morbid dread of ridicule; but it is pusillanimous to dread the ridicule of folly and ignorance. His spirit was broken by the misfortunes of his childhood; but it was not so broken as to suppress the grandeur of ideas which produced the few sublime poems

he has put forth: then why not oftener give the reins to his imagination, and thus

‘ Know his own worth, and glorify the lyre?’

It would have been not only better for the public, but far happier for himself: he would have avoided that spleen, melancholy, and ennui, and those sleeping flames, smouldering within, which consumed him at the age of fifty-four. Then mark what vast and accurate erudition, what taste, what moral wisdom, what elegance, died with him, which, by the use of his pen, he might have left as a legacy to a grateful posterity!” \* \*

“ Gray’s understanding might have presented to him conclusions, from the effects of human passions directing human conduct; but how would this have raised sympathy, unless his heart had inspired an eloquence of plaintive reflections, which calls up the most powerful emotions of the soul? Of all Gray’s high endowments, the profoundness of his moral sensibility was the most striking.

“ Gray’s sense of responsibility made him timid. Byron was daring and reckless: his venturous spirit enabled him to come to vigorous conclusions whence Gray’s more conscientious mind shrunk: but he had not Gray’s considerate, tender, accurate, and philosophical wisdom; nor was his knowledge as refined, deeply-examined, and certain. He had not Gray’s classical erudition, nor exquisite taste: but he had more invention, and more unstudied and volcanic fire.” \* \* \* \*

“ Bonstetten used to remark, that the poetical genius of Gray was so extinguished in the sombre abode of Cambridge, that the recollection of his poetry was odious to him. He never permitted him to speak of it;—when he cited some of his verses to him, Gray was as silent as an obstinate child. He sometimes said to him, ‘ Will you answer me?’ But not a word could be extorted from him. He passed every evening with him from five till midnight: they read together Shakspeare, (whom he adored,) Dryden, Pope, Milton, &c.; and their conversations, like those of friendship, were never exhausted. He gave an account to Gray of his life and his country: but Gray’s life was shut to him; he never would speak of himself. It seemed as if with Gray there was an impassable abyss between the present and the past. When Bonstetten made an effort to enter on it, dark clouds came over Gray’s countenance. Bonstetten believed that Gray had never been in love; the word was an enigma to him. Thence came a misery of heart, which made a contrast with his ardent and profound imagination: and thus this faculty, instead of making the happiness of his life, became its torment. Gray had liveliness of spirit, and melancholy in his character. But this melancholy was an unsatisfied want in his sensibility. With Gray it arose from the sort of life led by an ardent spirit, obscured by the arctic pole of Cambridge.

“ The reader must remember that this is Bonstetten’s character of Gray;—not mine. It is highly curious, as drawn from personal acquaintance and intimacy. It appears to me in some respects mistaken. I do not at all believe that Gray forgot his poetry; or that the remembrance of it was odious to him. He probably thought that Bonstetten did not know enough of the language to be a proper judge of it. What he says about Gray’s reserve, as to the history of his own life, is probably more just. The misfortunes of his infancy dwelt like a nightmare on his heart. The accuracy of the observations about the evil effects of Gray’s residence at Cambridge is doubtful. I am inclined to believe that Gray could not altogether have found any other abode so well suited to him. His habits were solitary: he had here inexhaustible libraries, and many other conveniences and luxuries, which his small income could not otherwise have procured. It is true that the Cambridge studies were alien to his taste,



and that he was not popular among the *moines noirs*: I do not say that he always rose entirely above these mortifications;—but in what situation can we be free from mortifications? After all, melancholy must not always be mistaken for unhappiness, though the lively Bonstetten mistook it. Read Gray's letters; could one so employed,—with such exquisite taste,—with such profound erudition, be unhappy? Then see how he employed his summer tours;—and then again how free he was from the ordinary cares of life! Independent, peaceable,—provided for,—respected by his friends,—admired by the public,—and with the consciousness (for I cannot suppose him to have been unconscious) of having written the most perfect Elegy in all modern poetry, I cannot altogether think that he was comparatively unhappy. One thing I do regret, and blame him for;—that he wrote so little. But I must not allow myself to go farther into Gray's character here; I have talked much with Bonstetten about him, but I confess I could not get any additional light from him. Bonstetten was sprightly, imaginative, and enthusiastic; but I think not profound. He was more like a Frenchman than a German Swiss; I cannot guess how he could be suited to Gray."

In another place he justly condemns the great lyrist for labouring his poems too much, by which he often renders them abrupt and obscure, and interrupts the strain of his ideas, so that the reader cannot follow them without trouble and the aid of notes. Of Byron and Burns, also, he loves to write. Comparing the imaginative feelings of the former, with those of his friend Shelley, he says they had but little similitude.

"Those of Shelley were mystical and clouded; those of Byron, clear, distinct, direct, and bold. Shelley was more theoretical and abstract; Byron, however imaginative, had it always mixed up with humanity,—human passions and human forms. Shelley had gleams of poetry; Byron was always poetical: Shelley never put a master's hand upon his subject; he could not mould it to his will."

Burns's immortality, he thinks, will be founded on his songs, "but principally on those which were written in an imaginary character, and these on the extraordinary force of nature and feeling with which he supports such a character into which he has thrown himself." The *Edinburgh Review*, on the contrary, extols as the finest offspring of the poet's genius, the songs in which he describes realities experienced in his own individual character. It may be presumption to differ from such authorities; but we cannot agree with either of them. It is the "glorious" worthy who saw those horrible and awful things "which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'," and the pious Cotter, who, we must think, will be most instrumental in preserving the name of the Scottish bard.

Among the English prose writers, Burke is his *Magnus Apollo*. Of the Leviathan of English literature, he is by no means a zealous admirer.

He relates that his friend Bonstetten was walking one day with Gray in a crowded street of London, who seeing a large



uncouth figure rolling before them, exclaimed with some bitterness, 'Look, look, Bonstetten! the great bear! There goes *ursa major*!' "This was Johnson; Gray could not abide him; and it must be confessed that he had but little reason to look upon the sturdy lexicographer with reverence."

The portraits which our author gives of distinguished individuals whom he has known, are full of interest. We have space but for the following:

"Wilyams also introduced me to the late William Gifford, the poet, and editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' whom he knew at Newmarket, when attending the late Lord Grosvenor. He was a singularly ugly little man, of a wasping temper, and, in my opinion, much overrated both as a poet and a critic. His 'Autobiography' is amusing, and there are some good lines in his 'Baviad and Mæviad.' But he had a self-conceit which led him to despise others in a very unjustifiable manner; and he had an idea of retaining his dominion by menaces and superciliousness. He affected almost a puritan strictness of morals in his writings; but this did not become the companion of the late Lord Grosvenor. I found him, however, courteous, communicative, and frank, when I paid him a visit. His chief literary intimates were George Ellis, Canning, and the Freres. Canning was a great rhetorician, but not a wise man. George Ellis was an elegant versifier and writer, but not deep; he was a man of the world,—of very polished manners,—but a coxcomb, and a *petit maitre*. His cousin, a West India merchant and intimate of Canning, is now Lord Seaford. Gifford had a singular rise from the obscurity of his early life, and it seemed as if his unexpected prosperity had overset him. He was by nature shrewd and worldly-minded; and his editorship of the 'Quarterly Review' gave him great influence among the literary classes." \*

"Lord Erskine was a most brilliant, but sometimes a shooting, star. He had every variety of intellect, and was adorned with all beauty of language, all harmony of utterance, and all fire and grace of expression in his countenance and form. As he was of the highest Scottish nobility in blood, so he showed it in all his mien, tone, and manners. The very conflicting brilliance of his numerous superiorities led him into unsteadiness, and often into errors. He sometimes passed too hastily over subjects to have entered deep into them, and thus incurred the charge of superficial talents, when no man was more capable of entering profoundly into an investigation, or had a more sagacious and correct judgment when he chose to give his mind to it; but the meteors that danced before him often led him on too rapidly and too irregularly. He was apt to grasp at too much, and not unfrequently found that he embraced clouds which vanished in his arms. His imagination often led him into wider fields than a court of law relishes or comprehends; and the airy notions and profusion of colours which he interposed occasionally, became fatiguing and oppressive to the technical dulness of professional men. They were considered by them to be lights that led astray, but still 'they were lights from heaven.'

"He abounded in beautiful reflection and sentiment; but some may have supposed these to have been supplied rather by memory than from original internal sources. I do not admit this: the application of them was so happy, that they could not have so fitted if they had not been original. The ingredients may have been new-combined in large portions; not so original, for instance, in all their particles as those of Burke, of whom not only the whole, but every separate part is commonly new.

“Erskine’s rapidity and lightness of wing made him oftener take the first hasty view of his own mind, than search in books for technical knowledge and arbitrary authority. His arguments, therefore, are commonly addressed rather to the general condition of men’s understandings than to professional auditors. All these distinctions may be exemplified and illustrated, by a comparison of his speeches with those of the other law lords in the *Banbury* case, as reported by *Le Marchant*.

“Erskine by his constant practice in the courts of common law was not qualified to shine as lord chancellor. The fall of his party soon removed him from the woolsack; and then his faculties seemed to be worn out, and that brilliant constellation of mind threw out nothing but casual, erratic, and flighty sparks. We are bound to remember the splendour of the noon-day sun, and not reproach the evening if it sets in clouds.”

We have dwelt upon these volumes more at length than some of our readers perhaps may deem advisable, but we consider them as of no common interest, and there is no little likelihood, we fear, of their being republished in this country. The craving for light and trashy food, unfortunately prevails to such an extent, as to render it almost useless for the caterers to the public appetite to offer any aliment of a different kind. The notices, moreover, of the work in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, though admirable in their way, are designed for readers who have already perused it, and slight use is made in them of the varied richness of its pages.

In bidding adieu to Sir Egerton, we may remark, that if he wishes to see a perfect delineation of his feelings, he will find it in the opening lines of *Delille’s* beautiful poem upon the immortality of the soul:

“D’où me vient de mon cœur l’ardente inquiétude?  
En vain je promène mes jours,  
Du loisir au travail, du repos à l’étude  
Rien n’en Saurait fixer la vaine incertitude,  
Et les tristes dégoûts me poursuivent toujours.”

From the lesson, also, inculcated by the poem, he may derive the most important advantage.

ART. XVII.—*The Aristocrat: an American Tale, by the Author of "Zoe," &c.* Two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia: Key & Biddle, 1833.

*The Kentuckian in New York: or the Adventures of Three Southerns.* By a Virginian. Two volumes, 12mo. New York: Harpers & Brothers, 1834.

*Guy Rivers: a Tale of Georgia.* By the Author of "Martin Faber." Two volumes, 12mo. New York: Harpers & Brothers, 1834.

A good story-teller, whether in prose or in verse, in speaking or in writing, is an admirable character. If his gift be a conversational one, it renders him a welcome guest wherever he goes. He carries amusement with him; and ennui, that intolerable incubus on the spirits of man, flies from his presence. If he has the literary faculty, and sends his narratives through the press, into the world, society is charmed with him; his productions become favourites, and he acquires a universal and lasting renown.

But a good story-teller is a rare character—much more rare indeed than is generally imagined. In respect to the oral branch of the art, let any of our readers cast his thoughts around the whole circle of his acquaintances, and he will be surprised to find how few he shall be able to pronounce excellent in the faculty of narration. In relating a series of events, how few can steer in the proper medium between abruptness and prolixity? How few know how to be gracefully minute and intelligibly concise, to digress without tediousness and to ornament without artifice? How few, in short, among the multitudes that daily attempt it, can repeat cleverly even a thrice-told tale, and how fewer still can bring one agreeably forth from the materials of his own knowledge or invention.

In written narrative, the examples of excellence are perhaps still more rare than in oral. The faults of a writer are, indeed, more easily detected, and less apt to be treated with indulgence than those of a speaker. With the sound of the oral narrator's voice, the impression of his blemishes either passes entirely away, or becomes so much diminished as to occasion but little dissatisfaction, while those of the writer remain in view for contemplation and permanent censure.

In written narration, however, when excellence is attained, it is preeminently valuable. Not only its rarity but its difficulty and durability render it so; and the author who possesses it, and uses it for the edification and entertainment of the world, ensures to himself, deservedly, a popularity and a reputation

which, in these days, are generally attended with both fortune and fame. Happy writer! He was born under an auspicious star, who can chain mankind to his pages by his agreeable vein in relating adventures. He is not only the favourite of the young and the generous, but the grave and the reflective treasure him as their sweetest companion, while the fair and the beautiful of the tender sex, admit him to their chosen retreats, and often devote to him their most precious hours, foregoing for his society the attractions of the toilet and the admiration of the world. How enviable is the renown of Fielding and of Smollet, of Sterne and of Scott! How more than enviable is that of Defoe! With the slight labour of writing less than a hundred pages of a duodecimo volume, he has earned a fame as enduring as that of conquerors, and will continue to interest and delight generations, by whom his royal contemporaries who inhabited St. James's and St. Cloud will be totally disregarded.

But the high value of excellence in the art of tale-writing seems to be well known and properly appreciated by authors, for there is no department of literature in which they more numerously embark. Young writers particularly are apt to make their first efforts in composition in the production of a tale; and with the exception of school-books and religious discourses, there is probably no species of book-making which keeps the press in such constant employment as the narrative. This is, no doubt, owing in a great degree to the prevailing opinion of the facility of tale-writing. It is believed by tyros, in particular, that less mental exertion is required in the construction of a series of adventures than in the management of an argument or the enforcement of a principle; and those whose minds are comparatively uninstructed, and who are yet new to the art of literary production, find it much more convenient, as well as much safer, to draw ideas from their imagination, than from their knowledge or their judgment. Books of abstract reasoning, or of moral or scientific instruction, undoubtedly require for their production a greater accumulation of knowledge, a larger experience of the world, and habits of profounder thinking, than such as are neither confined in their statements to facts, nor are expected nor desired to make instruction their chief aim. The inventive faculty may exist in considerable perfection where knowledge is deficient; and the imagination, so necessary to give consistence and colouring to the outline furnished by the invention for the construction of a tale, is often most active where there is least learning. It is for this reason that the promiscuous mass of narratives which are daily swarming into brief existence, require for their production less labour, and less aid from culture and knowledge,

than most other descriptions of writing. But the facility with which a tale may be told, is a different thing from excellence in telling it. It is the latter which we have pronounced to be a rare faculty; and that it is so, the extremely few works of fiction which have attained permanent popularity, compared with the number that have been candidates for it, is a sufficient demonstration.

We mean not to say that this difficulty in attaining excellence is peculiar to the art of tale-writing. It is equally incident to every other pursuit requiring talent. In mechanics, there have been but few Arkwrights; in philosophy, but few Newtons; in eloquence, but few Burkes or Mirabeaus; in poetry, but few Miltons; and in war, but few Cæsar or Napoleons. Many, in each of these pursuits, have attained to respectable stations; but, for an immortal few only, was reserved the highest eminence.

In this branch of literature, however, there is, at the present day, a strong inducement for even those who may not expect to win its highest honours, to embark, as even a very moderate degree of success affords a remuneration worth aspiring after. That work of fiction, in these palmy times of circulating libraries, must indeed be a poor performance, of which an edition cannot be sold; and, consequently, some compensation obtained for the authorship. Labour in vain, therefore, in this department of letters, is seldom to be dreaded by a writer of any cleverness. How different is it in poetry, where none but first rate abilities can expect reward! Neither reputation nor emolument will crown the efforts of the unfortunate bard who does not come up to the popular standard of perfection. In a prose narrative the reader will overlook many faults, provided the adventures excite his attention, and the characters seize upon his fancy. But the faults of a poem will never be forgiven unless its beauties be very abundant, and of the highest order.

Much of this disposition to treat tale-writers with an indulgence never accorded to poets, arises, no doubt, from the humbler nature of their works. To write poetry worthy of the world's attention, requires intellectual powers of the most exalted kind. The world, therefore, expects, in whatever poetical works are offered to it, a manifestation of such powers, and it cannot bear to be disappointed. In works of romance, no such proofs of intellectual superiority are expected. Marks of inferior talent, consequently, occasion no disappointment, and such works are suffered to pass for what they are worth, without drawing from their readers, unless the faults be, indeed, extremely palpable and offensive, any severe reprehension.

Literary men, therefore, who avoid the fields of poetry for

those of romance, show their prudence in adopting the safer department for the exercise of their industry; and so long as the world will tolerate, from the votaries of the muse, none save productions of the highest finish, so long will the literature of romance be more abundantly cultivated than that of poetry. And all this is as it should be. It discourages from attempting the nobler art, many who would only profane it, and disgrace themselves by their vain and awkward efforts; while it offers to them a kindred pursuit in which, with a due exercise of moderate abilities, they will encounter but little risk of remaining entirely unrewarded.

That, however, with all its toleration in regard to tale-writing, the world is not disposed to countenance the feeble and puerile attempts of dull detailers of puny inventions, is a truth which ought to keep in check the scribbling propensities of hundreds whose vanity induces them to give publicity to their crude and imbecile productions. How many fictitious narratives sleep, at this day, amidst dust and cobwebs, whose sanguine authors, during the labour of their composition, anticipated from them the most splendid rewards of profit and of fame?

The narrative literature of our language alone furnishes a long catalogue of authors, each of whom, in the innocent vanity of his heart, while bringing his offspring into existence, believed that it would be a lasting monument of his genius—a favourite with the world, which would carry his name down to all generations. But, except in the closets of the curious, or in the pages of journals now no longer read, where are the nine-tenths of them to be found, or their names or their characters recorded? The authors and their labours have alike vanished from the view of men, and have no longer a place even in memory. They are, indeed, as if they had never been. Lamentable fate! And is it to this—is it to thee, abhorred oblivion! that so large a portion of the labours of intellect must come at last? Alas! it is so. The pride of man may be mortified at the circumstance, but it is an unalterable doom that nothing except an excellence too high for him easily or frequently to attain, can secure the reward of an enduring fame. That instances of such excellence have appeared to confer dignity upon human intellect, and to preserve its creations from the ravages of time, and from the doom of oblivion, is as consolatory as it is true. It is a boon granted to man by the Great Disposer of his destinies, to be the glorious reward—the mighty stimulus of the exertions of genius.

To prescribe rules for writing a good book, would be both a difficult and an arrogant undertaking;—difficult, because such rules must be varied and modified according to the nature of the subject; and arrogant, because it would be an assumption of

authority to which no man is entitled—an authority to circumscribe the workings of intellect, and to confine genius within the limits of dictatorial ordinances. Disclaiming, entirely, any authority of this kind, we may, however, venture to assert that no book can ever secure a permanent popularity which possesses not the qualities of fixing itself upon the memory, and of gaining the affections. In other words, it must be both *impressive* and *attractive*.

*Impressive and attractive!* Is there not tautology in these terms? Do they not, in literary matters, signify the same thing? By no means. A performance may be impressive; as, for instance, an account of a murder or an execution—without being attractive; and attractive, as a description of a coronation, or an oriental palace, or a pleasure ground—without being impressive. That both qualities are requisite to secure a durable reputation, is evident from the circumstance that impressiveness alone will not command lasting approbation; nor will mere attraction fix the contents upon the memory, and cause them to be, as it were, reperused, when the volume is absent, in the solitary musings of the reader, or referred to and quoted in his communications with the world. We remember to have once read a very *impressively* terrifying German novel—but we will never read it again, nor to any one will we ever recommend its perusal. We believe that the work has gone to its rest—for it is now more than twelve years since we met with its name, in either conversation or in print. With all its powerful delineation of horrors and bold exhibition of crimes—and it abounded with both—the work was, in fact, repulsive and unworthy of recommendation. We, at present, can think of no English production written with equal ability, yet so repulsive—Lewis's "*Monk*" occurs to us, but it is too mischievously *attractive* to be brought into the comparison.

On the other hand, we have met with calmly written books which pleased us gently in the perusal, and had sufficient attraction to engage our attention to the end, yet left on our memory impressions so vague and feeble as neither to excite desire for reperusal nor suggest topics for reflection, or passages for quotation.

"The laughing mask of their way they keep,  
Not move a muscle to chase the fumes of sleep."

Most of our readers will remember passing many listless hours in dozing over such books,

"Whom names and natures, by the world unseen,  
Have now become as they had never been."



In short, to secure a durable reputation, a book must not only be remembered, but remembered with approbation.

The foregoing remarks apply, more or less, to literary productions of all descriptions, but chiefly to those which address themselves to the imagination. To be attractive in topics and impressive in manner, is especially requisite in narrative works. Neither history, with all the dignity inherent in its subject, nor biography, with all the individuality of interest attached to its details, can long retain public favour, if insipid in the incidents or spiritless in style. How then can works which have none of the dignity of truth to recommend them, be expected to win favour without the aids which truth herself finds necessary in securing it? In vain will the most fertile invention exhibit its creations before the world, if they are not exhibited in the way that the world relishes and approves. In vain will the writer of fiction relate incidents without number, if those incidents are unnatural, unseemly, incongruous or confused, or are told in a style harsh, strained, heavy, or perplexed. The days of a work so written, will be soon numbered, and its existence never heard of more.

We consider the attractive qualities of a work of fiction to consist chiefly in the goodness of the subject and its subsidiary topics. These form the solid materials of the work, and if they be of the proper quality, the mere style or fashion in which they are put together and moulded into form, although of much, are yet of inferior importance. It is the metal which gives the true value to the coin, although the stamp and fashioning may promote its currency. The language of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is rude and illiterate, but the main subject and the topics are of a value which has rendered the work immortal.

The first and chief object, therefore, with a tale writer should be the selection of his subject. To prescribe rules for making a proper selection is obviously impossible, for who can bind genius within the narrow limits of forms and dogmas? As well tie Sampson with a flaxen thread, or restrain the influx of the ocean by a wall of paper! Genius has the privilege and the power of overleaping all conventional restrictions, and in its creations, has the acknowledged faculty of establishing rules for itself. But its rules will be always true to nature, though often beyond the reach of art. Its range in the production of fictitious narrative, is the whole infinite variety of human affairs,—the endless modifications of the characters of men—their impulses, their habits, their loves, their hatreds, their hopes, their fears, their wisdom, their folly, “and all the various turns of fate below”—nay, it can burst from the bounds of humanity, and snatch for its imperishable structures, materials from the invisible worlds.

But to the ordinary race of writers, the course of genius is unapproachable, and to them rules may be fairly laid down which they may follow with advantage. To them we may say, never let the subject of your narrative outrage decency and decorum, nor offend against the laws of congruity. If you introduce preternatural characters, never permit them to transcend either in virtue, in wickedness, or in power, the propensities and capacities proper to the order to which they belong. Permit not a sylph to do the business of a gnome, nor a fiend to act with the graciousness and benevolence of an angel. With regard to your earthly characters—your instruments of flesh and blood—their sentiments, their feelings and their conduct must be all regulated by the laws of probability and in consistency with their own individual natures, as well as with the general nature of their species. As to the events, they ought never, throughout the detail, to diminish in interest, or fall off in importance. The beginning, in short, ought never to promise what the sequel does not perform. A hundred readers will tolerate blunders and overights in the arrangement and in the composition, for one that will bear with a disappointment of awakened expectations.

In respect to your subsidiary topics, whether incidents or reflections, let them spring naturally from the main subject, and be always introduced for some evident purpose. To write merely for the sake of writing, or of filling pages with unnecessary matter, is one of the most frequent causes of literary failure—it uniformly wearies the reader and incurs his displeasure. Verboresque was fatal to the commentators and theologians of old, as it is to sentimentalists and tale writers of the present day. Besides avoiding irrelevant and obtrusive topics, avoid also such as are either too mean or too elevated for the general character of the work, or such as from their harshness or their privacy may give offence to cultivated and well regulated minds.

Much more might be said in relation to the proper character of the topics in a work of fiction. But we must avoid prolixity, lest we should be guilty of a fault we would condemn in others. We shall now advert to the style in which such narratives should be presented to the world. It is upon this that much of the success of all literary performances depends. A good style has sometimes saved from condemnation, productions of which the topics were of but an indifferent character, while a bad style has been the sole cause of the failure of many in which there was, in other respects, but little to reprehend. There are, in fact, many readers who believe literary merit to consist in style alone. With them the propriety or impropriety, the elegance or inelegance of the language, is every thing. The topics and

the doctrines they esteem, so far as literary character is concerned, of inferior moment. The truth is, a good style is always a sure indication of a practised writer. All other particulars of a good work—its subject—its topics—its doctrines—its arrangement—may be the result of fortunate or judicious selection, but excellence of style is uniformly the offspring of literary discipline and habit.

Every one knows the power of a *good story well told*, and is sensible that such a story *ill told* loses half its charms. Indeed it is a matter of every day experience and remark, that the same facts which the relation of one man will render powerful and effective, when related by another, will be found tame and insipid. Hence the importance of a good style is indisputable. It may be inferior in dignity and real consequence to the subject-matter itself, but it is often superior as a recommendatory quality necessary to draw the attention of the world.

Rules for a good style have been often prescribed. To detail them here, would be merely to copy what may be found in numberless books of elementary instruction. But these books can only teach how to write *correctly*. No species of scholastic instruction can teach how to write *powerfully*. It is the inherent talent of the writer, improved by practice alone, that can infuse into composition its living principle—its *vivida vis animi*—that spirit which confers the power of awakening the attention, securing the favour, and making a firm impression on the mind of the reader.

It is much easier to describe the qualities of such a style, than to give instructions for its acquirement. It would be easy to give an enumeration of the epithets characteristic of good composition, such as clearness, ease, simplicity, force, condensation, &c. But this would only be to ring the changes upon phrases that have been used for the same purpose a thousand times. There is one quality of style, however, which we think has not been sufficiently insisted upon by professed teachers—we mean *animation*. This is, indeed, a first rate quality in every species of authorship. But it is indispensable in narrative. A languidly told tale is, to many listeners, equal to an opiate; and it is long since a dull story has become proverbial for its soporific effects.

Let us now take a rapid glance at the past and present condition of English fictitious narrative. Previous to the accession of the Hanoverian family, English literature, which abounded in the noblest productions of poetry, the drama, criticism and philosophy, was remarkably deficient in prose works of fiction. The divine minds of Shakspeare and Milton had brought poetry, in particular, to the highest perfection, and had fixed upon their productions a sincerity and unanimity of admiration which

stimulated all authors of talent to attempt a path in which so much glory had been acquired. Hence the reigns of the Stuarts abounded in song, and disastrous as they were in politics, they were the halcyon days of poetry. Besides the two unequalled bards already named, they gave to the world a Waller, a Cowley, a Denham, a Dryden, a Prior, a Thompson and a Pope. What era ever produced such a galaxy of brilliant minds, all devoted to the muses! They are the poets, beyond comparison, not of England only, but of the whole world, whose works have done the most to enlighten, refine and delight mankind.

It is no wonder that the productions of these unequalled writers, throw into the shade the efforts of the inferior minds who aspired only to the small honour which the public was then willing to bestow upon romance writers. The regular novel in the modern acceptation of the word, could then indeed be scarcely said to exist. Robinson Crusoe, it is true, had appeared. But it was a work  *sui generis* , belonging neither to the old romance nor the modern novel. It possessed neither the martial exploits so essential to the one, nor the lore adventures so necessary to the other. It is perhaps the only fiction extant which strongly rivets the attention, without agitating the passions. Defoe was not the founder of a school. His destiny was more illustrious. He stands alone without followers, because none can follow him.

Richardson is unquestionably the founder of the English school of novel writing. His productions were the first that drew public attention to prose works of fiction in which the scenes of domestic life are delineated, and the workings of the various passions exemplified. For more than three quarters of a century, his novels were extremely popular, especially with the softer sex, among whom, it is not too much to say, they contributed more than any other productions, to diffuse that taste for reading now so prevalent, and from which so many writers, publishers and keepers of circulating libraries, have since derived subsistence. That he has for the last thirty years sunk into almost total neglect, is less owing to his want of power to interest his readers, than to his unfortunate prolixity, which is ill suited to an age abounding with so much reading variety as the present.

Richardson was immediately followed by the two novelists whose names, to this day, are by universal consent, placed highest on the list of all who have trod the same path to fame—Fielding and Smollet. Illustrious pair! Coequal in merit and coeval in renown. Your labours raised at once your favourite art to the highest perfection, and fairly divided, with the pro-

ductions of the muse, that empire over the public mind, which they had before exclusively held.

The great source of the popularity of Fielding and Smollet is the real-life delineations diffused through their works. English scenes, manners and feelings, are given by them in their genuine colours, so as to be perceived, acknowledged and felt by every reader. British virtues and vices are painted as such, without any attempt to conciliate the national vanity by heightening the one or palliating the other. Nature and truth are stamped on every character, and prevail in every scene; and these are the qualities that lend enchantment to the histories of Tom Jones and Roderick Random.

With the success of Fielding and Smollet the profession of novel-writing may be properly said to have commenced. Authors, both male and female, engaged numerously in it. It was a fascinating pursuit, and one in which it required less talent and labour to attain some eminence, than that of poetry, which abhors mediocrity. Amidst the throng of novelists however, who succeeded Fielding and Smollet down to the era of Scott, but few became eminent. Nature and truth in their delineations, were generally abandoned for the more easily attained characteristics of sounding sentimentalities and overstrained heroines. A novel became a tale of the sorrows of some love-sick maiden—the portionless daughter of a decayed gentleman, an humble clergyman, or a poor officer living upon half-pay—whom some opulent wooer—a Lord Belville, or a Sir Edward Mowbray—persecutes with a licentious passion which she cannot reciprocate, first, because she is virtuous, and next, because she is in love with a certain Henry Mortimer, a gallant youth, a student at Oxford, or a lieutenant in the army, who comes at the moment of her extremest peril and rescues her from the meshes which her enamoured persecutor had thrown around her. She and her champion are married, and thus ends the eventful history.

It was of such materials that two-thirds of the novels produced in the reign of George III. were compounded. These novels and their authors had, in succession, their brief hour of existence and celebrity. Like Jonah's gourd of sudden growth, they soon withered and disappeared, never again to be seen. Occasionally, indeed, a work of sterling and durable materials would come forth, and by its power of delighting mankind, acquire a lasting place on the rolls of fame. Thus the naïveté and strict conformity to nature of Goldsmith's genius, conferred on the *Vicar of Wakefield* a popularity scarcely inferior even to *Robinson Crusoe*; and Henry M'Kenzie, and Mrs. Radcliffe—the one by the pathos of the *Man of Feeling*, and

the other by the high-wrought but consistent terrors of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*—have preserved their names from extinction. Besides Mrs. Radcliffe, we have had three or four female writers who have attained a high rank as novelists. There are few readers of English literature who have not felt their hearts moved by that sweetly affecting tale, by Mrs. Roche, "*The Children of the Abbey*," which in simplicity and pathos, is a thousand times superior to all the Germanic Sorrows, not excepting those of Werter himself, that ever were written. We might dilate upon the pious narratives of Hannah More and Mrs. Opie, but we are doubtful whether they ought not to be considered religious allegories, rather than novels. The actions of *Madame d'Arblay* reflect credit on her delicacy of sentiment, and the purity of her taste; while those of Elizabeth Hamilton cannot be too highly esteemed for the lessons of practical instruction they contain. Miss Edgeworth may be justly placed at the head of our female novelists, whether we consider the vigour of her style, the clearness of her conceptions, or the truth and variety of her delineations.

If to these writers we add the authors of "*The Fool of Quality*," of "*Zeluco*," and of "*Caleb Williams*," we have, we believe, enumerated all, or nearly all, whose names are worth preserving amidst the host of novelists that supplied the circulating libraries during the half century of George the Third. They were worthy writers, no doubt; but, in respect to their illustrious predecessors, Fielding and Smollet, they were like the secondary worthies of King David—they attained not to the eminence of the first. It was not until the regency of the late George, that a novelist appeared, capable of disputing the palm of superiority with Fielding and Smollet—we need not say that we mean Scott. He has gone, and his genius has departed with him.

We will not dwell on the characteristic merits of Scott's novels—they are too various and numerous for the space we can afford. But we cannot refrain from observing that they possess in perfection, the great charm which has secured immortality to Smollet and Fielding—fidelity to nature, with an entire exemption from affectation in either thought or expression.

Such of our readers as have attained the venerable age of **forty**, will remember in what low estimation novels and novelists were held previous to the appearance of the *Waverley* works. By the sober and reflecting portion of the community they were considered as nuisances in society—as productions that fostered idleness and waste of time—engendered false ideas of human life, and inflamed the passions of the young

and the sensitive. Hence, careful parents and guardians made it a point of duty to prohibit their perusal to those, especially of the softer sex, whom they had in charge. Indeed, our grandmothers can bear witness that, in their blooming days, a young lady would have been almost as much ashamed to acknowledge herself a novel-reader as a dram-drinker. As for the young gentlemen of that period, their frequenting taverns and circulating libraries, would have been viewed as equally inauspicious to their future success in the world.

The frivolous and often pernicious character of many of the works then issued from the manufactories that supplied the circulating libraries, were, in truth, such as greatly justified this unfavourable opinion. Those that were not inane and utterly worthless, were frequently mischievous. Their love scenes were too exciting to ardent imaginations—while their doctrines—for French infidelity and libertinism were then in fashion—were openly or covertly adapted to undermine both the faith and the morality of Christian readers. There were exceptions, as we have already stated. It would have been too disgraceful to the times had there been none. But they were neither sufficiently numerous nor influential to save the mass of fictitious narratives from the odium under which they justly lay. It was from this degraded condition that the genius and virtue of Scott rescued the art of novel-writing, and rendered it, if not one of the most useful, at least one of the most popular branches of literature.

Since the disappearance of this great writer from the field of romance, there has certainly arisen none of sufficient capacity to fill his place. In England, two or three able writers—men of fecundity of ideas and readiness of language, such as the authors of *Eugene Aram*, of *Richelieu*, and of *Vivian Grey*, have occupied public attention. But they want the truth, the reality, the graphic portraiture of scenes, and the individualization of characters so remarkable in Scott. They are also deficient in those graces of diction which art alone can never reach, and in which he so eminently excelled—*ease* and *freedom from affectation*. There is scarcely any of the novels of the present day, either English or American, in which an effort at style is not apparent. Labour of thought also, as well as of expression, is discernible through them all. Not so in Scott. No matter what he writes—whether it be narrative, description, argument, or dialogue—he is always master of his subject—always at home in its management;—the reader, therefore, feels at home in its perusal.

In an article on novel-writing, it would be inexcusable not to notice specially the works of the inexhaustible Bulwer. There is,



perhaps, no other man living who has in the same space of time, thrown so much original literature into the bookselling market. Independently of his political tracts, his essays in the *Magazines*, his critiques, and his poetry, he has within the last five years, added upwards of twenty volumes to the romance literature of the language. This demonstrates an energy of exertion, a fecundity of invention, and a readiness of composition rarely to be met with; and when taken in connexion with the unquestionable excellence of several of his works, fairly entitles him to rank as one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the age. He is, undoubtedly, in prose, whether we regard his matter or his style, one of the best of our living writers. His poetry, however, is beneath mediocrity, and cannot but produce in the minds of the thousands who have read his novels with delight, a regret that he should waste his time in putting together such an heterogeneous and unmeaning mass of metre and rhyme as is contained in the "*Diamese Twins*," and some other of his poems. As a novelist, he is, without doubt, the most popular writer now living, and there is this happy peculiarity attending his career,—the more he writes, the better he writes,—the three last of his productions in this line, "*Engene Aram*," "*The Pilgrims of the Rhine*," and "*The Last Days of Pompeii*," being as much superior to any of their predecessors as "*Ivanhoe*" is to "*Redgauntlet*." The powers of Scott seem to have been impaired by that continued exertion which evidently strengthens those of Hulwer. There is, however, great scope for the improvement of the latter, before he shall produce a work to rival the excellence of *Lionel Lincoln*, *The Tales of my Landlord*, or *Ivanhoe*. "*The Last Days of Pompeii*" is no doubt a brilliant production, and deserves, what it will not fail to obtain, an ample share of popular favour; but it does not equal any of the novels of Scott in truth and nature, and that appearance of reality which occasions the delightful illusion that enchains the reader so closely to the pages of the *Wizard of the North*.

There is a novel just issued by the author of *Frankenstein*, entitled "*The Adventures of Perkin Warbeck*," which we think superior to the ordinary run of the fictions of the day. It is strictly historical, embracing a period in the annals of England, fruitful of associations of the most romantic character. The author had abundant materials for an effective narrative. That he has used them to the very best advantage it would be hazardous to say. We can imagine that in the hands of Scott, scenes more impressive, delineations more graphic, and characters more striking, might have been produced. But the work, as we now have it, is far from being deficient in these particulars. For easy flow of diction, and that simplicity of phrase so well suited to narrative, it is a work to be preferred

to the showy grandiloquence of "The Last Days of Pompeii," and will, without doubt, please more of that numerous class of readers who seek for entertainment in the relation of important and hazardous adventures and heroic achievements, rather than in elaborated sentiment, or in the exhibition of overcharged passion or extravagant actions. We may here remark, that if Mr. Bulwer would deal less in those excesses of passion and of conduct, for which the personages of his novels are so notorious, and which are certainly not in accordance with the ordinary experience of life, he would unite more suffrages in his praise as an accurate painter of the manners of men, and a just elucidator of the workings of the heart. As it is, every reader must feel that he depicts men, not as they are really found in society, but as his imagination lances them to be when under the influence of some raging star, which stimulates their passions to an unnatural exaltation, and draws them into a species of madness which unfit them for the common concerns of life. He is so brilliant a painter that it is greatly to be regretted he should not always part from nature.

Of those romance writers who have drawn their materials from oriental sources, with the exception of the author of *Amastus*, Murter appears to us to be the most successful. His descriptions are truly charming—his characters natural, and many of his incidents powerfully affecting. If we could admit that any existing writer of fiction is worthy to wear the laurel of Scott, we should yield it to the author of *Haji Baba*, *Zorah* and *Ayesha*. There is a truth and a vitality in his works, which we will in vain search for any where but in the pages of the Shakespeare of romance.

In this country, prurient and indelicate novels, we believe have rarely been produced. Perhaps there is no community in the world in which such writings meet with less countenance than among the Americans. Among our female readers, especially, an impure allusion is sure to bring condemnation on the ablest performance. But although our romance writers generally deserve the praise of avoiding improprieties, they have other faults in abundance for which to answer. They betray too much effort to excel—they are always straining to do whatever they are about in a grand style. Hence, when they wish to be elevated, they are frequently turgid, and when desirous of exhibiting wit, they are apt to display only affectation. Thus, it is true, is not always the case, for even in those numerous native productions which have just looked into the world and then departed, there will be found many well conceived and finely written passages.

Our writers, indeed, seem generally to possess abundantly the faculties of invention and description; but they are deficient in

that judgment which should guide them in selecting from the stores of their invention, and in bringing forward the most picturesque features of the objects of their description. Their narratives abound, too often, with inappropriate and incongruous incidents, and their descriptions are generally too *minute*: Of the last mentioned fault, Cooper set the example which has been too servilely followed by those who exhibit none of his redeeming qualities—the fidelity of his pictures and the suitableness of his incidents.

Cooper's merits are great in the conception and delineation of maritime scenes, and perhaps scarcely less so in detailing the progress and depicting the manners and habits of the enterprising race peculiar to this country, who create those new settlements in the midst of our forests, which are daily enlarging the bounds of civilization, and subjugating wild and untamed nature to the dominion of man. His language, also, although rather heavy, stiff, and frequently incorrect, is more free from cant and the affectation of quaint and antiquated phrases, than that of many of his successors. On the whole, if Charles Brockden Brown had not written, we should consider James Fennimore Cooper, the best of American novelists. But Wieland, Arthur Mervyn and Ormond manifest, each of them, a force of intellect, and have for us an attraction, beyond any thing we can find in the works of the author of the Spy. Nor ought Mr. Cooper to feel dissatisfied at being esteemed but second in literary merit to Brown, for we assure him, that we know of no other novelist in this country that we would place in such close vicinity to a writer whom we esteem to be one of the most acute analysers and thorough expounders of human motives and impulses, that ever held up the mirror of romance to exhibit the characters of men. If the present state of novel writing in this country be fairly represented by the productions now on our table, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, Mr. Cooper need fear no rivalry from them; for with all the faults of his latter productions, the poorest of them is better than the best of these.

In the perusal of these novels, we made our best efforts to be pleased. We tried in every possible way to reconcile ourselves to their faults. But we could not. The faults were too numerous and flagrant; and our judgment was too stubborn to be overcome by our good nature and our partialities for American authorship.

"The Aristocrat," which is the first on our list, has its plot (in other respects not ill-contrived) very much marred by a strange blemish at the outset. The period assigned to the transactions, is—for what purpose it is difficult to understand—

at the termination of the present century. For various reasons we look upon this to be not only a silly, but a very injudicious arrangement. It evinces the puerile affectation of a singularity recommended by neither novelty nor utility. Its formal announcement, not only in the first sentence of the tale, but in a preface seemingly written for no other purpose, naturally raises in the mind of the reader, expectations that the manners, sentiments, and general costume of the work, shall differ from those of the present times so far as to afford some resemblance to what they may be supposed to become two or three generations in futurity. These expectations are not satisfied. On the contrary, the reader perceives every thing said or done, to be strictly conformable to the modes of speaking and acting of the present day. That the author himself frequently forgot he was writing in relation to a generation yet unborn, numerous passages might be quoted as evidence. We have just opened upon the following, which we shall take leave to lay before the reader, who will at once recognise it as a correct specimen of that national self-praise which, whether just or unjust, is a style of writing very customary in our times.

“Poverty likewise and want are less disgusting objects with us than with any other civilized country upon earth; and our vagrants as a body are yet far from that base corruption which spurs to glory in shame, and to riot openly upon boons obtained from the benevolent or the credulous.”

Whether such observations will be as characteristic of the year 1900, as they are of 1834, is a question for our grandchildren to solve. All that the author has done to create an illusion of the events taking place at a future day, is contained in the first few pages, where he informs us that the town of F—— (he might at once have written Frankford) was so flourishing and populous at the end of the nineteenth century, as to form the capital of a county of its own, and that it, in consequence, possessed its court-house, jail, lawyers, judges, philanthropists, schemers, politicians, and all the other dignitaries who usually constitute the choice society of an American seat of justice.

This novel abounds with incidents and characters that cannot but fix the reader's attention. It has also an excellent and impressive moral—a truly valuable ingredient which is but rarely found in the novels of the present day, and is therefore entitled to the higher commendation. Some of the characters in this work are well conceived. That of John Poguey is particularly well adapted to convey useful instruction to a mercantile community.

“The Kentuckian in New York, or the Adventures of Three Southerners,” is a book *randomly* written, containing

some smart passages not void of humour, but abounding too much in rigmarole and hard-strained witticisms. The cant of Southern chivalry and Kentucky recklessness, is served up with a profusion sufficient to surfeit the veriest gormandizer of national slang and egotistical rant that swaggers from Maine to Mexico.

To sketch the plot of this production would be impossible, for the simple reason that it has none. The two volumes are little else than a diary of the journey of two full-blooded Carolinians, from Harper's Ferry to New York. These youngsters, we are unceasingly reminded, are prime specimens of Southern chivalry, possessing all the fire and fierceness of men whom nothing in male attire dare contradict on pain of suffering a gentleman's vengeance from the muzzle of a pistol or the thong of a horse-whip.

These gallant boys are accompanied in their peregrinations by a wild Kentuckian, of the true Nimrod Wildfire breed, half-horse and half-alligator, to whom one of them, Augustus Lamar by name, becomes wonderfully attached. The other, Victor Chevillere, who, we believe, is intended for the hero of the piece, appears rather reserved with the Kentuckian, and settles his whole attention and affections upon a lady, whom the party overtake on the road, soon after commencing their journey. This lady is accompanied by an elderly, grave, formal, gray-haired gentleman, and is so enveloped in a black mantle, a hat and a veil, that none of her features can be seen except a pair of bright blue eyes. Judging from these, however, which, by the way, must have been red with weeping, for she is perpetually in tears, Master Chevillere concludes her to be a perfect beauty, and without more to do, falls desperately in love with her. We have often heard of love at first sight, but this is the first instance of it we have ever met with, at *quarter* sight. Thus they proceed on their way, she weeping and he sighing, until they arrive at Baltimore.

Here the Kentuckian gets into a scrape at the theatre, in defence of a pretty girl who sat beside him in the pit, against some bucks who had been somewhat insolent to her. From this scrape, however, he is rescued by his friend Lamar. Here, too, Chevillere becomes better acquainted with the weeping lady, and discovers that she is a widow, lying under the very serious accusation of having murdered her husband, made, not *judicially*, however, by a mysterious old man—her father-in-law. He disbelieves the charge, as a gallant lover should disbelieve every thing alleged against his mistress, and loves her still more heartily for being rendered thus unhappy.

We know not whether to consider it a compliment or a slight towards our friends of Philadelphia, that the author has not deigned to take any notice of the passage of these interesting

travellers, through their fair city on their way to New York. Whether our gay Southrons, and their wild companion from the West, found nothing among the descendants of Penn to ridicule or to censure, or whether they were bribed to silence by the hospitalities of Chesnut street, and the sweet looks of the belles that throng it, we will not attempt to decide. Unfortunately for New York, no such influences operated there. Our Southern Paul Prys dropped into its counting-houses, brokerage-offices and exchange-rooms, without ceremony, and with malice propense, noted down its follies and improprieties, which, in the book before us, they have proclaimed to the world without reserve or compassion.

We made but one short extract from the *Aristocrat*. Want of space was the cause—a cause which effectually operates against our desire to give our readers some specimens of “*The Kentuckian*.” Our remaining observations on this book must also be brief. The weeping lady in the black mantle satisfies Mr. Chevillere that she is not a murderess, and he makes her his bride. The episode in which she gives an account of herself is by far the best written and most interesting portion of the book. This is undoubtedly owing to its freedom from the cant about Southern chivalry and Kentucky bluntness, and the absence of affected witticisms. Language from the mouth of a lady would not admit of these, and her narrative enjoys a fortunate exemption from the nuisance.

We have now come to the most formidable and disagreeable part of our present task, the passing judgment on one of the most arrant and arrogant culprits that ever appeared before either a criminal or a critical tribunal—“*Guy Rivers*.”

This work comes before us with great pretensions. It was announced with one of the loudest flourishes of editorial trumpeting that ever issued from the journals of New York. The high proclamation and splendid promise which, six or seven years ago, uniformly accompanied the advent of Cooper's novels, can furnish the only parallel that our literary history affords, to the sounding encomiums which heralded this production. Presuming that all this might be correct, we were prepared to find in the perusal, a high literary treat—“a feast of reason and a flow of soul” not to be obtained from ordinary works of fiction. We therefore took it up with the resolution to yield ourselves altogether to the enjoyment thus in prospect. We determined to let no feeling of hypercriticism diminish that enjoyment, but in compliance with the wishes of Sterne, to resign our imagination into the hands of the author, permitting no trivial fault to interrupt the good fellowship with which we were willing to accompany him to the end of his journey.

But often do our best founded anticipations of happiness de-

ceive us. In the enjoyment we expected from this book we were altogether deceived. Now, how it happens that we cannot be pleased with a book, however highly it may come recommended to us, when we find it violating every preconceived and well-settled rule of propriety, whether of thought or composition, whether of plan or execution, which we have been long in the habit of cherishing, we will leave to those who may condemn our inflexibility, to explain. We entreat them, however, not to ascribe our stubbornness to improper motives, for we assure them that, in this instance, particularly, we are sorry that our views of right and wrong would not permit us to feel, as the encomiasts of this book profess to have felt, during its perusal. It is also unfortunate that in matters of this kind, we cannot play the hypocrite. As Pope conceived "a lie in prose or verse the same," so we look upon hypocrisy, whether in religion or in criticism, as unworthy of an honest man.

Our sketch of the story related in this novel must be very brief. Ralph Colleton, the hero, is the penniless son of a Carolinean of high blood, whose extravagance reduced him to indigence before his death. Ralph becomes, therefore, dependant upon an uncle, who had been more prudent in the management of his estate. This prudence, the novelist terms penuriousness, and presents the general character of the gentleman who practised it, in rather an unfavourable light. Ralph receives from his uncle a good education, falls in love with his cousin Edith, the only child of this uncle, and in due time, that is, at the age of nineteen, his cousin being a few months older, declares his passion. While he is thus employed, with his lips pressed to her "burning cheek," the uncle comes, most *mal-apropos*, upon them. An altercation takes place, the result of which is, that the high-spirited Ralph steals off in the night time in order to push his fortune, where or how he apparently neither knows nor cares. He starts well mounted and armed, and, as is afterwards discovered, with a tolerable supply of money in his purse.

Now, here we may remark that we can see no adequate cause for the youth, over head and ears in love as he was, going off in such dudgeon. Colonel Colleton—for his uncle was a colonel—had given him no hint that his absence would be agreeable. On the contrary, he had intimated that when he should become settled in his intended profession of the law, he would have no objection to discuss the propriety of a match between him and his daughter. It is true, he had made some allusion to the lowness of his mother's origin, which the youth did not relish. Off, therefore, he goes on his adventures. As he is wandering over a barren district of Georgia, adjoining the Cherokee country, of which district a most tedious description



is given, he is encountered by a robber, with whom, after talking a good deal of nonsense, he has a scuffle—gets him and his horse's belly, and gallops off, pursued by two other robbers who had come to the assistance of the first. They fire at him, and wound him, but his good steed carries him beyond their reach, until, faint from the loss of blood, he falls from his horse in a state of insensibility. He is, fortunately, soon found by a humane woodman, named Forrester, and conveyed to an inn in the adjoining village of Chestatow, in the description of which, nearly nine pages of awkward statistics are crowded upon the reader.

On recovering from his wound, Ralph meets at the inn the robber, who, it appears, is on terms of close intimacy with the landlord. These worthies lay a plot to murder Colleton, who is saved through the agency of the landlord's niece, Lucy. In escaping from this danger, he loses his dirk, which is won by the landlord, and makes its way into the hands of the other robber, who is Guy Rivers himself. Shortly after this, Guy murders, for no plausible reason, Mark Forrester, the woodman, and leaves Ralph's dirk besmeared with blood beside the body. Ralph is apprehended for the murder, and the dirk produced in evidence against him. He is found guilty, and sentenced to die. He informs his uncle of his situation, who, in company with Edith, visits him, and administers all the consolation in his power. No effort of theirs, however, seems likely to save him from death. Lucy, the landlord's niece, in this extremity, persuades her uncle, who knows the real murderer, having been present at the deed, to attempt his rescue from prison. The attempt succeeds. The landlord and Ralph fly together. They are pursued, overtaken, the landlord shot through the brain, and Colleton retaken. Strange to say, however, though although so completely shot through the brain, that the ball which entered the back part of the head, miraculously drove both eye balls from their sockets, and laid them dangling on their respective cheeks, yet the landlord survives for some time, converses rationally, and makes such a confession in relation to the murder of Forrester, as procures for Colleton a reversal of his sentence, and a speedy discharge from custody. He now becomes a good boy, takes his uncle's advice, goes home, and gets married to his beautiful cousin.

The confession of the landlord is fatal to Guy Rivers. He is hunted up, apprehended, and thrown into prison, where he stabs himself *to the heart*, but, instead of dying instantly, as any other man, so stabbed, would have done, he holds a tedious conversation with a female who was present, and dies at his leisure, when he has no more to say.

The adventures of the Yankee pedlar, and the conflict of the

troops with the gold-diggers, are episodes, written in the same style of extravagant incident and wearisome minuteness with the rest of the work.

As to the characters, from the slight sketch we have given, the reader will perceive that Ralph Colleton is a blockhead—a very inflammable and courageous youth, it is true—but still a blockhead. He leaves his uncle's house and his mistress without sufficient cause, to wander about, he scarcely knows where, like a vagabond knight-errant in search of adventures. He falls in with the leaders of the celebrated southern banditti, called "the Pony Club," of which, although organized in his own neighbourhood, and notorious all over the country, he says he had never heard. When he knows that a plot is laid for his assassination, and Lucy warns him to fly, he has not common sense enough to take the advice. He conducts his trial for the murder of Forrester most bunglingly. One question put to Lucy in relation to the dirk, would have produced his acquittal, and had he possessed common sagacity, he must have suspected, from various circumstances, that she could have said something on that subject in his favour. His imprudent language to the outlaws, after they had discomfited the troops, betokened sheer fatuity. The author no doubt intended that exhibition as a proof of his courage; but it is a courage wanton, unnecessary, and indiscreet. His yielding himself, for in fact he did so, into the hands of his pursuers, who had shot his deliverer from prison and the companion of his flight from an unjust sentence of death, when escape was fairly in his power, was the very climax of silliness, unredeemed by any call either upon his humanity or his courage. Through the whole of Lucy's intercourse with him, every step she took evinced that she loved him, yet he was so stupid as never even to suspect it.—But enough of this youth.

Guy Rivers is intended for the great picture—the *chef-d'œuvre* of the work. He is, indeed, as monstrous a villain as ever figured in the pages of a romance, and he is, perhaps, one of the most disgusting. His murderous propensities seem to be uncontrollable. He is wolfish in his instinct for blood—fiendish in the malignity of his hatred of mankind. His love for Edith is too quiet and respectful in its character and developments, to be natural to such a fierce, selfish, and reckless wretch. The character of Munro, the landlord, is also villainously incongruous. He is described as heartless, mercenary, and selfish—a murderer, not like Rivers, for the sake of murder, but for the sake of gain; yet he strongly appreciates his duty as the guardian of his orphan niece, whom he treats with uniform kindness and parental affection.

It is these two wretches whose career the author introduced as an illustration of the sentiment of Schiller, which he tells us, in his preface, suggested the work. "Grant us," says Schiller, "only a Linnæus for the classification of the impulses and passions of man, as in the other kingdoms of the natural world, and many whose career of crime is now confined within the limits of a little town, and hedged in by municipal regulations, we should be surprised to find connected in one and the same order with the monster Borgin." The author of *Guy Rivers* acknowledges that this is the text on which he wrote his book. Now, with all our respect for the sagacity of Schiller, we must say that this text is a very silly one. It is for what has been already repeatedly obtained—*eminent* accurate classifiers of the characters of men; Shakspeare, for instance, and Fielding, and Sir Walter Scott, and many other illustrious writers, have as accurately and clearly distinguished between the different characters of men, as ever Linnæus distinguished between those of plants. As for Borgias in private life, not the dramas and romances of every tongue furnish them in abundance? Have we not the Iagos, the Shylocks, the Bluffs, the Rashleighs, and the Verneys, painted with the strength and fidelity of master-hands? It was not left to the author of *Guy Rivers* to be the first to draw wicked men from common life, or to offer a story, as he says himself, "not sent to those who read, but to those who think—to those who, restrained by the *moral cant*, which, permitting the surgeon to probe the wound of the human body, is unwilling to grant the physician of the human mind a like privilege." Now we must confess our ignorance of any moral cant which denies that privilege to the mental physician. On the contrary, there be any cant in which morality indulges herself now or another, it is that which inculcates investigation of the various distinctions which exist between the virtuous and the vicious among men.

The females of this novel merit but few observations. Edith, the regular heroine, says little and does less. She is, indeed, if we recollect aright, brought on the stage but three, or at most, four times during the whole narrative. She excites sympathy—she requires none, for she is subjected to no trial—undergoes no sufferings. She takes scarcely any interest in the events; and far more than three-fourths of the personal interest entirely forgot by the reader. To the character of Lucy, the landlord's niece, more energy and interest are given. Still there is something about her which prevents her being entirely beloved. She knows of the whole villainy of her uncle and *Guy Rivers*, yet she conceals their guilt, even in a court of justice.

when under oath to tell the *whole* truth, and when the condemnation to death of an innocent man whom she loves, is the consequence of her concealment. Contrast this with the unshrinking virtue of Jeanie Deans, in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," who, in similar circumstances, would not conceal one fact, although on her doing so, depended the life of her beloved, and, as she was well persuaded, innocent sister. In the connexion, or rather intended connexion, of Lucy with Rivers, there is something incongruous if not unintelligible. Her uncle makes a merit of forcing her into wedlock with the outlaw; yet it appears that the latter cared little about her. His heart was devoted to Edith with a fervency which must have rendered marriage with any other female, entirely obnoxious to him. Besides, towards the end of the work, he appears to have had a mistress named Ellen, who seriously loved him, although aware that his affections were placed on another.

These form only a small portion of the incongruities and extravagancies of this work, and we have not space to advert to more. Of the language, we must say that it abounds with mannerism and violent effort. Inaccuracies of diction are to be met with in every paragraph, and are often so gross that they cannot escape the notice of the most superficial reader. As a specimen, it will not be considered unfair to make an extract from the opening chapter, to the composition of which, it is to be presumed that the author attended with at least as much care as to any other portion of the work. The verbosity and loose structure of this passage will sufficiently strike the reader.

"In the upper part of the state of Georgia, extending into the country of the Cherokee Indians—a region, at this period, fruitful of dispute—lying at nearly equal distances between the parallel waters of the Chatahoochie river and that branch of it which bears the name of Chestatee, from a now almost forgotten, but once formidable tribe, will be found a long reach of comparatively barren lands, interspersed with hills, which occasionally aspire to a more elevated title, and garnished only here and there with a dull, half withered shrubbery, relieved at intervals, though then but imperfectly, by small clumps of slender pines, that fling out their few and skeleton branches ruggedly and abruptly against the sky. The entire face of the scene, if not entirely desolate, has, at least, a dreary and melancholy expression, which cannot fail to elicit in the bosom of the most indifferent spectator, a feeling of gravity and even gloom. The sparse clusters of ragged wood, and their undergrowth of shrivelled herbage, gave token of the generally sterile character of that *destiny* which seemed to have taken up its abode immediately *within*, while presiding *over* the scene. All around us, as far as the eye could reach, a continual recurrence of the same objects and outline arrested and fatigued the gaze; which finally *sickened of long levels of sand*, broken with rude hills of a dull species of rock, and a low shrubbery, from which all living things had taken their departure. Though thus barren to the eye, this region was not utterly deficient in resources; and its possessions were those of a description not a little at-

tractive to the great majority of mankind. It was the immediate outpost—the very threshold of the gold country, now so famous for the prolific promise of the precious metal, far exceeding, in the contemplation of the knowing, the lavish abundance of Mexico and of Peru, in the days of their palmiest and most prosperous condition. Nor, though only the frontier and threshold, as it were, to these swollen treasures, was the portion of country now under our survey, though bleak, sterile, and to the eye uninviting, wanting in attractions of its own; it contained the signs and indications which denoted the fertile regions; nor was it entirely deficient in the precious mineral itself. Much gold had been gathered already, with little labour, and almost upon its surface; and it was, perhaps, only because of the little knowledge then had of its wealth, and of its close proximity to a more productive territory, that it had been suffered to remain *unexamined* and *unexplored*. Nature thus, we may remark, in a section of the world, seemingly unblessed with her bounty, and all ungarnished with her fruits and flowers, appeared desirous, however, of redeeming it from the curse of barrenness, by storing its bosom with a product which, only of use to the world in its conventional necessities, has become, in accordance with the self-creating wants of society, a necessity itself; and however the bloom and beauty of her summer decorations may refresh the eye of the enthusiast, it would here seem, that with extended policy, she had created another, and perhaps a larger *class*, *which*, in the attainment of those spoils *which* are of less obvious and easy acquisition, would even set at nought those *which* have at all times been the peculiar delight and felicity of the *former*."

The intended meaning of this jumble of words may be conjectured, but it is certainly no easy matter to discover its precise one. To what the words *class* and *former* refer, on the principles of common grammatical construction, we believe that the most skilful philologist in the land would be puzzled to explain. We will make but one more extract, and it shall be from the very next paragraph, for it is not our intention to hunt after faults of style, otherwise we could produce many of a much more glaring description than those which we now submit to the reader. Speaking of a landscape beautified by the splendour of an evening sun, our author says,—

"Its charms became *duly exaggerated* to the mind, when coupled with the consciousness that the hand of the mighty artist (the sun) had been employed in the adornment of a prospect of itself totally uninviting and utterly unlovely. The solitary pine, that *here and there*, touched by the sunbeams, *shone up* like some burning spire—the undulating hills, catching in different gradations of shade and fulness, in a *like manner*, from the same inimitable gilder of creation, a *similar garment*—the dim outline of the low and stunted shrubbery sparingly distributing its green foliage over the picture, mingled *here and there* with a *stray beam*, dashed hurriedly, as it were, from the palette of the same artist—presented to the eye an outline perfectly unique in itself, and singularly characteristic of the *warm sadness* of sentiment (not to adopt too much of an oriental phraseology) with which alone it could have been properly contemplated."

From these specimens of our author's diction, the reader will himself judge of its character. We will only add,

that we have seldom met with a book in which so much labour and effort, with so little correctness, are exhibited. On the whole, the author evidently possesses power, but he wants culture and judgment. His mind is energetic, but undisciplined—his conceptions are, therefore, vigorous, but crude; and in his violent endeavours after the bold, he too frequently rushes upon the absurd. Whether he is too much wedded to this system of authorship to perceive its errors, we cannot tell; but we are aware that there is a class of writers of wild imaginations and eccentric tastes, by whom good sense in literature is considered common-place and insipid, and extravagance esteemed as the only true proof of a daring intellect—the proud characteristic of original genius. We should be sorry to disturb the dreams of these high-soaring writers, but we can assure them that if they wish their works to obtain favour with the world, they must confine their efforts within the bounds of consistency, and clothe their conceptions in language intelligible to the comprehension of ordinary men.

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ART. XVIII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* By WILLIAM ROBERTS, Esq. Two volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1834.

THESE volumes should be wholly perused. To attempt to transfer to an article of twice the length usually allotted for the purpose of a review, their spirit or the character of their contents, would be as difficult as to endeavour to impart to an abridgment of Pope's Homer, the poetic fervour of the first and greatest of epic bards; or to seek to pencil on a piece of canvass the gorgeous splendours of a tropical sky. There is such an entireness of character, such a natural blending of many parts, that we feel, now we have closed the last volume, that we can indulge only in remarks of a general nature, or dwell upon particulars at the imminent hazard of destroying their effect and injuring all. We are placed in a situation somewhat similar to that of the famished traveller, who sees before him so many delicious dishes, that he is at a loss where to begin to make his repast. It is the abundance, not the scantiness of materials, which oppresses the critic.

A connecting link between two very dissimilar generations is here furnished us. We pass, gradually, from an age of social literature, to one of a graver and more philosophical character. Of the power of the one, we have more of personal anecdote, familiar discourse, and parlour wit; of those of the other, more

of serious effort and practical usefulness. We travel from the room of the Turk's Head Club, where Reynolds and Johnson, Garrick and Burke, and a host of others formed an intellectual brotherhood, connected by the ties of immortal genius; or from Mrs. Vesey's, where bright eyes sparkle around us, not more glistening than the corruscations of female intellect, laughing with the then attractive *blues*,

“———at Scipio's lucky hit,  
Pompey's bon mot, or Cæsar's wit,”

to the solitary abode of the sage, or the secluded walk of female charity.

We are enabled not only to trace the connexion between the past and present, but to obtain an adequate representation of each. The shifting literary aspects of the last seventy years pass as in a diorama before us, presenting a period more diversified than any other of the same length in our literature. We are far, however, from intending to say, that the history and correspondence of Hannah More give the entire form and pressure of each point in this period, but that they do so in a partial degree; though, at the same time, we are not certain that the development of mind, in the earlier part of her career, is indicated in her lighter productions; in her prime, by her practical tracts; and in her later years, by her bold religious efforts. When she first came before the public, it was an age of literary repose, when talent was courted by rank and wealth, and when convivial conversation, symposial wit, and a fine and critical taste, constituted its distinctive characteristics. The second epoch in her life was a time of turmoil and confusion—a breaking up of long established opinions, and time-honoured institutions, diverting literature from its luxurious ease to its legitimate purpose—the advancement of human happiness. The last is one of sober meditation consequent upon the hurried and wonderful events which had then transpired. Thus, singularly, does the accidental course of this extraordinary woman seem to have shadowed forth the vicissitudes of mind.

From what we have already observed, it may be inferred, that her life affords two distinct views. She appears, in one, as a companion, with the restrictions which her sex imposed, of the knot of wits above alluded to, yielding herself to the fashions of the hour, mingling with the gay as well as the learned, and receiving the attention due to a lady of genius and learning. A light temperament, the concomitant of youth, very readily conformed to the spirit of the society, in which all literature, taste, and philosophy of the day, were absorbed. The condition of mind then exhibited, though unnatural, is interesting; and the glimpses which we catch of it through the pages



of Boswell, Horace Walpole, and other works of the same kind, have had the effect of rendering every thing relating to the individuals who gave character to it, extremely *recherché*. The correspondence of Mrs. More is calculated to give gratification in this respect, and to extend our acquaintance with her associates in life as well as in fame. She is a lady of the world; though too observant to be an idle one, and too ambitious to be a silent observer.

Observed again, she seems the antipodes of this character. Withdrawn from scenes of amusement, she directed her labours to serious ends. The life she had led afforded her a vantage-ground, from which to hurl her shafts against the corrupt manners in the higher ranks of society. She becomes a censor *gratiosa*; but her weapons bear so keen an edge, and the blow is directed by so skilful a hand, that the objects of her censure submit, like the wounded man, to the surgeon who has his confidence, almost without a murmur. She ultimately appears deeply impressed with the sinfulness of the human heart, from our fallen nature, and with the necessity of a change in it by divine influence, and as the messenger of an avenging God, uttering her prophecies of woe! woe! upon the children of men for their disobedience and obduracy. Yet those who regard this portion of her life and labours as an exhibition of religious austerity, forbidding to the liberal mind on account of their fanatical character, will find, upon a more intimate knowledge of them, that their prejudices are equally unjust and unfounded. Her religion was the result of sober faith, not of enthusiasm—of undimmed inquiry after truth, not of unyielding theological doctrine; though it cannot be disguised, that in some of her predictions and anathemas, she was oftentimes violent. She herself had mingled too much with the world, had been part and member too long of the gay circle, and had been thrown too frequently, both by accident and of choice, among the great, who, if they did not scoff at religion, still possessed little of its vital energy, to commit the error of violent attack upon them, or of sectarian intolerance. She sought to win supporters in her cause, not to drive them; and this we deem the great secret of the success and unbounded popularity of her religious works.

Another preliminary remark suggests itself in relation to the precise character of the publication before us. It is a history of her life and thought, written by herself at the time that the incidents and reflections occurred. The editor furnishes us with little; and that little is merely to fill up some gaps which her correspondence could not be expected to supply. Her life, however, was not an eventful one. It was one of opinion, of study, of observation, and it is therefore the more difficult to

separate it, and serve it up in detached parts. What Johnson required for the biography of Akenside, he could not have obtained for hers. On one occasion, he asked her, as the friend of Sir James Stonehouse, the contemporary of the poet, to supply him with some information in relation to the latter for the *Life*. She recollected some sayings of his, which she endeavoured to repeat, when he interrupted her in his usual abrupt manner, "Incident, child, incident is what a biographer wants—did he break his leg?" But the meagerness of personal adventure in the life of Mrs. More is amply compensated by the fulness of personal observation and fine criticism; by the numerous anecdotes of distinguished persons, contemporaries with her; and by the pure sentiment with which her letters abound.

Hannah More was born in the parish of Stapleton, county of Gloucester, England, in the year 1715. Though descended from violent non-conformists, her father was a staunch tory, and closely attached to the established church; and from him she seems to have imbibed those strong prejudices in favour of church and state, which betrayed her at times into some sectarian injustice. She early evinced a precarious state of health, which was her portion throughout her whole long life. The rudiments of the Latin language were taught her by her father,—a language in which she afterwards made great proficiency. She also became versed in the French and Italian. She evinced in her earlier years great precocity of mind; and it is said that before she attained the age of sixteen, the astronomer Ferguson submitted the style of his works to her inspection. In her seventeenth year, she published a small dramatic poem, entitled "*Search after Happiness*." We find little concerning her for ten years after this publication. She was probably engaged, together with her sisters, in the "useful and honourable occupation of school teaching." She was also, during this period, occupied with an *affaire du coeur*, which terminated unpropitiously; but from that time she gave herself up to the requirements of fashionable and literary society, until, after a lapse of years, a change came over the spirit of her thought.

She visited London in 1774, and immediately became acquainted with a number of living authors, the choice writers of the day. Of all those with whom she then associated, Dr. Johnson seems to have exerted the greatest influence over her mind. He had reached the meridian of his greatness, when he was courted by the great, and looked up to as the Aristarchus of the age, by all England. She bowed to his authority, and he flattered her vanity. She seated herself in his great chair as if to catch the inspiration of his genius, and he pronounced her the greatest *versificatrix* of the time. She visited him in his study, and he drank tea with her at the house of the sisterhood. In

fact, the gallantries practised by the learned swain, and the encouraging favours offered by the lady, were not only frequent in number, but as various in kind and manner as those of professed lovers. They laughed together, and disputed, and if she happened to assail his prejudices, quarrelled; but then with a tear starting in his eye, he would affectionately admonish her of her error, or exculpate her from it. They sympathised in many things, and in nothing more completely, than in the importance of the Christian religion, and the necessity of living up to its requirements. Although so much has been written of him and about him, we shall offer no apology in introducing his name as frequently as we shall have occasion to do, to our readers. The following letter is the first in which the name occurs; it is interesting as a sketch of some other persons.

“ I had yesterday the pleasure of dining in Hill street, Berkeley square, *at a certain Mrs. Montagu's, a name not totally obscure.* The party consisted of herself, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander, and Matty, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua (the idol of every company), some other persons of high rank and less wit, and your humble servant,—a party that would not have disgraced the table of Lælius or of Atticus. I felt myself a worm, the more a worm for the consequence which was given me by mixing me with such a society; but, as I told Mrs. Boscawen, and with great truth, I had an opportunity of making an experiment of my heart, by which I learned that I was not envious, for I certainly did not repine at being the meanest person in company.

“ Mrs. Montagu received me with the most encouraging kindness; she is not only the finest genius, but the finest lady I ever saw: she lives in the highest style of magnificence; her apartments and tables are in the most splendid taste; but what baubles are these when speaking of a Montagu! her form (for she has no *body*) is delicate even to fragility; her countenance the most animated in the world; the sprightly vivacity of fifteen, with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. But I fear she is hastening to decay very fast; her spirits are so active, that they must soon wear out the little frail receptacle that holds them. Mrs. Carter has in her person a great deal of what the gentlemen mean when they say such a one is a ‘poetical lady;’ however, independently of her great talents and learning, I like her much; she has affability, kindness and goodness; and I honour her heart even more than her talents; but I do not like one of them better than Mrs. Boscawen; she is at once polite, learned, judicious, and humble, and Mrs. Palk tells me, her letters are not thought inferior to Mrs. Montagu's. She regretted (so did I) that so many suns could not possibly shine at one time; but we are to have a smaller party, where, from fewer luminaries, there may emanate a clearer, steadier, and more beneficial light. Dr. Johnson asked me how I liked the new tragedy of *Braganza*. I was afraid to speak before them all, as I knew a diversity of opinion prevailed among the company: however, as I thought it a less evil to dissent from the opinion of a fellow creature than to tell a falsity, I ventured to give my sentiments; and was satisfied with Johnson's answering, ‘You are right, madam.’ ”

The deference first manifested yielded as their intimacy increased. The pedagogical “You are right, Madam,” became changed into the assuring, “you are right, child;” and the

lady became emboldened, and returned the endearing epithets of "love," and "dearest." The high favour with which she was received induced her to try her strength in another poem, entitled "Sir Eldred of the Bower," which was attended with flattering success. Her work afforded a bountiful theme for literary and social talk. Read, criticised, and amended in these small circles, it not only brought addititious consequence to the writer, but received itself substantial benefit from the corrections. No one was more lavish in its praise at these parties, than Johnson, who, in fact, wrote a stanza for it. The tea visits became frequent. One of the sisters speaks of the platonic love which appeared to be growing up between the "mother of Sir Eldred and the father of Irene." He tells them, "I love you both, I love you all five—I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you—what! five women live happily together!—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God forever bless you, you live lives to shame duchesses." The result of this acquaintance with Johnson was a high regard for his opinions, on all occasions, and throughout her life.

Garriek stands second only to Johnson in the list of her early friends. He was on the eve of retiring from the scene of his honours and glories, when Miss More became acquainted with him. He had seen a letter from her, so well and so favourably describing the effect produced upon her mind by his *Lear*, as to induce him to procure an interview with her. Of her felicity as a dramatic critic, we have in these volumes but a few examples; and those are in reference to Garriek. She writes on one occasion, "This evening I am engaged to spend with a foreigner. He is a Dane, unjustly deprived of his father's fortune by his mother's marrying a second time. I have never yet seen him, but I hear all the world is to be there, which I think is a little unfeeling, as he is low spirited, at times, even to madness. For my part, from what I have heard, I do not think the poor young man will live out the night." Garriek was performing his characters for the last time, and his *Hamlet* is thus described:

"I staid in town to see *Hamlet*, and I will venture to say, that it was such an entertainment as will probably never again be exhibited to an admiring world. But this general perogyne can give you no bliss of my feelings; and particular praise would be inapplicable to his extraordinary merits.

"In every part he filled the whole soul of the spectator, and transcended the most finished idea of the poet. The requisites for *Hamlet* are, not only various, but opposed. In him they are all united, and, as it were, concentrated. One thing I must particularly remark, that, whether in the simulation of madness, in the sinkings of despair, in the familiarity of friendship, in the whirlwinds of passion, or in the meltings of tenderness, he never once forgot he was a prince; and in every variety of situation, and transition of feeling, you discovered the highest polish of fine breeding and courtly manners.

“Hamlet experiences the conflict of many passions and affections, but filial love ever takes the lead; *that* is the great point from which he sets out, and to which he returns; the others are all contingent and subordinate to it, and are cherished or renounced, as they promote or obstruct the operation of this leading principle. Had you seen with what exquisite art and skill Garrick maintained the subserviency of the less, to the greater interests, you would agree with me, of what importance to the perfection of acting is that consummate good sense which always pervades every part of his performances.

“To the most eloquent expression of the eye, to the hand-writing of the passions on his features, to a sensibility which tears to pieces the hearts of his auditors, to powers so unparalleled, he adds a judgment of the most exquisite accuracy, the fruit of long experience and close observation, by which he preserves every gradation and transition of the passions, keeping all under the control of a just dependence and natural consistency. So naturally, indeed, do the ideas of the poet seem to mix with his own, that he seemed himself to be engaged in a succession of affecting situations, not giving utterance to a speech, but to the instantaneous expression of his feelings, delivered in the most affecting tones of voice, and with gestures that belong only to nature. It was a fiction as delightful as fancy, and as touching as truth. A few nights before I saw him in ‘Abel Drugger;’ and had I not seen him in both, I should have thought it as possible for Milton to have written ‘Hudibras,’ and Butler ‘Paradise Lost,’ as for one man to have played ‘Hamlet’ and ‘Drugger’ with such excellence. I found myself, not only in the best place, but with the best company in the house, for I sat next the orchestra, in which were a number of my acquaintance (and those no vulgar names,) Edmund and Richard Burke, Dr. Warton, and Sheridan.”

She bears testimony to the effect produced by Garrick’s performances, and the eagerness with which they were attended.

“On Monday night he played King Lear, and it is literally true that my spirits have not yet recovered from the shock they sustained. I generally think the last part I see him in the greatest; but in regard to that night, it was the universal opinion that it was one of the greatest scenes ever exhibited. I called to-day in Leicester Fields, and Sir Joshua declared it was full three days before he got the better of it. The eagerness of people to see him is beyond any thing you can have an idea of. You will see half a dozen duchesses and countesses of a night, in the upper boxes: for the fear of not seeing him at all has humbled those who used to go, not for the purpose of seeing, but of being seen, and they now courtsey to the ground for the worst places in the house.”

She became an inmate of the house of this distinguished *artiste*, and spent much of her time there, as the companion and friend of his wife. She expresses herself frequently in warm admiration of his virtues and of the purely intellectual character of his pursuits and tastes; of the decorum, propriety and regularity in his family. She declares that she never saw a card in his house, or even met, except in one instance, a person of his own profession at his table. Garrick was not only her friend, but also her patron. She was led to a design of furnishing something for the stage, and in pursuance of it produced “Percy.” He wrote the prologue and epilogue, pre-

pared it for representation, and gave out to the world the sanction of his approval. Its success was greater than any tragedy for many years. Home's tragedy of *Alfred* just been brought out, but had lived only three nights; profits of the copyright of Percy and of the authoress's of representations amounted to near six hundred pounds, a large sum, even in those days of theatrical glory and age. It was extremely grateful to her feelings. She wrote to one of her sisters, that "one tear is worth a thousand and I had the satisfaction to see even the men shed abundance." Again she writes, "I was much diverted to play the other night; when Douglas tears the letter which had intercepted, as he sat next me in the shilling gallery, it had fallen into the husband's hands instead of the wife's; he called out, 'Do pray send the letter to Mr. Percy.' I said to some of you might contrive a little point, if it were only night, and see the *handling*." We had her, to a lady, firmly resisting all importunities to attend to her for the purpose of witnessing the imitable Siddons in her own Percy.

Another tragedy which she had written, was delayed representation, by the death of her kind friend, in 1773, as is remarked by her biographer, forms an era in her life. He had introduced her to the learned world, and she lived, and which she adored, fostered her talents, and led her into a branch of literature where she reaped fame and reputation. The vanity of human accomplishments, fame, beyond the short period in which the individual realize their advantages, struck her mind forcibly and drew her attention to herself. Her object henceforth was to gradually to detach herself from the entanglements of the world and to devote herself to the holy purpose of improvement of her fellow creatures. She gratefully remembered the memory of Garrick; in which, however, she was not. An incident recorded in one of her letters speaks highly of his worth, as it does also for the tenderness of the club in it. Garrick was a member of the Turk's Head Club at the time of his death. There were always a great number of dates ready whenever a vacancy occurred in that club, which required considerable interest and reputation to get into it, but upon Garrick's death, when numerous applications were made to succeed him, Johnson was dead to them all. He said, No, there never could be found any successor worthy of a man, and he insisted upon it there should be a year's vacancy in the club, before they thought of a new election. Such a compliment as this should free Johnson from any imputation of jealousy of his illustrious associate.

hood," her second tragedy, was shortly after produced and met with a reception hardly inferior to her first. The company into which she was now thrown may be known from the following letter, dated London, 1780.

"Cadell and I are going to prepare the second edition of '*Fatal Falsehood*.' We talked over all the affairs. He gave me some very good advice; but says I am too good a Christian for an author. Poor Dr. Schomberg is dead; Beauclerc is dying: what terrible depredations have been made in that society in a very little time. The doctor had a great deal of polite learning, knew the world, and was agreeable; but he was the rankest infidel I ever knew: his company was much sought after, but I always dreaded it, as he took pleasure in inducing the particular subject which he knew would shock me. He thought me a poor, prejudiced, well-meaning bigot.

"I expect the coach to take me to Mrs. Delany's, where I am going to visit for Mrs. Garrick, and for myself. I have sometimes the privilege of being present at her select parties, never exceeding eight, which are not elsewhere to be equalled: the venerable hostess herself, the friend and correspondent of Dean Swift; the Duchess-dowager of Portland, heiress to the great Earl of Oxford; my friend Horace Walpole, son to the minister of that name; the Countess of Bute, wife to the late first minister, and daughter (but of a very superior character) to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Dowager-lady Leicester; Lady Wallingford, daughter of the famous Mississippi Law; and Mrs. Boscawen. They are all very far advanced in life and in knowledge, and it is a great honour for such a young nobody as I am to be admitted. I forgot to say, that here too I met Mrs. Dashwood, celebrated as the Delia of Hammond, in his beautiful elegies, written more than any thing I have met with, in the spirit of his master, the tender Tibullus.

"We had the finest party imaginable at Mrs. Boscawen's on Friday; there was all the *élite* of London, both for talents and fashion; I got into a lucky corner; Mrs. Carter and I, who had not met before this winter, fastened on each other, and agreed not to part for the evening. We got Soame Jenyns, Mr. Pepys, and Mr. Cole into our little circle, and were very sprightly. It was to have been entirely a talking party, but our hostess very wisely put two card-tables in the outer drawing-room, which weeded the company of some of the great, and all the dull, to the no small accommodation of all the rest."

The rules of conduct which Miss More prescribed for herself in her intercourse with individuals, did not partake of that illiberal character which excludes all those of a contrary mode of thought, even upon essential matters. Propriety of action she always and justly insisted upon; and with that, sincerity was to her respectability. The free principles in religious subjects of Horace Walpole, were not an obstacle in the way of her enjoying the conversation and correspondence of that witty and agreeable man. She continued on intimate terms with him until his death. He frequently styled her "*Holy Hannah*," but never broached his doctrines of infidelity before her. She visited him at Strawberry Hill, and dedicated to him her poem, "*Florio*." One of her poems was printed by him at his celebrated Strawberry Hill press.



Her letters of this period are extremely interesting. There is some vanity in them, but an abundance of gaiety and good sense, liveliness and reflection. They appear to be written solely for the private eye, and therefore express, with unreservedness and familiar freedom, her opinions and observations. She evinces in her own language, "the art of making you believe that she could write a great deal better if she would, but that she has too much judgment to use great exertions on small occasions." Indeed, professed letter-writing—the writing to a friend, with a view to ultimate publication—was her abhorrence. The practice of publishing correspondence, leading in her view to this result, and but for which we should have been left in ignorance of her character, received likewise her hearty denunciation. Perhaps she herself is not altogether guiltless of the fault she deprecates; for her correspondence with Walpole exhibits a studied attention to the soundness of her periods; and a carefulness, amounting to an exertion to restrain herself from that ease and ingenuousness which are the great merit of most of her letters. To him she appears stiff, formal, and complimentary, while, in general, she is unreserved, familiar, and sincere. We readily pass over the necessary egotism of her letters, as we regale ourselves upon their wit and pleasantry, taste and criticism, descriptiveness and practical wisdom. In illustration of our remarks, take the following:

"Thursday I spent the evening at the Bishop of Llandaff's. Mrs. Barrington is so perfectly well-bred, and the bishop so delightful, that it is impossible not to be happy in their company. Mired Chester, and all the favourites, were there. Good Friday I went to hear the Bishop of Llandaff preach; he is extremely sensible, and deeply serious. Mrs. Carter and I met at a little breakfast party with a French lady who writes metaphysical books. We got into great disgrace, for saying that a little common sense and a little Scripture would lead one much farther and safer than volumes of metaphysics. She forgave us, however, on condition we would promise to read two huge quartos which she has just translated. What Mrs. Carter will do, I know not, but I shall certainly never fulfil my part of the compact. It is a terrible fetter upon the liberty of free-born English conversation, to have so many foreigners as this town now abounds with, imposing their language upon us.

"It has affected me very much to hear of our king's being constrained to part with all his confidential friends, and his own personal servants, in the late general sweep. Out of a hundred stories, I will only tell you one, which concerns your old acquaintance, Lord Bateman. he went to the king, as usual, over night, to ask if his majesty would please to hunt the next day: 'Yes, my lord,' replied the king, 'but I find with great grief that I am not to have the satisfaction of your company.' This was the first intimation he had had of the loss of his place; and I really think the contest with France and America might have been settled, though the buck-hounds had retained their old master."

"I dined very pleasantly one day last week at the Bishop of Chester's. Johnson was there, and the bishop was very desirous to draw him out, as he wished to show him off to some of the company who had never seen

him. He begged me to sit next him at dinner, and to devote myself to making him talk. To this end, I consented to talk more than became me, and our stratagem succeeded. You would have enjoyed seeing him take me by the hand, in the middle of dinner, and repeat, with no small enthusiasm, many passages from the 'Fair Penitent,' &c. I urged him to take a little wine; he replied, 'I can't drink a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.' He was very good-humoured and gay. One of the company happened to say a word about poetry, 'Hush, hush,' said he, 'it is dangerous to say a word of poetry before her; it is talking of the art of war before Hannibal.' He continued his jokes, and lamented that I had not married Chatterton, that posterity might have seen a propagation of poets.

"The metaphysical and philological Lord Monboddo he affected with as yesterday; he is such an extravagant admirer of the ancients, that he scarcely allows the English language to be capable of any excellence, still less the French. He has a hearty contempt for that people and their language, he said we moderns are entirely degenerated. I asked in what! 'In every thing,' was his answer. Men are not so tall as they were, women are not so handsome as they were, nobody can now write a long period, every thing dwindles. I ventured to say that though long periods were like an oration and declamation, yet that such was not the language of passion. He insisted that it was. I defended my opinion by many quotations from Shakspeare, among others, those broken bursts of passion in 'Othello.' 'Come to be married!'—'Come to swear a true!'—'Face lined with false blood joined.' Again, 'My name is Constantine, I am Constantine's wife—Young Arthur is my son, and he is slain.' We then returned our mutual quarrel about the slave-trade; he loves slavery upon principle. I asked him how he could vindicate such an enormity. He said it was because Puritch justified it. Among such just thinking and reasoning, especially in his valuable third volume on the 'Origin and Progress of Language,' he entertained some opinions so absurd, that they would be hardly credible if he did not deliver them himself, both in writing and conversation, with a gravity which shows that he is in earnest. But what shocked me most, and that he gave reason and power of fact. He is so well satisfied with it, that as Lord Harrington said to me the other day, rather than give up his favourite opinion, that men were born with tails, he would be content to wear one himself."

We pass over much that is valuable and entertaining in this part of her life, to give some authentic particulars in relation to the death-bed of Dr. Johnson. For a considerable time previous to that scene, his mind had been a prey to melancholy; and the fear of death entirely destroyed his peace. These facts are well known, but those which follow are not.

"Mr. Isaac Firmian,—I ought to apologize for delaying so long to gratify your wishes, and I did try to make, by committing to paper a conversation which I had with the late Rev. Mr. Storry, of Colechester, respecting Dr. Johnson. I will now, however, proceed at once to record, to the best of my recollection, the substance of that discourse.

"We were sitting together near Colechester, when I asked Mr. Storry whether he had ever heard that Dr. Johnson expressed great dissatisfaction with himself on the approach of death, and that in reply to friends who, in order to comfort him, spoke of his writings in evidence of virtue and religion, he had said, 'Admitting all you urge to be true, how can I tell when I have done enough?'

"Mr. S. assured me that what I had just mentioned was perfectly correct; and then added the following interesting particulars:—

"Dr. Johnson, said he, did feel as you describe, and was not to be comforted by the ordinary topics of consolation which were addressed to him. In consequence he desired to see a clergyman, and particularly described the views and character of the person whom he wished to consult. After some consideration, a Mr. Winstanley was named, and the Doctor requested Sir John Hawkins to write a note in his name, requesting Mr. W.'s attendance as a minister.

"Mr. W., who was in a very weak state of health, was quite overpowered on receiving the note, and felt appalled by the very thought of countering the talents and learning of Dr. Johnson. In his embarrassment he went to his friend Colonel Powhall, and told him what had happened, asking, at the same time, for his advice how to act. The colonel, who was a pious man, urged him immediately to follow what appeared to be a remarkable leading of Providence, and for the time argued him grand out of his nervous apprehensions; but after he had left Colonel Powhall, Mr. W.'s fears returned in so great a degree as to prevail upon him to abandon the thought of a personal interview with the Doctor. He determined, in consequence, to write him a letter: that letter I think Mr. Storr said he had seen,—at least a copy of it, and part of it he repeated to me as follows:—

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the honour of your note, and am very sorry that the state of my health prevents my compliance with your request: but my nerves are so shattered that I feel as if I should be quite wounded by your presence, and instead of promoting, should only injure the cause in which you desire my aid. Permit me, therefore, to write what I should wish to say were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subjects of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that, as the near approach of death, what you once considered mere peccadilloes, have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look you see only positive transgressions or defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly inquiring, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I say to you in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God' &c. &c.

"When Sir John Hawkins came to this part of Mr. W.'s letter, the Dr. interrupted him, anxiously asking, 'Does he say so? Read it again, Sir John!' Sir John complied upon which the Dr. said, 'I must see that man, write again to him.' A second note was accordingly sent; but even this repeated solicitation could not prevail over Mr. Winstanley's fears. He was led, however, by it to write again to the doctor, renewing and enlarging upon the subject of his first letter; and these communications, together with the conversation of the late Mr. Latrobe, who was a particular friend of Dr. Johnson, appear to have been blessed by God in bringing this great man to the renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour, thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom, even of the valley of the shadow of death.

"I cannot conclude without remarking what honour God has hereby put upon the doctrine of faith in a crucified Saviour. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was in his turn made to tremble, when the period arrived at which all knowledge is useless, and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. Effectually to attain this knowledge, this giant in literature

not become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom, lest become a fool that he might be wise.

"What a comment is this upon that word, 'The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be laid low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.'"

"Sacred Dramas" and "Sensibility" were published together, in 1782. Her first decidedly ethical work was not dated till six years after, when she gave to the world her *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society.*" In this work she confines herself to what is considered prevailing, practical evils. The great beauty and merit of this and her other productions of the same description, consist in that pure and consistent regard and reverence which she manifests for the practical precepts of Christian morals. "Fine people," she writes, "are ready enough to join in reprobating vice; for they are not all vicious; but their standard of right is low, it is not the standard of the Gospel." Points of doctrine she rarely touches upon. To enforce a due consideration of the Sabbath, or an observance of the propriety of conduct towards inferiors in the smallest things, are themes more congenial to her pen than subjects of lofty speculation. *The Manners of the Great* was published anonymously, and without her communicating her design to a single person, except the bookseller, not, however, through fear of consequences to herself, as the censor of the class in which she mingled, but, as she modestly expresses it, they might "bring her reproaches to confuse her life,"—an unjust supposition of her own. *Ex post facto*; her friends immediately detected her, and congratulations poured in upon her from every quarter.

At this time and with this work, commenced that influence which, throughout the remainder of her long life, she exerted beneficially upon the moral character of her countrymen. It was her fortune at all periods to command their attention; and, what does not always happen to the children of genius, to deserve it. She addressed herself to every class of society, and adapted her works to the comprehension of all. How far the moral character may be affected by such writers, cannot of course be precisely determined; but among those who have exercised such a power, Mrs. More certainly occupies the first place. The influence of her writings was not confined to her own country; it has operated as beneficially upon ours. To the present generation, both there and here, her tracts are among the earliest of their recollections.

Having become possessed of a secluded spot of ground near Bristol, she had been for some time devoting herself to contemplative pursuits. The quietness and picturesque scenery of Cowslip Green, the care of her little garden, added to this



ion reached a fifth edition; which, considering the boldness which she attacked the corruptions of the day, and unpromising religious attitude which she assumed, was very remarkable. Consistency is the beauty of character; to gain respect even among those whose prejudices are opposed to him or her who exhibits it, or to the doctrine culminated.

political juncture, which was to give employment to the hands of England, to preserve the established order of things and which elicited the talents of Hannah More in a line different from any in which she had exerted them, had arrived. The revolutionary principles of France were spreading ground in England; and gloomy apprehensions were entertained of the safety of the government, by its friends. Republicans of the country were moving; and the doctrines of brethren across the channel gaining daily proselytes. The popularity of Mrs. More among all classes, her knowledge of human nature, the practical style of her writings, placed her out as a suitable person to publish something to counteract this tide of opinion. Although she declined coming forth with the many importunities which were made to her on this subject, she secretly composed the dialogue of "Village Politics," by Will Chip," and in order to avoid suspicion, sent it to a publisher who was not her regular publisher. It enjoyed a great success; and is considered to have operated very effectually for the purpose for which it was intended.

More was no friend to the principles under which our country came into political existence. With her, republicanism was synonymous with disorder. She admired nothing which tended to destroy distinctions of rank and title. It was a shaking up of the foundations of religion as well as civil society, to produce equality in the privileges of government and political rights. It was, indeed, a part of her education to distrust but to oppose innovation. These sentiments were confirmed in her by her associations and companionships. Her friends were among those interested in the institutions of the country. We readily, therefore, find an excuse, if one were needed, for her political opinions.

The madness of the French revolutionists was calculated to excite the fears of the friends of popular rights, as well as to furnish their enemies with opportunity and means to oppose them.

They were not content to overturn thrones and to destroy altars, but they sought to overthrow the altars of God. On the motion of M. Dupont before the National Convention, on the 20th December, 1792, was the declaration of national sovereignty. The object of this motion, in the language of Mrs. More, was not to dethrone kings, but Him by whom kings

reign. It did not excite the cry of indignation in the orator, that Louis the Sixteenth reigned, but that the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Nature and Reason were the gods of their vain idolatry; transferring the worship which could not derogate from the dignity of man or endanger his natural and social rights, to empty names, possessing no power in themselves, and as agents or instruments feeble and limited. The cause of liberty was hurried into an extreme. They flew from despotism, but so rapidly as to pass by the resting place of freedom,—that point where the requirements of our social state, and the possession of individual power, harmonize.—Liberty, in religion, is toleration coupled with equal privileges;—the power of obeying the dictates of conscience and reason without restraint and without partiality.' Atheism has no more to do with it, than anarchy has with political freedom. It may be as enslaving and intolerant in its practice as any sect of religion ever has been, in the worst days of priesthood or New England witchcraft. Its principles are more so; for not being founded on the love of virtue, or on an accountability for our acts, but on faulty nature and circumscribed reason, it acknowledges passion and sanctions prejudice. It was the great rock upon which the republicans of France fatally struck.

Innumerable small publications, pamphlets, tracts, &c. not only propagating doctrines hostile to the government, but the principles of infidelity, appeared and were distributed to the poor, at prices which enabled all who felt disposed, to possess them. In order to counteract their irreligious tendency, Mrs. More proposed to herself an arduous and extensive task—the production of three tracts, consisting of stories and religious characters, every month, and adapted to the comprehension of the poorer classes, by a lively and popular style. The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,—a tract more read than any thing of the kind in the English language, and a multitude of others not inferior in merit, emanated from her pen. Two millions of these publications were sold in the first year. How entirely her mind was engaged in this work, may be observed in the following letter, addressed to Mr. Wilberforce:

"I am reading the life of Gibbon; it will disappoint two sorts of readers, for it is neither very wicked nor very entertaining, but rather dull, and, on the whole, rather harmless; nay, even instructive, as it shows the discomfort of his principles. I have paid my devoirs at Gloucester House, and was very cordially received; I have also been with Lady Euston, Lady Waldegrave, &c. We had more company in the afternoon than usual, among others, Mr. Morris, the American ambassador to France; but he disliked the French, and they him; so, like a wise man, he came hither rather than remain with those virtuous republicans. I was introduced, and had much conversation with him. He is a fine figure of a man, though one of his legs has been eaten up by a tiger. I also picked up a good repository friend, Archdeacon P——, of Shrewsbury, to whom I gave large



instructions. The Duchess of Gloucester told me Captain Bedford's story about the poor sailor, who refused two guineas for saving a man's life, because the *little books* told him he must not be paid for doing good, but must do it for the love of God. Mrs. Carter I find healthier and younger than usual. I took an opportunity of talking much to Bishop Watson on the subject of his book (in answer to Tom Paine) when I lately passed an evening with him. I could tell him with great truth that I much admired it; but I told him also, that a shilling poison like Paine's should not have had a four shilling antidote. He agreed to it, but said, What could a poor bishop with eleven children do? Besides, had it been cheaply printed, it would not have been so likely to be read by the great. I agreed with him that it was more calculated for the readers of Voltaire than those of Paine; yet he said he was pleased that two butchers had been to his booksellers, and bought one each, and the next day one of them came and bought another. He told me that two impressions, one of a thousand, and another of fifteen hundred, had been sold. I asked him how he could in conscience treat Paine with respect, or like a sincere or honest man, and fairly told him I thought it wrong; but I suppose he did not care to offend Paine's party in politics. Another bishop (Percy) attacked me on the new spurious Shakspeare. I told him I had left off poetry, and had no curiosity about this great literary fraud. My want of taste shocked him. Mrs. H—— and I went the other day and breakfasted with Mrs. Bouverie, and the old lady and the young one have struck up a friendship. I knew they would be pleased with each other, as I think there is some resemblance in their characters. Mrs. Garrick sends her love."

With all these tasks upon her hands,—the charge of her schools, which now embraced between fifteen hundred and two thousand children, and of her tract repository system,—she still found leisure to furnish the world with another of those valuable works in the series which commenced with her *Manners of the Great*. This was her "*Strictures on Female Education*." But in the midst of her useful labours, she was harassed with a most extraordinary and malicious persecution, which not only produced in her a great deal of mental disquietude, but had an alarming effect upon her health. She was charged with disaffection towards the government, with having laboured to spread French principles, and with a general aim to corrupt the community! This violence towards a woman whose whole life had been spent in support of objects and doctrines, the reverse of what she was accused of,—whether for good or evil, it matters not,—was promoted by the curate of her own parish. In order to sustain his complaint, this man, who was also a magistrate, took before himself *ex parte* a number of affidavits, one of which was that of a lunatic. These charges, however, were so preposterous—as much so as those of the *Anti-Jacobin*, which accused her of being in love with an actor and two officers—that they fell to the ground of themselves; though they accomplished a fearful work upon the peace and happiness of the victim. Mrs. More wrote a long, able, and affecting vindication of her conduct, addressed to her diocesan. We have not room

for the whole of it; but will present our readers with its conclusion. It is pointed, dignified and eloquent.

“My schools,” she says, “were always honoured with the full sanction of the late bishop; of which I have even recent testimonials. It does not appear that any one person who has written against them, except Mr. Bere, ever saw them. I am not accustomed to refer to others for my character; I am not accustomed to vindicate it myself, but it is natural to wish that it should not be taken from avowed enemies or total strangers. My friendships and connexions have not been among the suspected part of mankind. My attachment to the established church is, and has ever been, entire, cordial, inviolable, and, until now, unquestioned. Its doctrine and discipline I equally approve. I have long had the honour of reckoning many of its most distinguished dignitaries among my friends.

“I am too deeply sensible of the infirmity and evil of my own mind, not to allow readily that much error and imperfection may have been mixed with my attempts to do a little good. But it would be false humility not to say that the whole drift and tendency has been right to the very best of my power. Mine is so far a singular case that I not only feel myself guiltless of the motives and actions imputed to me, but I am conscious that all my little strength has been employed in the very contrary direction. Your lordship’s enlightened mind will give me credit for studiously abstaining from what would, with ordinary judges, have best served my cause; I mean a resentful retaliation on the conduct and motives of my adversaries.

“I would appeal to any candid judge whether, in an undertaking so difficult and extensive, while I was living far from all the schools, five, ten, and even fifteen miles, it would be wonderful if I should have been sometimes (it has not happened often) mistaken in the instruments I have employed; and if the most vigilant prudence could do more than discharge such as proved to be improper. In a few instances, where none could be found properly qualified on the spot, I have employed strangers; but in general the teachers have been taken from the parish on the recommendation of the minister, or the principal inhabitants, or both. All the under-teachers at Blagdon were recommended by Mr. Bere. The obnoxious Wedmore schoolmaster had notice to quit as soon after I came from London as the complaint was made, and was actually removed as soon as his wife recovered from her lying-in. I thought nothing could be more promising than this man. I found him carrying on a little trade in Bristol, after having failed in a greater, and he was an active member of the volunteer corps, and a tax-gatherer of the parish.

“I need not inform your lordship why the illiterate, when they become religious, are more liable to enthusiasm than the better informed. They have also a coarse way of expressing their religious sentiments, which often appears to be enthusiasm, when it is only vulgarity or quaintness. But I am persuaded your lordship will allow that this does not furnish a reason why the poor should be left destitute of religious instruction. That the knowledge of the Bible should lay men more open to the delusions of fanaticism on the one hand, or of jacobinism on the other, appears so unlikely, that I should have thought the probability lay all on the other side.

“I do not vindicate enthusiasm; I dread it. But can the possibility that a few should become enthusiasts be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them *all* up to actual vice and barbarism?

“In one of the principal pamphlets against me, it is asserted that my writings *ought to be burned by the hands of the common hangman*. In most of them it is affirmed that my principles and actions are corrupt and mis-

chievous in no common degree. If the grosser crimes alleged against me be true, I am not only unfit to be allowed to teach poor children to read, but I am unfit to be tolerated in any class of society. If, on the contrary, the heavier charges should prove not to be true, may it not furnish a presumption that the less are equally unfounded? There is scarcely any motive so pernicious, nor any hypocrisy so deep, to which my plans have not been attributed; yet I have neither improved my interest nor my fortune by them. I am not of a sex to expect preferment, nor of a temper to court favour; nor was I so ignorant of mankind as to look for praise by a means so little calculated to obtain it; though, perhaps, I did not reckon on such a degree of obloquy. If vanity were my motive, it has been properly punished. If hypocrisy, I am hastening fast to answer for it at a tribunal, compared with which, all human opinion weighs very light indeed; in view of which, the sacrifice which I have been called to make of health, peace, and reputation, shrinks into nothing.

“And now, my lord, I come to what has been the ultimate object of this too tedious letter—a request to know what is your lordship’s pleasure? I have too high an opinion of your wisdom and candour to suspect the equity of your determination. I know too well what I owe to the station you fill, to dispute your authority or to oppose your commands. If it be your will that my remaining schools should be abolished. I may lament your decision, but I will obey it. My deep reverence for the laws and institutions of my country inspires me with a proportionate veneration for all constituted authorities, whether in church or state. If I be not permitted to employ the short remnant of my life (which has been nearly destroyed by these prolonged attacks) in being, in any small measure and degree, actively useful, I will at least set my accusers an example of obedience to those superiors whom the providence of God has set over me, and whom, next to Him, I am bound to obey.”

Vindictive accusation always falls short of its mark in an intelligent community. Clouds may impend and lower over the course of a just man for a moment, but the sun soon breaks through and casts his effulgence in brighter rays over the many parts of his life which had else passed unobserved. The persecution which Mrs. More sustained elicited the warm sympathies of her friends, and afforded her the consolation as well as the triumph of receiving expressions of confidence from a great number of the honoured, virtuous, and good. Her enemies were effectually silenced.

In 1805 she published “Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess,” with a view to the education of the late Princess Charlotte of Wales. In 1809 appeared her “Cœlebs in Search of a Wife;” a work which ran through twelve editions in less than a year. It was translated into French; and in this country, during her life, not less than thirty editions of it appeared. Of this production of her pen, it may be justly said that it deserved all the popularity it received. It was an attempt at prose fiction,—a walk in which she had not as yet tried her powers. Lucilla, the heroine, is a pattern of female excellence,—a character congenial to our thoughts and feelings, and formed upon those active principles of christianity which render their subject practically wise and efficiently useful.

Madame de Stael, who has been so much idolized by her admirers, and who has been placed in the very highest rank of female intellect, has afforded the biographer of Mrs. More an occasion to compare her *Corinne* with the *Lucilla* in *Cœlebs*. In any attempt of this kind, the distinguishing features of the minds of these two authoresses, will furnish us with valuable means to execute it. Madame de Stael possessed a lively imagination. She was ever disposed to reach after something novel and striking; she did not look upon human nature as it really exhibited itself. As a critic she despised all rule; rejected all canons; and built up a system—or, more rightly, perhaps, an irregular superstructure of her own. As a moralist she was inconsistent, generally faulty, and frequently dangerous. Hannah More possessed a mind less soaring,—one that found employment in objects immediately around her. She dealt but little in speculation. Her aim was to be useful; to correct evils that presented themselves to her daily observation. She invariably referred herself—her thoughts and actions, to one standard—that of scriptural truth. Her morality was religious, springing from the heart. Madame de Stael was the more daring, ambitious, and philosophical genius; Mrs. More was more retired, discreet, and practical. Both are great in their respective spheres; and both, by their writings, exerted a permanent influence upon the opinions of mankind. Taking these characteristics and keeping them in view, we may readily suppose the nature of *Corinne* and that of *Cœlebs*. Madame de Stael uses invention for the purpose of exhibiting the character; Mrs. More employs it for the purpose of conveying instruction. The one has embellished the heroine, made her an unearthly personage; the other presents her as she may be, and looks to the result. *Corinne* is a sentimentalist, a philosophical pretender; *Lucilla* a picture of domestic virtue and religious excellence. It is the brilliancy and vanity of the female sex which we find exemplified in the former; its beauty and tenderness in the latter. Each character is a partial counterpart of its author. Mr. Roberts has judiciously remarked, in reference to *Lucilla*, that “no writer could have moulded such a character with thoughts so tender, and principles so firm; and with all the qualities appropriate to the sex, so tempered and so balanced, but one who found the model, at least in many of its features, repositied on her own bosom.”

We have arrived at a period in Mrs. More's life when her correspondence partakes of a more contemplative and religious character. To do justice to it we should go back and trace the growth of Christian principle from its inception, until at length it overspread all her actions, and engrossed all her thoughts, throwing a mild and pleasing shade over the decline of that

life which had been so brightly illumed by the light of genius. The pen that would portray it should possess the inspiration and entire holy zeal which inspired hers. Her letters now possess more of instruction, but less of variety; address themselves more directly to the heart and the understanding, and less to the fancy of the reader. It is the province of old age to teach us wisdom by the lessons of experience which it has received; to tell us of what has been, in order that we may know what will be. We shall, in the few pages which remain to us, endeavour to give some of her opinions on leading and interesting topics, as they are expressed in her familiar epistles to her friends, and not as they appear in her works. Of the latter we may have occasion more fully to speak hereafter.

She was an enemy to what she styled the growing ultraism on the side of learning, which tended, in her opinion, to revive the old prejudice which embraced absolute ignorance as a treasure. She wished to see the poor taught the common branches of writing and arithmetic, at the same time that religious principles were infused, so as to give them such knowledge as would qualify them for such offices as they might be called upon to perform, as jurymen, &c. She objected to the teaching of ancient history and the sciences, chiefly because their acquirements in these could be but superficial, unless they sacrificed time, which to a poor man is his fortune. She supposed that out of a hundred children, taken indiscriminately, there might possibly be ten who had superior capacities; and that these ten might be further instructed, while the remaining ninety were better without such instruction. She herself had never studied the sciences; and though she frequently heard ladies employing philosophical and technical terms, "it did not inspire her with any desire to dabble in the sciences, which would have consumed much time without any of that good which was the sure result of a thorough acquaintance with a few things."

Although prodigal of her money in acts of charity, she set a high value upon time. The moments lost in public schools, as well as the dissipation of mind produced in them, caused her regret. She compared the sending of a boy to such a school or college, to the act of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new-born children into the sea; a few escaped with life, and were uncommonly strong and vigorous; but the greater part were drowned. She referred to the fact, that the meanest citizen of Athens could determine on the merits of a tragedy of Euripides, or detect a foreign accent in a great philosopher; but their time was always spent in a play-house, and they were the most turbulent and profligate people that ever lived. In the language of St. Paul, they spent their time "only to hear

...the ... light reading she ... Supposing a child to ... the ever- ... she is eighteen. ... hours would be ... light reading, she ... and takes her ... the novels of Sir

... there were not so many ... have been well ... Higgins and Zephia ... the whole of his ... been delight- ... No, ... produced ... mass of ... To the gay, ... safe, and even more safe, ... only intel- ... and ... My remarks are limited ... profession of religion. ... as the other ... In the case of ... Scott ought to be especially ... we have an excellent lesson on ... to see this. ... in her chamber, who, be- ... would interdict it to us. ... I never had more delight in reading than ... the little taste I once pos- ... as much as ever. Scott's beauti-

... the merits of the two great ... Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, may ... reference to the moral tendency of ... that she saw in them the ab- ... the presence of much good; and ... in comparison with Richard- ... maxims of virtue and sound moral ... The same re- ... poems of Scott. They gratify the ... but they are not profi- ... the improvement of life and ... however, his vigorous and versatile ... with the greatest pleasure and en- ... descriptions of men and things. ... of praise of his intellectual ... While she looked upon Scott as a non-moralist, she

regarded his successful rival for popular applause, as an anti-moralist. She deprecated in the severest terms the use to which Byron had prostituted his great powers; and never spoke of him except in terms of unqualified censure. The violence which he offered to her strict notions of propriety and of religion, in many of his productions, no doubt prevented her from perusing even those less objectionable; for we have not in the whole of her correspondence, a single criticism, except this general denunciation against their immorality.

She has left a formal record of her opinion of Madame de Staël. She had been requested by a friend to state her sentiments on the life of that lady, by Madame Necker; and to their request she responded in the following letter. It is an interesting extract, inasmuch as it shows how delicately a liberal mind can treat the supposed errors of a rival. Indeed, jealousy was no part of the nature of Hannah More.

“As to the work, it indicates a kindred genius with the subject it celebrates, a similarity of striking thoughts, brilliancy of style, and happy turn of expression, the same ardour in feeling, the same generosity of sentiment. I wish my sacred regard to truth would allow me to stop here, but you *insist* on knowing my sentiments. I really feel myself so *entirely* inferior to both ladies, that I am not worthy to offer them, and I feel also that I am going to expose myself to the charge of want of taste, of want of candour, or of envy of such eclipsing merits. It appears to me, then, that from the excess of her affection, and the warmth of her generosity, Madame Necker, not content with making the Eloge of Madame de Staël, has made her *apotheosis*. It would be a satire on my own judgment and feelings not to allow that I am one among the innumerable admirers of Madame de Staël. Corrine, as an exhibition of genius, is a *chef-d'œuvre*; of Delphine I have no right to speak, as I have never read it, but having been assured that it was offensive to morality, I was sorry to observe that Madame Necker's warm heart had led her pure mind to defend it. I am at present too unwell to look over the passages on the admirable work ‘de l'Allemagne,’ on which I took the liberty to hazard a remark or two in my Essay on St. Paul. A passage in Madame Necker's book serves to recall the substance of it to my mind—the passage is, ‘*Le Juge supreme sera clement envers le genie.*’ I humbly conceive this is a dangerous sentiment; Voltaire, Rousseau, Bolingbroke, Lord Byron, and a hundred others would be happy to take shelter, for the use to which they applied their talents, under the wing of so admirable a woman as Madame Necker. Perhaps had I as much personal interest in defending genius as she has, I might have been tempted to treat it with greater lenity. Again, I am a passionate admirer of whatever is beautiful in nature or exquisite in art. These are the gifts of God, but no part of his essence; they proceed from God's goodness, and should kindle our gratitude to him; but I cannot conceive that the most enchanting beauties of nature, or the most splendid productions of the fine arts, have any necessary connexion with religion. You will observe that I mean the religion of Christ, not that of Plato; the religion of reality, and not of the beau ideal. Adam sinned in a garden too beautiful for us to have any conception of it. The Israelites selected fair groves and pleasant mountains for the peculiar scenes of their idolatry. The most exquisite pictures and statues have been produced in those parts of Europe where pure religion has made the least progress. These



decorate religion, but they neither produce nor advance it. They are the enjoyments and refreshments of life, and very compatible with true religion, but they make no part of religion. Athens was at once the most learned and the most polished city in the world, so devoted to the fine arts that it is said to have contained more statues than men; yet in this eloquent city the eloquent apostle's preaching made but one proselyte in the whole areopagus.

"I am happy to learn from her elegant biographer that the close of life of her illustrious cousin was so eminently pious. The best Christians must look with envy at the passage in which she describes herself as not spending a quarter of an hour without thinking of God."

We have already referred to her political predilections. She was devotedly attached to the old English system. She looked upon it, however, as a religionist and woman of letters, rather than as a philanthropist. The union of church and state; the establishment of a salaried ministry by the government, appeared to her as necessary as the formation of government itself. She always opposed any concession to the Catholics. Toleration in her vocabulary was disfranchisement and disability to dissenters. Further, she thought advancement in literature, in philosophy, could only be made in a strong government, where great power, influence, and means were concentrated in the hands of a few. Speaking of Americans, she said, "they are fast acquiring *taste*, which is the last quality that republicans do acquire."

Her religious views were simple. She did not involve herself in the perplexities of doctrines; but deeply studied the practical precepts of the Gospel. Calvinism or Arminianism troubled her little; though she undoubtedly had her peculiar tenets on these points. With her, the great duty was to lay herself and her talents at the foot of the cross, with the same abasement and self-renunciation, as her more illiterate neighbour. It was to teach charity, practise love, and to correct the folly and wickedness of man's heart. Her respect for the Sabbath was most sacred. It excites more remark in her correspondence than any one other injunction of the Scriptures. Upon her first entrance into the gay and fashionable world, when Sunday seemed a favourite day for parties, she recorded her sense of its sinfulness. Speaking of the first and only engagement of the kind at Mrs. Montagu's, she said, (1775) "I *did* think of the alarming call, 'what doest thou here, Elijah?'" From this time forward to her death, her efforts were unceasing to prevent the breaking of God's holy day. She was, however, no friend to austerity. She thought it to be the duty of men to be pleasant, cheerful, and even gay. Those who were the contrary she considered as abusing their powers and injuring the cause of religion. But, those who would know her peculiar sentiments on religious subjects, cannot be satisfied with any epito-

me which we may present: they must seek that knowledge in the work itself; and in her own productions, especially her latest, "Practical Piety," "Christian Morals," and "Moral Sketches."

The works just referred to have placed the name of Hannah More in the very highest class of ethical and religious writers. Although she had outlived the generation in which she first appeared as a candidate for public favour, as a writer, still she remained in the succeeding one the most popular author in the description of writing in which she exerted herself, of all of her countrywomen or countrymen. In these works it was her object to elevate the standard of religion; to bring it home to the person and individual. She endeavours to give the peculiar doctrines of Christianity; and to show their superiority to all other religious systems. She strives to correct prevailing errors of opinion; manifesting here, as throughout her whole life, a solicitude to remedy those evils which were of immediate bearing on society.

We must bring this article to a close. Throughout her whole life, Mrs. More had been liable to dangerous inflammatory affections of the chest. She wrote to Mr. Wilberforce, "I think I could enumerate twenty mortal diseases from which I have been raised up, without any continued diminution of strength, except the last ten years ago (1818), which remained nearly two years; yet, at near sixty, after this hopeless disease, I was restored to strength sufficient to write ten volumes, such as they are." Her affliction returned several times before her death; but during the five years and a half succeeding 1828, when she removed from her residence at Barley Wood, (which she had many years before taken on leaving Cowslip Green) to Clifton, she escaped without any severe attack. About the middle of November, 1832, some degree of catarrhal affection appeared. "During the night of the 26th of that month," says Dr. Carrick, "a considerable degree of bewilderment or mild delirium, was observed to supervene, which continued with only occasional remission or abatement to the termination of her life." This event took place about ten months afterwards, on the 7th of September, 1833, in the eighty-ninth year of her age.

What appears remarkable in the last sickness of this distinguished woman, was, that during all her aberrations of mind, she was perfectly coherent in reference to the end and reward to which she was hastening. The kind and beneficent part of her nature remained, while those qualities of mind which are the boast of man—his reasoning and reflective powers—yielded to decay. It seemed, indeed, as if the Great Disposer of all things had marked her out as an illustration of her own princi-

ples, that when vaunted reason fails to unravel the mysteries of his will, faith, pure and vigorous, will unfold all. Although the light of intellect flickered and shone with unsteady power, the convictions of the heart illumined her path and afforded her a rich and invaluable consolation in her death. As if to make her dying hour still more striking, her eye retained its strength and brightness, her ear its acuteness of hearing, and her features the comely, unwrinkled appearance of placid youth.

Though gone from the troubled scenes of earth, she has left to us the bright example of her life, and the precious legacy of her writings. More than any other woman who has ever lived, she has given occasion to be remembered by those who have survived her. Her glories were not those of the genius that soars above the grovelling beings around it. She let herself down to the meanest of God's creatures; dispensing holy charity, taking the ignorant by the hand and leading them to the light of knowledge, partaking of their joys and sympathising with their sorrows. Following her in her course of private duty, the reader of these volumes will find that as she taught and wrote, so she practiced and performed; that to a high standard of personal deportment and practical piety, she adapted a beautiful consistency in her own conduct. In her writings, he will find nothing to offend him, though there may be that in which he does not agree with her; that though she won the applause of the world in a branch of literature which elevated at once its successful votary, she brought all her honours to the altar of her religion, and there, with all sincerity, and no less success and merit than before, illustrated the doctrines and precepts of her faith. She has given, if not her honours, her labours

“——to the world,  
Her blessed part to Heaven, and sleeps in peace.”

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